Liberty

JAN. 1, 1944

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Book: Best Selling Novel

THE TRESPASSERS

WHAT IF HITLER'S LABOR SLAVES REVOLT?

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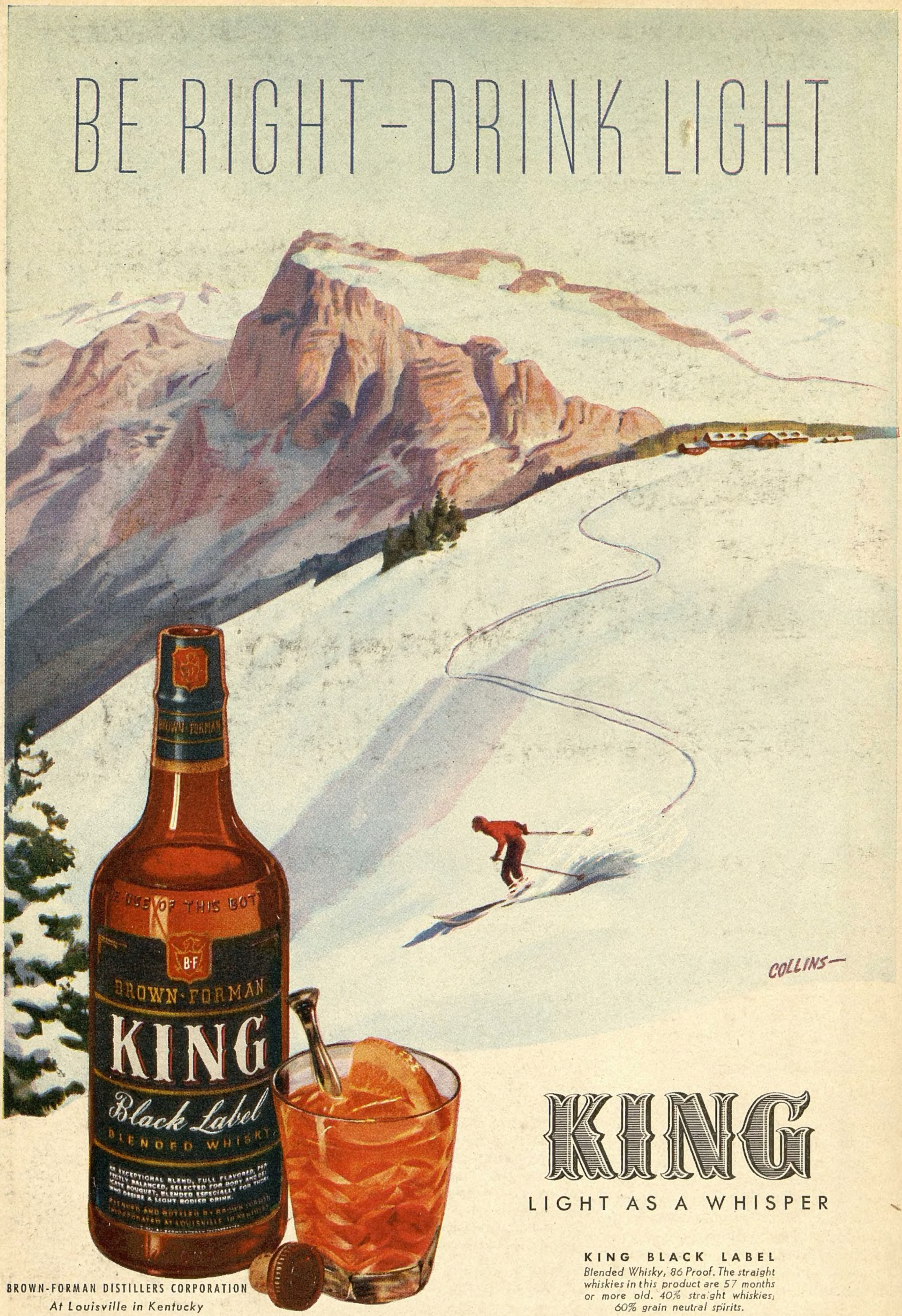
BE RIGHT-DRINK LIGHT
COLLINS
USE OF THIS BOT
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KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET. BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.

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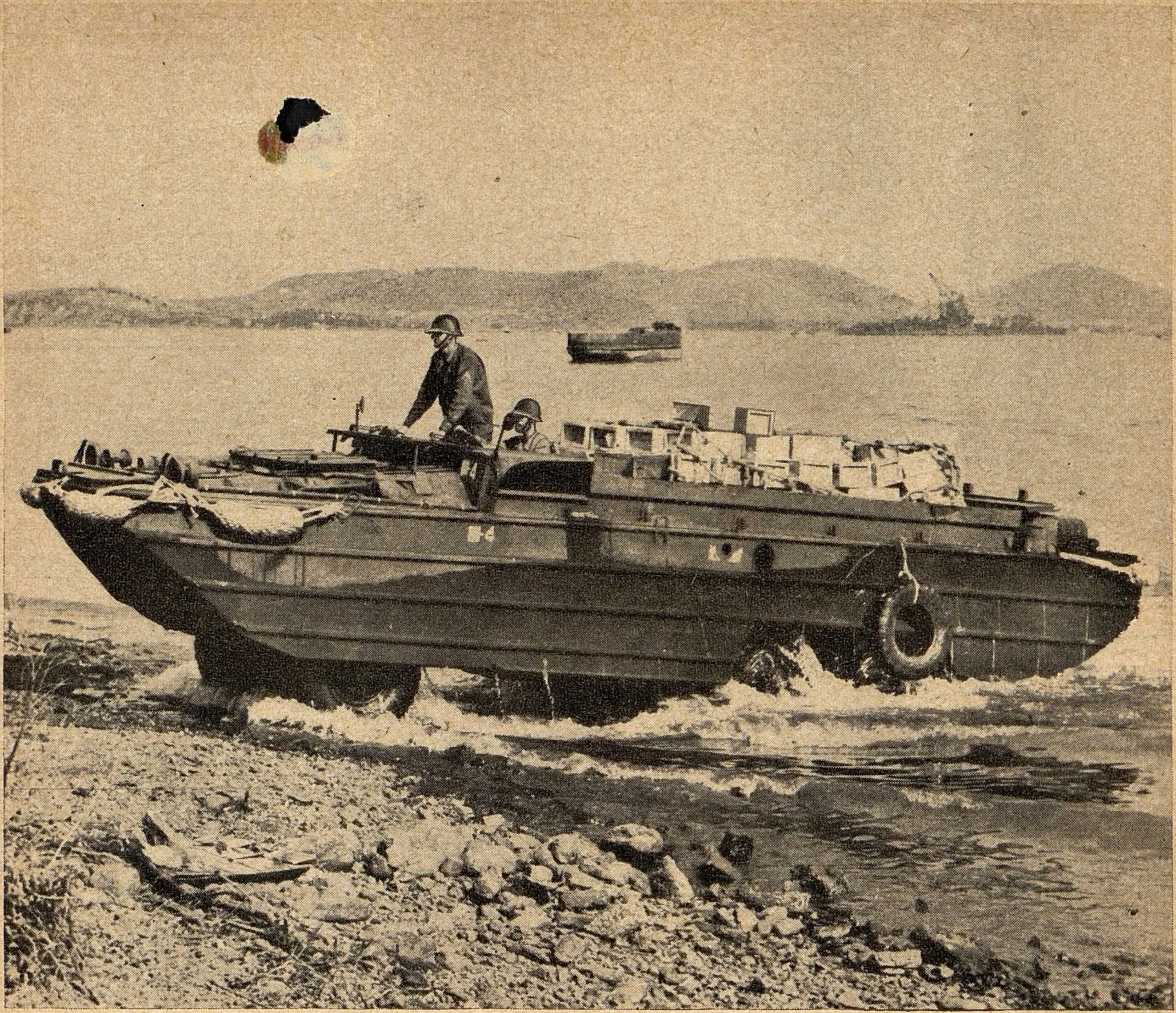

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo

The Truck that Beat the Boats to Sicily

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in truck tires

HEADED for the shores of the Sicilian coast that gray July morning was a strange group of craft. Leading the invasion fleet, they hit the beach —and kept right on going! For these were the army's new amphibious trucks —at home on land or sea.

Christened "Ducks" by soldiers, these new vehicles are actually 2½-ton trucks, propeller-driven in the water, with six-wheel drives which carry them at high speeds on land. They are particularly well suited to landing men and supplies on ordinarily inaccessible spots.

For these strange vehicles tires were a problem. Tires had to be light in weight, provide traction in sand, resist bruising and cutting, and withstand all the usual rigors of army service. Ordinary truck tires wouldn't do. Regular military tires failed on the job. Then they thought of a special tire built originally by B. F. Goodrich for desert use. Broad of tread, flexible and light in weight, it provided traction in the deepest desert sand. Because of its flexibility and shallow tread, it withstood the impact of sharp rocks and beach boulders. Here was the ideal tire for the "Duck". With no modifications at all this desert tire went to sea, has proved itself from Sicily to the South Pacific.

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

CHANGING TIMES CHANGES TIME

MANITOWOC, WIS.—A Vox Pop correspondent from Waterbury, Connecticut, advises that within a few years there will be a change in clock faces to a type showing twenty hours of one hundred minutes each, with each minute having one hundred seconds. (November 20 Vox Pop.)

That would make 200,000 seconds to his type of day, while the present system of twenty-four hours, with sixty minutes to the hour and sixty seconds to the minute, makes but 86,400 seconds to the present calibration.

Does he suggest a change in the length of a second, or does he expect two sunrises and two sunsets and plenty of seconds to spare in each day with his system?—*George W. Nelson.*

Since Nature won't change the sun, metric time would require a change in the length of the second.

AND BEING A FLORIDA SKY—

MOBILE, ALA.—Elizabeth Dean, in her story Spot Landing (November 20 Liberty), refers to the Florida sky as clear and blue, and in the next breath indicates that it was beautiful flying weather with a 5,000-foot ceiling. Any ten-year-old boy interested in aviation could have told Miss Dean that a clear blue sky constitutes an unlimited ceiling. Any writers touching on the subject of aviation today would be wise to check their statements closely.—*V. C. Rasmussen.*

PRO AND CON ON WAR IN LIBERTY

PORTSMOUTH, VA.—I say, by all means print more war stories and never let us forget there is a war on, and after the victory is won do not let us forget either.

Our willingness to forget after the last war almost proved our undoing this time.—*Charles E. George.*

ALBANY, GA.—I certainly agree with Mr. George Rich's letter requesting fewer war stories. (June 5 Vox Pop.) We certainly won't forget we all are doing our best toward the happy day when peace again will rule the world. Meantime, for relaxation I appreciate something to take my mind off of war, army, fighting, etc.—*Richard B. Raab.*

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—I'm a Libertyite! Read every issue and I agree with Mr. Rich. Give us fewer war stories. Skip them all.—*C. A. Ashby.*

MCMINNVILLE, ORE.—Can we please have Liberty without war stories? We get war all day on the radio. Also our newspapers print nothing much but war. Then, we are always saving to buy war bonds. So please give us stories without war.—*Mrs. L. F. Burrington.*

PENSACOLA, FLA.—I want to speak up concerning War or Peace? (November 20 Vox Pop.)

I agree thoroughly with fewer war stories, and fewer war pictures also.—*Georgia Wright.*

SO KEEP TRAVELIN', LADY

FALLSTON, N. C.—This letter is prompted by Margaret B. Shields' chiding of Mrs. Roosevelt (October 23 Vox Pop).

Mrs. Roosevelt is not Eleanor Roosevelt, an ordinary citizen. She represents the womanhood of America. A letter from a dyed-in-the-wool Republican captain stationed in the southwest Pacific makes my point for me. Mrs. Roosevelt paid a call to his unit. He says that he can not describe his reaction, the reaction of his men, and the reaction of all American boys who had a chance to see her.

Mrs. Roosevelt was their First Lady. She was there. She was smiling. It seemed that mom, sweetheart, sister, and all the women they held dear were there by proxy.—*Weller R. Gary.*

GIVE THE BOYS A BREAK

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I read Liberty and especially the Vox Pop department. A lot has been said about civilians using the telephones and railroads so that soldiers can't use them.

The fellows in my outfit have furloughs, but can't get home because the railroads can't supply transportation, due, of course, to civilian travel. If you could see that down-in-the-mouth look on these soldiers out here in the desert! They've just finished four months of maneuvers and haven't had a pass since July.

I believe if people knew what it is to go through something like that they'd not travel unless absolutely necessary.—*Pfc. Daniel O'Neill.*

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL?

BUFFALO, N. Y.—In reply to the letter of Mrs. T. L. Justice (November 27 Vox Pop), I say, with nature anything is possible.

My grandfather had brown eyes, brown hair; grandmother, blue eyes, brown hair. They had four daughters—the oldest with blue eyes and red hair; second, auburn hair and bluish green eyes; third, brown hair and hazel eyes; the youngest, dark brown hair and black eyes.—*Mrs. J. A. Spence.*

MOTHER NATURE
GRAY
YELLOW
RED
BLUE
BROWN

CORAOPOLIS, PA.—Oh, Mrs. T. L. Justice, what an awful mess you got yourself into with mothers like me! My husband and I are both dark, and have a light-haired and gray-eyed daughter. Also, my brother and sister—both parents dark, with very blue-eyed children. Now, now, Mrs. Justice, clear your mind; you've got a lot to learn.—*Mrs. L. Alimena.*

SCRAPBOOKS AID THE SCRAP

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Recently at school we were asked to make scrapbooks for our armed forces. I immediately went through all of the back issues of Liberty which I have been saving, and cut out the cartoons, one-page stories, and Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary, and pasted them in my scrapbook. I am proud to say my book was one of the finest of those turned in.—*Pat Noonan.*

THANKS FOR THESE KIND WORDS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I've always wanted to write and tell you how much I like your magazine, and at last am doing it. I like the whole magazine, but what appeal to me most are Vox Pop, the book condensation, and the cartoons. —*Bea Tucker.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The item which interested me most in October 9 Liberty was They All Ask Dogan, by Francis Chase, Jr. I worked in the same office with Dogan and heartily agree with everything Mr. Chase has written.

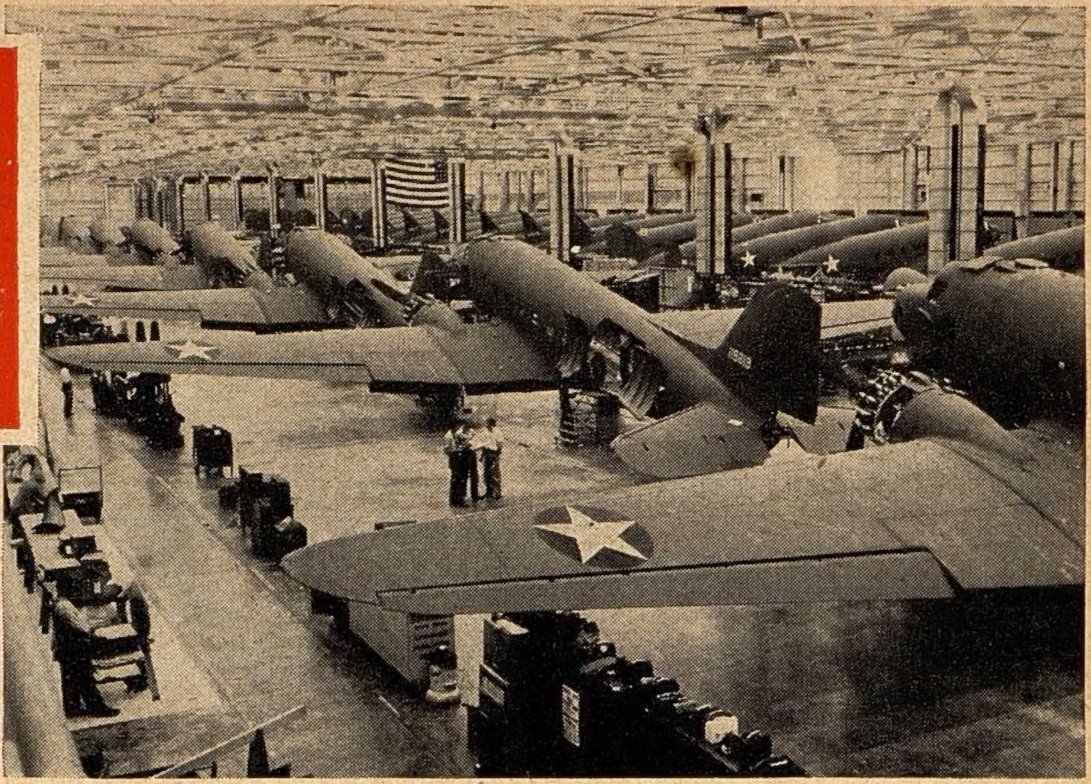
If we had a few more Dogans there wouldn't be such a thing as "government red tape."—*Cpl. G. E. Startzel.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am a constant reader of Liberty and so far I haven't found a single thing wrong with it. I wish to give special praise to Frank Richardson Pierce for his heart-warming story, The Folks Back Home. (November 27 issue.) It is by far the best war story you have published in months.—*Mrs. Ganeva Hardin.*

DELAWARE, OHIO—Orchids to Walter B. Pitkin for putting the facts so plainly before us. Let's have more articles like Banzai Nipponomics (November 13 Liberty).—*Roy G. Clark.*

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Production: Great numbers of C-47 transport planes move along the assembly lines at the Douglas Aircraft plant at Long Beach, California.

Balance Sheet

As attention begins to focus more and more on the Pacific, here is how our Army and Navy planes stack up against the Japs.

In the heavy bomber class we have the four-engined Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress and the Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator. The Japs have no land-based four-engined heavy bombers.

In the medium bomber class, our North American B-25 Mitchell and Martin B-26 Marauder can claim with justification to be the best in the world in that class. The Japs have the Nakajima 97 (nicknamed by Americans the Kate), and the Mitsubishi 01 (the Betty), neither being as good as ours.

In the light bomber field the Japs have the Mitsubishi 99 (the Lily), ranking far behind our Douglas A-20 Havoc, which is in a class by itself.

Our three leading Army fighters, the Lockheed P-38 Lightning, the North American P-51 Mustang, and the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, are all superior to the various Jap Zero models, the Mitsubishi 00 and the latest models, 01 and 03. The P-38, especially, has met and defeated the best the Japs have produced.

The Navy's two top fighters, the Vought F4U Corsair and the Grumman Hellcat, both in the 400 m.p.h. class, far overshadow the latest Jap Zero, the Mitsubishi 03, known as Tony. Both have proved this in combat to date.

Land-based Navy patrol bombers, which are the Consolidated PB4Y-1 (similar to the Army's B-24 Liberator) and the Vega PV-1, have greater range and load capacity than anything the Japs have.

In the flying-boat class the Navy's Martin Mariner PBM-3 and the Consolidated Catalina PBY-5 have ranges of 3,000 miles, compared with the Jap Kawanishi 97 (Mavis) with a range of 2,100 miles, and an even greater superiority in bomb-load capacity.

To oppose the Navy's outstanding Grumman Avenger TBF-1 torpedo bomber, the Japs are reported to be bringing out a new twin-engined, carrier-based plane which may have good performance. But the Navy isn't worried.

In the scout bomber class the Navy has the Douglas Dauntless SBD-3, which can dive faster and more sharply, is more rugged, and has better armor than the Japanese dive bombers.

This summary from official sources may seem to indicate an overconfidence in our favor, but, judging from combat experience to date, our superiority over anything the Japs can bring out to battle is definitely established by a wide margin. And results will show in due course.

CG-4A Glider

Despite several unfortunate glider mishaps, don't underestimate the great force of gliders being built by a large number of manufacturers. Many thousands of these engineless aerial vehicles have been produced—sufficient to transport an army of considerable size.

Prominent in the glider picture is Waco Aircraft, whose fifteen-place CG-4A troop-and-cargo-carrying glider is being built not only at Waco's plant at Troy, Ohio, but by some fifteen other companies as well. In training and action these gliders have carried about everything. One glider can carry a standard Army Ford or a quarter-ton truck with six men as crew.

The Waco glider is an externally braced high-wing monoplane of wood, steel tube, and fabric construction. Most of its lines are at right angles. They look like flying boxcars, but they're built for utility, not beauty. The CG-4A weighs more than 8,000 pounds gross when fully loaded, and flies as well at 20,000 feet as at 200. Towed by a standard transport plane, the speed is between 125 and 150 miles an hour. Each glider is equipped with blind-flying instruments and can glide along by itself, after cutting loose, at thirty-eight miles an hour without stalling.

Bombing Performances

For the first time since the war began, a government agency has given out official comparative figures on the performance of our two heavy four-engined bombers, the Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress and the Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator. During 1942, when our early models were being criticized abroad, our Army Air Forces approved statements that our own heavy bombers could carry as much as ten tons of bombs.

This is true enough under favorable conditions, but the fact remains that our heavy bombers are still not carrying ten-ton bomb loads on long missions. What they lack in tonnage, however, is made up by precision bombing of important concentrated targets.

The Office of War Information has stated that a B-17 loaded with 2,800 gallons of gasoline can carry 6,000 pounds (three tons) of bombs to targets over western Europe, while the B-24, with 2,900 gallons, can carry 8,000 pounds (four tons). Each has a potential bomb load of 17,600 pounds of bombs with the use of external bomb racks on short missions. So the A. A. F. is using the B-17s primarily in the western European theater, and the B-24s in the Middle East, in India, China, and Australia, for longer-range operations. The raids on the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania and the Messerschmitt works at Wiener-Neustadt, and long-range raids in the Pacific to Wake, Paramushiru and Surabaya, were made by B-24 Liberators.

Postwar Flying Statistics

How many people are going to fly after the war? Federal officials estimate that this country will have a pilot potential of 2,000,000, and here is how they do their figuring:

There were 100,000 certificated civil pilots before the war. Today there are approximately 150,000 civilian student pilots. The Army- and Navy-trained pilots at the end of the war will total some 350,000. Thus they figure we will have about 600,000 qualified pilots by war's end.

In addition to the trained pilots there will be approximately two and a half million men in the service Air Forces trained in other aviation duties. At least a third of these—800,000—would reasonably be expected to want to round out their experience by learning to fly. In addition there will be about 100,000 youngsters who have been accepted for flying training by the Army and Navy.

Last school year there were 250,000 students in 14,000 of the country's high schools gaining the theoretical knowledge required for a private pilot certificate. There will be even more of these students by the time war ends. It all adds up to a postwar pilot potential of 2,000,000. That means lots of airplanes, lots of air traffic, and lots of business at local airports.

"Why shouldn't I buy it? I've got the money!"

Sure you've got the money. So have lots of us. And yesterday it was all ours, to spend as we darn well pleased. But not today. Today it isn't ours alone.

"What do you mean, it isn't mine?"

It isn't yours to spend as you like. None of us can spend as we like today. Not if we want prices to stay down. There just aren't as many things to buy as there are dollars to spend. If we all start scrambling to buy everything in sight, prices can kite to hell-'n'-gone.

"You think I can really keep prices down?"

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, every time you refuse to pay more than the ceiling price, every time you shun a black market, you're helping to keep prices down.

"But I thought the government put a ceiling on prices."

You're right, a price ceiling for your protection. And it's up to you to pay no more than the ceiling price. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And black markets not only boost prices—they cause shortages.

"Doesn't rationing take care of shortages?"

Your ration coupons will--if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Your ration book merely sets a limit on your purchases. Every coupon you don't use today means that much more for you—and everybody else—to share tomorrow

"Then what do you want me to do with my money?"

Save it! Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts and don't make new ones. Buy and hold War Bonds. Then your money can't force prices up. But it can speed the winning of the war. It can build a prosperous nation for you, your children, and our soldiers, who deserve a stable America to come home to. Keep your dollars out of circulation and they'll keep prices down. The government is helping—with taxes.

"Now wait! How do taxes help keep prices down?"

We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go. And it's better to pay more taxes NOW—while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So . . .

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .
Make it do . . . Or do without

HELP
US
KEEP
PRICES DOWN

A United States war message prepared by the War Advertising Council, approved by the Office of War Information, and contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

You owe it to your Uncle Sam!

He needs manpower—every available person. A hearing deficiency may keep you out of the armed forces . . . but you can do your fighting on the home front . . . in war materiel plants. A good hearing aid enables you to go all out in the war effort. The movement is growing. In our plant today are workers wearing hearing aids and contributing as competently as if their hearing were normal.

The New Zenith RADIONIC

HEARING AID

$40.00 READY TO WEAR

Complete—with Radionic Tubes—Crystal Microphone and Batteries . . . *Liberal Guarantee*

•

Zenith has built the best that modern knowledge and *radionic* engineering make possible into this $40.00 hearing aid. It has no other models . . . *one* model . . . *one* price . . . *one* quality.

You owe it to your friends!

They want to enjoy your company as much as you do theirs. Your hearing aid means as much to them as it does to you.

Are you really doing your part?

That question only *you* can answer. *Think!*

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Report on a Revolution

Zenith recently started a revolution—to reduce the *cost of hearing*. After years of research and preparation, the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now offered to the public.

The price—$40—(about one-quarter that of other good vacuum tube instruments). Complete—ready to wear—with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries—liberally guaranteed.

Inquiries from everywhere have flooded the mails—telephone calls—telegrams.

A sales volume—unheard-of in this field—is gaining daily momentum—and is a demand created by self-evident merit of the instrument itself. Today our problem becomes one of production and distribution—to as quickly as possible make the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid available in all localities.

We are doing our best to furnish additional manpower for Uncle Sam's production forces. And—in the doing—we are experiencing that rare satisfaction born of directly contributing to the welfare of individuals.

THE ZENITH HEARING AID WILL BE AVAILABLE THROUGH REPUTABLE OPTICAL ESTABLISHMENTS FRANCHISED BY ZENITH. (NO HOME CALLS OR SOLICITATIONS)
Write us for address of outlet nearest to you.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

TO PHYSICIANS:

A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

Write for Free Descriptive Booklet
ADDRESS DEPT. LI-4, HEARING AID DIVISION
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
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ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Faced with the choice of labor in Germany or starvation at home, these French workers depart for the Reich.

TIME BOMB IN THE REICH

The Nazis thought they had a brilliant idea when they imported slave labor into the Reich. Now it threatens to explode in their faces

BY WILLIAM van NARVIG

THIRTY months ago Hitler and his Nazi henchmen had what to them seemed a wonderful brain storm. They would strip the occupied lands of Europe of all skilled labor and herd it into Germany, thus freeing millions of able-bodied Germans for the fighting services and police forces. Today the same Nazis, and especially Heinrich Himmler and his Gestapo, are fearful of the breed hatched from the cuckoo eggs they planted in their own nest.

At present, including some 1,500,000 Italians recently imported, there are about 14,000,000 alien workers, male and female, in Germany proper. Of these, almost 5,000,000 are prisoners of war. The balance is contract labor recruited from every country in Europe. More than half the war prisoners have been released from prison camps and added to the outright labor pool, although technically still maintaining their prisoner status.

But this is only part of the story. Economically, the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia and the Government-General of Poland are administered as parts of the Reich. This adds an additional 12,000,000 Czechs, Poles, and Russians to the alien labor pool. In brief, the Gestapo today has some 26,000,000 able-bodied foreign workers to watch in a territory having only 29,000,000 German workers, more than half of whom are women.

This is an ever-growing nightmare to Gestapo chief Himmler. Some of these alien workers, lured by higher wages and larger food rations, went willingly to Germany. But the great majority went there against their own wishes. The dreadful choice was, to work in the Reich or die of starvation at home. Many were caught in the Gestapo dragnet and herded into freight cars for shipment to the Reich. They work for the Nazis because they cannot help it, and they hope for the day when they will be able to turn the tables on their captors.

Fritz Sauckel, Gauleiter of Thuringia and Hitler's General Deputy for Labor Supply.

Two motives impelled the Nazis to gather this enormous alien population into their premises. The first, of course, was to augment their own manpower for both industrial and military purposes. The second was to minimize the threat of rebellions in occupied countries. When their initial sugar-coated methods failed to bring the conquered populations into a German-dominated European fold, the Nazis determined to denude the occupied countries of those elements of the populations most likely to participate in a revolt against the Nazi yoke. They were to be held in Germany in the dual capacity of hostages and anti-revolt insurance.

To supervise the vast shift of populations involved in the scheme, Hitler selected Obergruppenführer Fritz Sauckel, Gauleiter of Thuringia, whom he appointed his General Deputy for Labor Supply and invested with dictatorial powers.

Sauckel is a Nazi through and through, ruthless, efficient, and contemptuous of traditions and established bonds. Like most of the Nazi palace guard, he was a participant in Hitler's abortive putsch in 1923. He is sycophantic

(Continued on page 49)

How to Write to a Serviceman

BY LIEUTENANT DAVIS NEWTON LOTT, U. S. N. R.

SO your serviceman has gone to war? Well, dear lady, be you wife, mother, sweetheart, sister, relative, or friend, now's your chance to do your private individual bit for your individual private—or seaman—or marine.

Away from home, mail is just a shorter word for morale. Do you think, just because you scribble off a ten-page letter once a week, that you're doing your part toward maintaining your male's morale? One will get you fifty you're wrong. The kind of letter that will pull your man out of the away-from-home slough of loneliness just isn't dashed off in a thoughtless hurry.

But a letter, now, with a little thought behind it—ah! Your serviceman will haul that letter out every night the last thing before he drops asleep and get a lift out of it again and again.

Would you like to know what you can do to put a lift in your letters—each and every one of them?

First — and most important — *talk about him.* You may think he wants to hear about you primarily? (He may think so himself.) But he doesn't. He wants to read about *him.* He wants to read how wonderful a husband, lover, sweetheart, son he is. How proud he is making you. How you look at his handsome picture by your bed each night and kiss it before snapping off the lights. He wants to read that you are hungry for his love, his kisses, his strong arms around you. He wants to read of how you talk him up to your neighbors, your relatives, your friends. He wants to read that you belong to him; that you could never imagine yourself with any other man; that he and he alone can make you happy; that he, of all men in the world, is your ideal of a husband or sweetheart; that your whole life's happiness has revolved around his technique as a lover; that without him you cease to exist.

Make your letters passionate. Don't be afraid to recall intimate scenes from your private life together. Put it down in writing. Usually no one censors your letter to him. But, even if some one does, you don't know the censor, do you? So be frank. Pour out your love, your longing for his kisses, his embraces, his love-making. Too strong, you say? Madam, believe me, write these thoughts in your own words in your next letter to your serviceman—and see what kind of letter *you* receive.

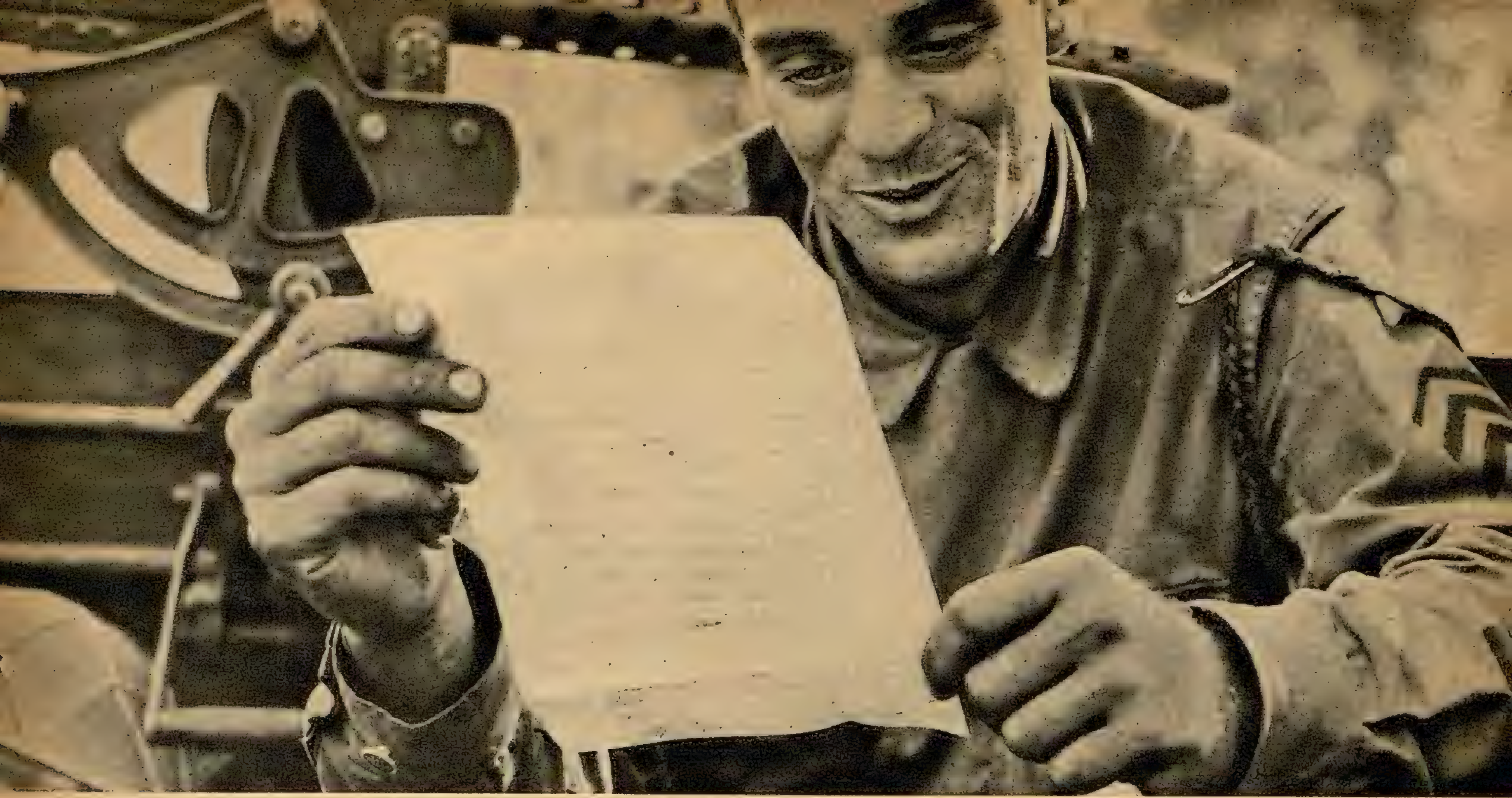
Send him a pin-up picture of yourself. You may shock your local photographer, but take your bathing suit with you and have a close-up made. Tell your photographer to use a black background and an overhead light to give your photograph that Hurrell touch. Then have the photo hand-colored. You may be surprised at the results yourself.

Send him colored candid-camera shots of yourself. Next to a large hand-colored photo, nothing is so welcome to your man in the service as a set of Kodachrome slides of yourself. Don't worry about whether he has a projector. He can borrow one at the Army or Navy photographic centers, and even if he can't he can get a pretty good idea of your new hair-do from the slides. Of course, if you want to spend the money, you can have printed enlargements made. Your camera store will give you the details. If you can't find any colored film in your home area, fall back on black and white. But send him as many pictures of yourself as you can afford.

Quote parts of his letters to you. Tell him exactly how they affected you when you read them. Tell him you cried when you read such and such a passage, and he'll marvel, "I didn't even know she cared so much!"

Let your mother write him, too. Make your letters to him just between you two, and keep references to the relatives at a minimum. You can't go wrong if you keep your letters to him strictly personal.

Reminisce. Recall for him some of the



times he surprised you. Remember the time he bought you a gardenia and stayed up till 4 A. M. to meet the train you missed? And when you finally got the gardenia, faded and brown, how you wore it anyway? Put down on paper some of the times he made you particularly happy. Or the times when you got in trouble and had to call on him for help.

Some of the sentences he'll be sure to reread most often will begin with "Remember when—"

Did he leave a family behind? Then tell him how Junior "looks *just* like his handsome daddy—everybody says so." And pour it on, mama. Your old man will soak in every bit—even if he knows that you know that he knows everybody knows Junior could have inherited his red hair and blue eyes only from your great-grandfather.

Get gossipy. Tell him all the latest "dirt." You know how you used to come home from marketing or from an afternoon of bridge and sit down at the dinner table and pour out all the choice bits you'd picked up during the afternoon? Well, my dear, your husband would still like to hear this from you. Can't you see him? He rips open your letter, starts reading the latest about the newlyweds next door. A big grin creeps across his stubbed map, and for a moment he's back stuffing himself silently on your good home cooking, with the sound of your voice slipping in one ear—and out the other.

Do you write your man "a long letter once a week"? Don't! He'd rather receive short letters written every day. Why? Oftentimes mails are delayed and he'll miss three of your weekly letters. This means he doesn't hear from you for a month—and then all he receives is three letters while his buddies get twenty to thirty.

Do you perfume your letters? Do! There is absolutely nothing in this world that will send a man out of it quicker than a letter from you scented with the perfume he gave you for Christmas. By all means, perfume your letters. But delicately, please! There's the story about one wife who wrote her husband in Dutch Harbor scented letters—but scented! In his own words: "My wife must *dunk* 'em in that perfume I gave her. Yesterday, when I took the official mail out of the sack it came in and gave it to the captain, he sniffed an official letter from his commanding officer and said, 'Well, I'm damned! Since when did old Black Jack start using Christmas Night?'"

Do you use the same type and size of envelope and stationery each time you write? Do! Even before he opens them, your man will be able to tell your letters from the income-tax collector's and the finance company's when they all arrive in a bound bundle. Moreover, using the same size sheet of stationery makes it easy for him to file or pack away letters he wants to carry with him.

Do your letters tell your serviceman what he wants to know? An official censor offers a few tips. One is: Let your hair down

Do you try to make your letters humorous—but find it difficult? Try this: Clip clever cartoons that apply to your private life and personalize them by recaptioning them. He'll get a bang out of 'em—and so will his buddies.

Do you send him the local newspaper? Don't! Most of the news will be old stuff to him by the time he receives it. Instead of sending him the entire newspaper, read through each paper with *his* eyes. Then clip out items you think he'd be most interested in—for example, news of local servicemen he might have known in school or business. Wedding announcements of ex-(tinguished) flames of his always make interesting reading at the front. And by all means find out what are his favorite comic strips. Religiously clip each daily strip as it appears and collect them by weeks. Then send them to your man and listen to the thanks you get from him—and his whole outfit.

Do you number your letters? Do! Nothing is so disconcerting as to find five letters at one mail call—and open them in reverse order. Put a number on the upper lefthand corner of your envelope—number one for the first letter, and so on. Usually it suffices if you begin your series over again at the start of each month. Also put the number of the letter on the upper right-hand corner of your letterhead. In addition, it is wise to include the date—day of the month and year. For all you know, your big tough sergeant may be a sentimentalist at heart and may want to save your letters in chronological order. Some servicemen are doing this with the intention of having the letters bound in book form—still another reason for using the same type and size stationery.

Do you type your letters? Do! A typewritten letter lacks the personality of your handwriting, true. But a typed letter is far more practical. Many letters get wet in transmission. A letter written in ink will blur and run when wet —unless, of course, you write with special waterproof ink.

A typed letter is better for V-mail, too, because you can say much more in the limited one-page space than when you write in longhand.

Do you send "tracing letters" when he doesn't hear from you for a while? Don't! It may take time, but your letters *will* reach him if it is humanly possible.

Of course, you may be relieved of all worry by using V-mail exclusively, because the V-mail *always* gets through. If the first batch is lost, a second is run off and sent.

Do you take occasional trips and drop him a post card instead of your usual

(Continued on page 51)

THE PUZZLE

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing—and Fritz knew just enough about Christine to condemn her, but he lacked the power to understand her

BY HARLAN WARE

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

MISS CHRISTINE HELD bowed her sleek head in the spotlight. The impression was one of sweet modesty and beauty and shining grace. In the applause that swept up from the crowded auditorium there was more than approval. San Pequeno was also grateful. Forgotten by the highways, the little town was astonished to find itself gazing at Miss Held at the height of her fame.

Fritz Bern, watching her darkly from his place at the piano, bent his own knees, twice, in the shadows. The almost frantic applause finally died away.

Miss Held spoke with a caress in her throat: "Let me close with oh, such a sweet song! A lullaby from my own happy childhood in a little river town."

Fritz was surprised to find himself conjuring up a picture of wide avenues and spacious elms and a starched black mammy crooning in the blue dusk of a summer evening; not the miller's unpainted cottage in the backwaters of the Kickapoo, lost in some nameless Wisconsin hills. Sometimes he forgot that he had known Christine all her life. Sometimes he even forgot that he had disliked her heartily for three long seasons.

He flicked the tails of his coat, dried his hands, and folded his handkerchief. As they waited for the audience to quiet he nursed his dislike and worked the muscles in his cheek.

Her reason for insisting on this appearance in a fogbound whistle stop would forever escape him. Why she had slipped away, day after day, last summer when they were on location in Santa Barbara—telling him obvious fictions about the beach and the sun at San Pequeno—that had never been cleared up, either. His mother was provoked because he sent home so little information; but what could a man know of a woman who traveled in the same trains but lived in a world of her own? Not since the first week of the first season had they so much as dined together, except for hurried sandwiches in station lunchrooms, which didn't count.

Gloomily he often remembered his mother's warning on that strange day when Christine, returning home in triumph for a visit, heard him play and offered him a job during the concert season. It was the Bern children who were musical, not those shiftless Helds. It had been he who had gone to an old-country university, a music major, when nobody knew where she was at all. You can imagine the amazement when Christine Held turned out to be Crissie Held from Halmstad, Wisconsin, whom everybody in town knew all about.

"Have nothing to do with her, Fritz," his mother implored. "You know what they said of her when she was a girl. She was a wild creature and she didn't get so famous in any decent way."

But Fritz had been outside the Kickapoo hills and he knew such jobs weren't to be had for the asking. He had replied stubbornly, "It is good money, mama. I can stand anything for good money."

And now, with Christine's growing fame—her first motion picture had impressed even Emil Erriccson, at the drugstore—now, his mother wrote plaintively: "Why don't you tell me more information of Crissie? People want to know more information, Fritz—from her accompanist, goodness' sake! There are all sorts of stories. . . ."

She was probably no better than she should be, he wrote his mother. But he didn't know. He couldn't find out. "She is crafty," he wrote.

He awoke to the silence with a start. "Fritz!" she was whispering. *"Fritz!"*

She forgave him with a brilliant smile. But she pointed up the first few words and the audience laughed as she sang: " 'Sleep, my little one—sleep, my little one—sleep. . . .' "

He flushed hotly as he played. The chuckle rippled over the audience as the back rows responded. Her eyes said: Watch me control this audience. D'you see, Fritz? That was a little joke, but now I have them back again. See how I hold them in the hollow of my hand!

Fritz thought bitterly that he had played for this woman one night too long. This time I'll quit, he thought.

AH, yes, there was something queer about her liking for this town of San Pequeno. She had received telegrams, many of them, on the way; and she had sent several answers which he didn't read, though he had offered several times to take her scribbles out to the station agent. "Oh, don't trouble, Fritz. I'll send the porter," she said. They had jumped here from San Francisco, postponing an important date in Salt Lake City because the train connections might be difficult; and when he steeled himself to ask her why she had done this, she laughed and said, "Oh, let's call it a whim, Fritz!"

She was forever closing a door—her compartment door; her dressing-room door; her bedroom door. Since the first week of the first season it had been that way. The first week she had dined with him three times and lunched with him once, but that had been the end of it. Yet she would say to him sometimes when they were rehearsing, "Ah, Fritz, my petsy, you can play!" Then she would look at him in smiling surprise, as if the Bern family had not been musical when the Held boys were running a mill to bankruptcy! She was an odd one. She was a puzzle. She was past understanding.

And his life was a bore. What could he do—an accompanist? He could play her music and bend his knees in the shadows. He could wander the streets of great cities with his hands behind his back, and save his money, and dream about the day when he wouldn't have to be with her any more.

She concluded the song with a gracious gesture: swept up beside him, the spotlight moving with her. He blinked awkwardly behind his glasses as they bowed off. In the wings, he began somberly:

"Now, Crissie, I want to tell you. I've about come to the conclusion this time I'll—"

"Fritz darling." She stopped him with a finger on his lips. "Not now. If there's something bothering you, we'll discuss it later—or on the train tomorrow." She patted the bald spot on his head, a playful way she had which deeply irritated him. "Oh, I know you've been bothered all evening. Go somewhere and relax! Have yourself a drink!"

Her dressing-room door closed.

HE zipped the music into the briefcase and put the briefcase in its place in the hand trunk. His eye encountered a packet of his mother's letters tied together neatly with ribbons. A wave of homesickness washed over him. He sat down in a straight chair and sniffed the envelope for the faint scent of pressed flowers.

From Christine's dressing room came the squealing voices of the local committee. He knew what they would be like: big-chested insistent women; frail shy women; sheepish intelligent women—and a man or two. He hated local committees.

He glanced unhappily through some of the letters. His mother had baked bread and he should see it. See it! He could smell it, too. Fat brown loaves cooling on a linen cloth, crusts a-gleam with butter. . . . The lilacs had come early that spring; it had been a warm winter. . . . . Papa had been told by Dr. Sorenson no more schnapps, and papa was difficult in the evening now. . . . Somebody said it was a good thing Trudie Smith got married exactly when she did. . . .

Then, another year, in December:

(*Continued on page 58*)

"Come on, Fritzi!" she said beguilingly. A hundred grievances crowded his mind.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO A DOG

BY TED SHANE

LASSIE, the brown-and-white collie who makes strong men burst into tears with her sensitive emotional acting in the movie version of the late Major Eric Knight's Lassie Come Home, is not, let it be known, of the fair sex. No, indeed. Lassie is most distinctively a gent.

That complicates matters; for not only does this shaggy pseudo-Bernhardt, this lovely collie who steals the picture, answer to the name of Lassie now, but "she" is getting fan mail from collie males the country over—gentlemen who are anxious to enter holy doglock with "her." What this will do to Lassie's sensitive nature—he's a very delicately adjusted and intelligent dog —one hesitates to surmise. "Who knows? Lassie may wind up with a Spitzophrenia and have to be psychoanalyzed," says Fred Wilcox, who now owns her—I mean *him*.

Wilcox should know, because it was he who directed Lassie to the rank of glamour dog with a salary check large enough to enable its recipient to afford satin-lined doghouses and real dog bones. Yes, Lassie's rich enough now to afford *meat!*

But it wasn't always that way.

Sixty-five pounds of litheness, rich tawny, white, and black fur, and intelligence, Lassie was born on June 4, 1940, in the barn of a poor farmhouse in the San Fernando Valley near Hollywood. The runt of the litter, Lassie didn't sell as readily as his brothers and sisters. Even today he doesn't have the points and the markings on which they pay off at dog shows. His nose is too broad. But that makes for extra brainpan—and that, in turn, for more stuff inside.

Lassie is getting proposals by the dozen, but—gosh—read on, you gentlemen collies! It's the wags-to-riches story of a movie star

Little is known of Lassie as a pup. Presumably he romped around doing the sniffy things little dogs do. Nobody had any idea he was destined to be a four-footed Veronica Lake.

All that's known is that one day a man dropped in on Howard Pack, who is an assistant to Rudd Weatherwax, Hollywood's best known dog trainer, and asked Howard to cure his eight-month-old collie of chasing motorcycles. He then disappeared. At the Hollywood preview of Lassie Come

Home a man stepped up to Samuel Marx, the producer of the picture, and said bitterly, "Lassie was my dog once—and it's cost me a bloody fortune!" He disappeared again.

But Lassie, then known as Pal, wasn't Pack's for long. When the owner failed to claim him, Pack turned him over to Weatherwax in payment of a debt of ten dollars—uncured, I must add, of his fondness for chasing motorcycles.

Just a rawboned romping collie pup, Lassie took his place in one of the numerous kennels of Mr. Weatherwax's private zoo in the San Fernando Valley—a zoo of dogs, horses, goats, chickens, turtles, and butterflies. For movie rental Mr. Weatherwax trains dogs to lie in front of the fire in English castles and to run out and get the mail.

Every day Lassie went to dramatic school. As becomes a dog who hopes to play Hamlet, he learned to lie down, roll over, roll back the other way, play dead, get up, turn and express interest, run to a window, look out, run to a door and open it, attack and disarm a man with a gun or a stick, fetch the weapon to any one Rudd ordered him to—and to do these things in any sequence desired.

His most essential lesson was in basic obedience. Today this quality is the keystone of Lassie's movie ability. Wilcox thinks Lassie would go to his death rather than disobey an order of his master. "I filmed a scene in which Lassie is caught in the middle of a herd of Scottish longhorns," Wilcox told me. "I ordered the dog to stand and look at the cattle. A big bull spotted Lassie, began pawing, and then crept up on him. Lassie turned to me and whimpered. But he'd been told to 'stop!'—and he didn't budge an inch. When the bull was about two yards away, I yelled, 'Go!' And that dog sure went. He'd do the same thing even in front of an onrushing railroad train!"

LASSIE'S transformation into an accomplished actor was done without the use of whips, sticks, or harsh language. Weatherwax, a stocky, youngish, tanned chap, doesn't believe in such educational devices, and his dogs show it. His secret is to love the animal and to make it love him.

With characteristic patience and knack Weatherwax trained Lassie, or Pal, as he was still known. Other dogs worked, but not Pal. Months and months passed and Rudd Weatherwax did not make a nickel from him. Pal just occupied board and room.

When it was announced that Major Knight's book was to be made into a movie, Pal continued to drowse in his kennel in the hot valley. Just one dog among forty, he scratched fleas, ate placidly with a litter of kittens who adopted him as a second mother, and tried to leg it after motorcycles.

One day Sam Marx and Fred Wilcox dropped in on Weatherwax seeking a canine Cinderella to cast in the lead of Lassie Come Home. Marx appraised Pal briefly and passed on to the next kennel, but Wilcox lingered. "I guess it was love at first sight," said Wilcox. "I liked him and he knew it—and he liked me!"

Weatherwax put Pal through his tricks, and Pal responded with a four-bark performance. Marx remained skeptical. "It looked too easy, too much like a trick. Although the dog was a dead ringer for Lassie, there was the small matter of—ahem—his sex. After all, Wallace Beery didn't play Jo in Little Women!"

So Marx went out and did it the hard way. He rented Gilmore Stadium in Hollywood, and on a given day several hundred owners and their would-be barking Barrymores turned up. Marx and Wilcox patiently interviewed them. "And they weren't all collies," says Marx. "They brought St. Bernards with and without kegs, and poodles, Pomeranians, and curbstone setters. Any dog that could sit up and beg came. One chap even brought a stunted pony! He hadn't read the book, but he argued his horse could do anything a dog could—and do it better!"

Throughout all these shenanigans Wilcox kept up a monotonous obbligato: "Pal is the dog! Pal is the dog!" He droned it even when Miss Gorgeous came along. She was a prize West Coast collie, the dead spit and image of Lassie, and she'd need no make-up to play the part. The only flea in her coat was that she was highstrung. She barked at the wrong studio tycoons. It would require a locked set to handle her and only Garbo dared demand that.

An act of God, as Sam Marx puts it, finally settled matters in Pal's favor.

One of the big scenes from the book tells of Lassie's swimming a river in flood. This was still an unsolved production problem when, one day, Sam Marx received a phone call. "The San Joaquin River is flooded," came the report. "You can get some swell shots of the dog swimming, if you step on it. The river'll be down in four days!"

That night Pal was bouncing northward in the back of a studio sound truck. Came the north California dawn, and Pal, a little on the ragged side after his all-night ride, stood on the edge of the swollen stream, gingerly exploring the racing tide. Cameras had been set up in rowboats. Weatherwax was hidden on the opposite side of the river. The Hollywood rookie was about to take the plunge to fame and fortune—or would it be flop?

Wilcox yelled, "Camera! Roll 'em!" Weatherwax hallooed in the distance. Pal looked across the racing torrent, hesitated a moment, then plunged. Soon he was swimming strongly, moving in and out of the lovely lights and shadows cast by the morning sun. He did the scene perfectly—it didn't require a single retake!

When Pal hauled himself out of that river, shook himself dry, and looked up at Weatherwax with the hurt look a dog assumes after a bath, a movie star had been born. "It was Pal who walked into the water that morning," rhapsodizes Wilcox, "but it was Lassie who walked out. I knew he wouldn't let me down!"

For two days Pal fought the San Joaquin. He wasn't crazy about it, and there were times when Wilcox, following with the cameras in the rowboats, feared the strong current would pull the gallant dog under. But Pal is made of tough Scotch stuff. He licked the San Joaquin, moved to other outdoor stages. He threaded his way among the surf-pounded crags at Monterey, California, leaving "bloody footprints" on the rocks; he dashed through swamp and meadow, sunshine and storm, and was "shot" by a sheepherder during his famous trip from Scotland to Yorkshire. So realistically did he limp, suffer, and register hangdogness that movie theaters everywhere were in danger of foundering in the flow of tears.

NOT that Pal, or any other movie dog, acts. Dogs play Othello only in fiction writers' imaginations. If Lassie looks bluer than Monday during a storm, for instance, it's only because he really hates to get wet. Studio-made thunder and lightning upsets him the way it does you and me. The limp? That's the effect of a small piece of cork put in between the sections of his paws. It was put there, incidentally, by an S. P. C. A. man, who was in constant attendance on the set. Pal, in other words, just acts himself at all times; the director merely fits his ability, understanding, and obedience to the required scene.

The outdoor business finished, Wilcox introduced Pal to the rest of the cast, and changed Pal's name.

What happened inside Pal's noble dome, nobody knows, but by the time he was ready for the close-in work he answered to the name of Lassie, had forgotten that he was Pal, wouldn't object if you tied ribbons in his hair or dabbed perfume behind his ears.

Either because he had read the dog version of Dale Carnegie's book, or more likely because he is just a wonderfully friendly and gentle dog, Lassie

(*Continued on page 48*)

With Eve Whitney and Rudd Weatherwax in the supporting cast, Lassie shows how a trained dog can disarm a man.

NEW BURMA ROAD

Through steaming jungles and over jagged mountain ridges, the road is being built which will supply the final assault against Tokyo.

BY ROBERT P. MARTIN

OUR jeep skidded in the loose gravel and, as we drew up to a halt at the side of the road, sent gobs of brownish muck slapping into the ditch.

"There it is, boys," said Captain Johnny Moyer in his unmistakable Alabama drawl. We looked at the wind- and rain-battered sign with its symbolic red arrow:

To TOKYO.

This was it—the new "Burma Road" to China, begun a year ago. American engineers, starting from the Assam country in India, have been hacking it wholesale out of jungle and mountainside. It winds toward northern Burma and, it is hoped, eventually will hook up with the old Burma Road in Central Burma.

The new highway will play a vital part in the over-all Allied strategy aimed at the defeat of Japan. It has been called by some the invasion route. Some day, despite the hostile elements and tenaciously fighting Japanese, huge U. S. Army trucks will roar over it carrying the supplies of war to China and to American forces operating in the China theater.

Yes, here it was—the new Burma Road, also dubbed the Tokyo Road. On our left a few tribesmen trudged down the old elephant trail, disdaining even to look at us. American trucks, command cars, and jeeps dashing toward the Burma border have become a commonplace sight to them.

It started to rain, so we climbed back into the jeep and Captain Moyer proceeded to dramatize the "spirit of the Tokyo Road," as he called it. Nonchalantly he smoked, talked, replaced his hat—repeatedly dislodged by the terrific jolts—and wiped the rain off his forehead, the while rounding hairpin curves, topping slippery ridges, and crossing narrow temporary bridges at what I had to call a "damned-fool speed."

American engineers, aided by men of all races, are hacking out an incredible new highway to China. It's a road which will be much in the news

Johnny laughed. "When you've worked on this road as long as I have you feel you can do anything and it'll never let you down."

The men who are building this road in the face of incredible living and working conditions all cherish this feeling of affection. It is expressed casually in signs erected by the roadside: "I'm your life line—treat me right"; "You are now entering the city—keep out of those d—d ditches"; "Keep eyes on the road—women working"; and "Soft shoulders—and not female either."

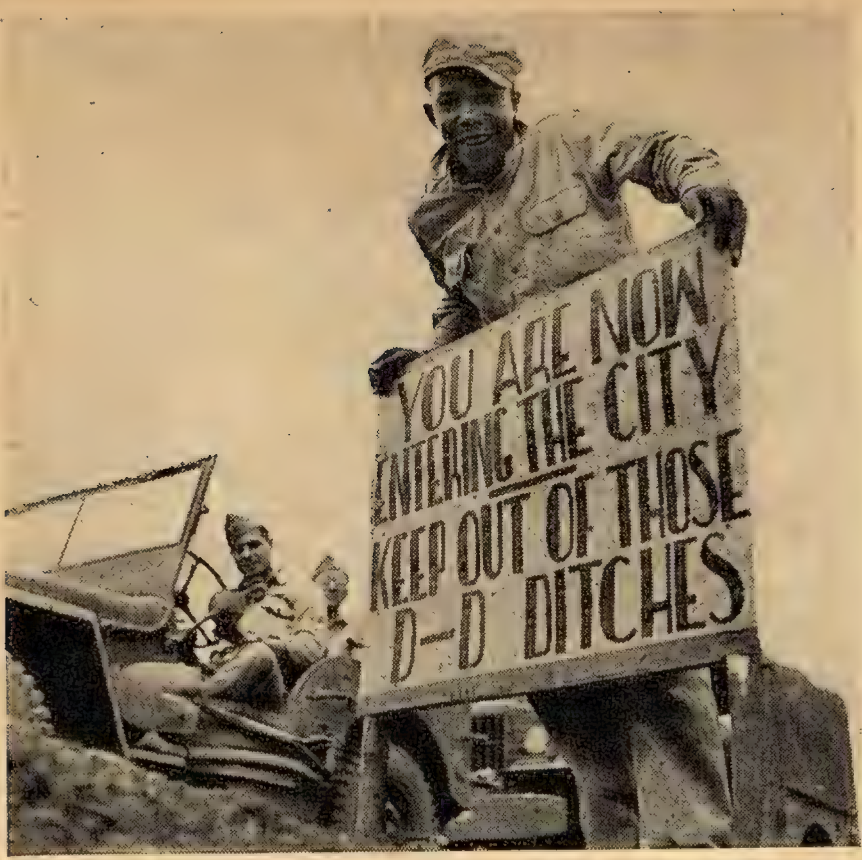
Conversation at night in the brightly lit dining halls revolves around the road. Men walk in dripping, perspiring, covered with mud, but their eyes gleam as they recount their experiences. To me these experiences seemed to consist of trudging through miles of muck in order to reach a point where they could build more miles of muck.

They'll fight at any suggestion that this isn't as tough a job of building as the Alaska Highway.

"Hell, man, *they* had all the equipment they needed to work with," Major Bob Hirshfield of Chicago told me. "Here it was difficult to obtain any kind of equipment and practically impossible to get spare parts. And don't forget, we could build only from one end—the Japs are still sitting on the other."

The road, to a layman who has spent most of the past six years traveling over the highways of China, was a marvel of blueprinting and construction. It slashed its way through seemingly impenetrable undergrowth, wound gracefully along the sides of jagged ridges, and inside the Burma border climbed up and up toward the ranges which knife bitterly at the sky. Most of the bridges were solid concrete-and-steel structures swung across yawning gorges where monsoon-fed waters raged.

We stopped at the end of a long string of trucks that were held up at



Signs like this express the men's feeling about their road.

Major Robert Hirshfield and Brigadier General John Arrowsmith.

a narrow section permitting only one-way traffic. Lieutenant Edgar Smith, bridge construction expert, was lounging against a tree watching a group of Negro troops as they waded through muck above their ankles to take shelter from the rock shower that would be set off by a dynamite blast.

"It's just like home," said Lieutenant Smith, "except the trees in Pennsylvania are more orderly and don't wear themselves out reproducing."

When the truck jam was finally broken, Captain Moyer wheeled out of line and raced past the heavier vehicles to gain time.

We roared over the first high ridge, down into the valley, and started the steep climb up the other side. Now the going was rough. The surfacing gang had not caught up with the construction outfits and the gummy road resembled wet paste. Finally we were forced to stop at a point near the Burma border and walk.

We were in the heart of the construction work. Bulldozers were gouging deep into the mountains, taking trees in stride and shoving debris over the precipitous sides into the jungle below. They were working at different levels, reducing the cut to proper gradient, and above the thunder of their motors occasionally we could hear snatches of melodious Southern songs as the Negro troops, many of them from the plains of Texas, hacked at the virgin soil.

I had just completed a trip to the Salween front on the other side of Burma, where the mountains were as rugged as these, and I thought I was in good physical condition, but after two or three hundred yards of slogging through mud always up to the boot tops —and suddenly up to the hips of the unwary—I was convinced it wasn't an easy war on the Burma border, even if it was non-combative at the moment.

Captain Moyer led the way through the jungle and up the side of the hill to Camp Scrugg, only camp of the project named after an enlisted man. There was nothing particularly inviting about it, but it was a bit of heaven compared with the desolation outside. Hot Army rations and coffee were served off a shining gasoline stove that had seen service in the Louisiana maneuvers and in the far north.

"At least we don't have to wear parkas," grunted Lieutenant John Stubenvoll of Millburn, New Jersey, as he sipped scalding coffee. "But this damned raincoat is almost as bad. Sometimes I figure it would be better to get a breechcloth and go native."

Behind the combination kitchen-dining room was a flat area carved out of the hillside. It was dotted with bamboo barracks and drab khaki-colored tents, and crisscrossed with ditches to carry off excess rain. It's probably the only camp in the world where pin-up girls are not popular. That isn't the fault of the girls, but of the

(*Continued on page 64*)

Sgt. William King guards Chinese laborers at work on the road.

American Negro engineers cheerfully line up for chow in the rain.

CHAPLAIN of the DEEP

BY ISABEL LEIGHTON

Captain M. M. Witherspoon, District Chaplain of the Third Naval District.

THE newspaper reporters were a bit disappointed. They had been assigned to cover the induction of Captain M. M. Witherspoon as District Chaplain of the Third Naval District. This was a big job—spiritual chief for New York, New Jersey, and part of Connecticut. The reporters expected some tall promises, some smooth talk about the opportunities for service, for wholesale soul-snatching.

The smug talk didn't come. Nor was there any enthusiasm in this man Witherspoon for what he saw as just another stretch of shore duty. Scuttlebutt gossip might call his appointment a reward for the grueling service he had seen in Alaska. To him, it was a soft berth that chained him to a desk.

Yes, he was just back from the Aleutians. He'd gone there for six months, and stayed eighteen. He supposed he had flown about 50,000 miles, but if they called him the Flying Chaplain, it was news to him.

The newspaperman said that he was tough, this Navy chaplain. Maybe tough isn't the word. Here's what he did for the boys in the Aleutians

Morale and recreation had been his problem. And you couldn't solve a problem without first finding it, could you? He'd gone hunting his trouble, sometimes in a plane. Nothing more startling than that.

Zeros in the air, zero weather on the ground—that was plenty startling, one of the newsmen told him. And the williwaws— They had never been described as a picnic.

Captain Witherspoon's snapping eyes smiled hard. "Trade you a good williwaw for a New York Indian summer any day."

He got to his feet. The interview was ended. The men shook his hand and filed out.

"Let you know," he called, "when anything interesting pops. Meanwhile, thanks for coming."

He sat down and reached for his mail. From down the corridor a voice drifted back: "That's a tough man, that chaplain. Plenty tough . . ."

He hoped it was true. A man needed iron in his soul to get through these times. But if he was tough, life had given him little opportunity to be anything else. It had started as far back as Guilford Springs, Pennsylvania, where in 1893 he had been born.

In his boyhood, it was up with the sun, five hours of school, chores until sundown. Then supper, study until dark, and bed.

When he was twelve he earned his first money as a section hand on the railroad. The job gave him muscles like steel, made him handy with his fists; but, more important, it helped keep the Witherspoon family going.

He doesn't remember just how the conviction came to him that his destiny lay in the Church. But one day he stood humbly before his pastor. "Sir, I'd like to study for the ministry."

That winter Dr. Blair crammed four years of Latin and two of Greek into young Witherspoon's nodding head. By May he was ready for college.

At Washington and Jefferson he mowed lawns, hustled ice, kept the gym clean, and on Saturdays worked at the local shoe store. Betweentimes he studied hard enough to graduate with honors. He went out for football. There wasn't a sports writer who didn't chalk him up as All-America caliber. After a postgraduate year, offered chiefly as an excuse to bolster the football team, he presented himself at McCormick Seminary in Chicago.

His studies became only an interval between jobs to earn enough money to get through the seminary and, eventually, to marry Margaret Workman, whom he had met during his last year at college. He became a fixture on the Chautauqua Circuit, sometimes a preacher at outlying churches. He spoke whenever they'd have him for the Daily News Lecture Bureau, did special work for the Juvenile Protective Association, and in what time was left, acted as assistant football coach at Northwestern University.

When the war came in 1917, he had to get into it. The Army had been cool to the suggestion that he join their Chaplains' Corps. But there was a Chaplain Frazier of the Navy he might see.

Chaplain Frazier eyed him with something less than enthusiasm. Only twenty-four and not even ordained? Two letters he had, clutched in a sweaty palm, turned the trick. Both stressed his football prowess, his qualities as a mixer, and his gift of gab.

"Get yourself ordained," Chaplain Frazier said after reading them; "then come back to Washington and preach a sermon, and I'll listen to you."

Only ten days later Chaplain Frazier was nearly blasted out of the hall by

(*Continued on page 46*)

YOUR MARCH 15 NIGHTMARE

Here's advance notice of a headache—the 1944 income tax blank which stumps even the experts and wins the booby prize for legalistic mumbo jumbo

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

A FEW weeks from now 50,000,000 of us will receive long heavy envelopes containing our March, 1944, income-tax blanks—the most brutally complicated and unintelligible forms ever issued by any government to its citizens.

These blanks will call for column after column of computation, estimate, guesswork, and statistical absurdity. We will be asked to make calculations that are stumping the tax experts even after months of study. To guide us through the maze, there will be page after page of small-type instructions in language that passeth all understanding. The "short" return that 24,000,000 taxpayers who earned less than $3,000 in 1943 will make has two pages of computation, two pages of instruction. The return that 26,000,000 other bewildered Americans will ponder over for many an unhappy night in March has five pages of calculation, four pages of instruction, and directions for adding a few more sheets to cover special items.

I hate to add this, but at least 12,000,000 people who do fight their way through the long form will also have to fill out a separate return estimating their 1944 income and another separate blank calculating their 1944 tax on the basis of a new 1944 bill.

This March there'll be 10,000,000 persons filing tax blanks who at present have never even seen a tax form! Millions more will be women "to whom," says a confidential Treasury memorandum, "financial affairs are traditionally puzzling." Of all the years in which to have an utterly muddled law!

It's ridiculous. Those 383,000,000 blanks now being turned out by the U. S. printing presses are proof that our tax laws have passed out of the realm of decent reality and into the phase of legalistic mumbo jumbo.

Chairman Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee, the most important tax man in Congress, actually had to hire an expert to make out his last September's tax estimate. He helped write the law!

The Treasury's experts tried out two Victory tax calculations on a group of Internal Revenue Bureau clerks. The first calculation involved two multiplications and one subtraction; the second, one multiplication and use of a table. To the consternation of the researchers, they found that even among these specially trained employees there were a large number who couldn't do the problems.

The Treasury's own men wince when any one mentions the March blanks, turn white at the picture of millions of war workers wrestling with the confounded confusion of "forgiveness" under the pay-as-you-go law. As for the long form, with its two full pages devoted just to reckoning the Victory tax, the normal income tax, the surtax, the earned income credit, pay-as-you-go, and so on *ad absurdum,* that one is a beauty!

Surely it's frightening. And not only to you. For weeks the Treasury has been holding meetings with newspaper, radio, and magazine representatives, asking for help in publicizing the impending task. As Secretary Morgenthau himself puts it, "The tax forgiveness law is so complex that even many experienced taxpayers will find the computation a jungle."

Congress has a special committee working on ways to cut through the complexities. Secretary Morgenthau has another cozy group of legal experts studying the same thing.

But nothing that's being done or to be done will help us on March 15. That tax blank has been set, the presses are running, and there's no time for changes. Last October the Treasury called in some top-notch advertising and nonlegal minds and asked them to simplify the short form, 1040A, which will be used by taxpayers who earned less than $3,000 in 1943. The result is still bad, but it's supposed to be the best job that can be done under our present impenetrable laws. As the story goes, the same experts took one look at the long form, 1040, then just turned and ran. The instruction sheets accompanying the long form are so snarled up that several key men in the Treasury think the government ought to warn us to ignore them altogether.

The sad thing about this taxpaying crisis—and it *is* a crisis—is that no one source is to blame. The major reason for today's critical state of affairs is that our tax system has just grown haphazard. Since the first income-tax law was passed on October 3, 1913, there have been twenty statutes, one piled on another.

Then came the war. Overnight the income tax took off its striped trousers, donned overalls. Suddenly America had, not 4,000,000 federal income-tax payers, but 40,000,000, then 50,000,000. The Victory tax came in, with its maddeningly different exemption base. The Ruml Plan agitation of a year ago evolved into the pay-as-you-go system.

Complicated laws are contrived to make sure some tax accountant or tax evader doesn't slip through an omitted semicolon. For twenty years Congress and our shrewdest lawyers have been playing a game to see which will uncover a loophole first. But no justification in all the world can be found for this little gem, surely penned by a comma-mad fugitive from Harvard Law School:

(*Continued on page 53*)

GEORGE and the EGG-SHY POLE

If you're already acquainted with Private George McKeller, you'll want to catch up on his latest antics, and the rest of you should make a point of meeting this G. I. genius right away

BY LIEUTENANT STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

NOW, George is a most cocky guy, and he is ever eager to try anything once, if there is anything in it for him. Like the time he tries to unfix what he calls Majecki's egg fixation. That is, when he calls it something I can repeat.

We are just starting our basic training in field artillery when Sergeant Grawk tells us we are due for some lessons in truck driving.

"Do not think you guys have nothing more to do than take your piece to the front and just loaf around and shoot at the enemy," he says. "Some of you are going to drive trucks and haul ammunition for you to shoot, and chow for you to eat, if you want to eat. Now, every one who drives a truck before he enters the army step two paces forward. And this time," he adds, when he notices no one steps, "it is not a wheelbarrow detail."

This last refers to what happens the day before, when he asks if any of us are chauffeurs, and he puts the guys who say yes to chauffeuring wheelbarrows.

It looks like half a dozen guys step forward. But three of them are Majecki; he is that big a Pole. He has blue eyes just like a baby, and ideas so seldom, he hangs on very tight to all he gets.

"I have lots of experience," he says. He digs into his pocket and holds out something sort of bashful like. "See? I get a medal with my name on it engraved, for driving ten years without an accident."

"Yeah?" the sarge says. "What did you drive?"

"Eggs," Majecki answers promptly. "For ten years, every day I drive eggs from the Henderson Chicken Ranch in Jersey to New York City. And I never break a one."

"I mean what kind o' trucks. Two-wheel or four-wheel drive? Two-tonners, four-tonners, or what have you?"

"All kinds," he answers. "Even a de luxe ten-tonner I drive, with a special chassis and springs. But those springs are not why I do not break an egg. It is because I am careful."

For the first time since I meet him, the sarge looks like he is pleased maybe. For a moment I even think he smiles. But it is just a moment.

"Swell," he says grudgingly. "Maybe you can help me teach these other misfits how to drive. Listen, you imitation soldiers," he says to us. "Learning to herd a six-wheel heavy-duty army truck is no cinch. You are going to work hard and long. But, if you got any sense at all, at the end of the course you ought to be able to pass the tests and get a G. I. truck driver's license. And the best of you will represent A Battery in a contest with the best drivers of the other batteries. Besides the honor of driving with all the big shots watching, the winner is sure to get a couple of stripes when his basic course is over. So dig in. The competition is open to every one."

We start easy, just shifting gears and driving around the truck park. Then we try precision driving, winding in and out among a bunch of tall stakes not much farther apart than the truck is wide.

"Imagine those stakes mark the edges of a bunch of shell holes," the sarge says. "You got to be able to skim through without touching them, or you will never make it across a battlefield."

Now most of us hit those imaginary holes. And I cut down stakes like I am driving a mowing machine or one of those old chariots with sickles on the wheels.

But precision driving is duck soup for Majecki, and from the first it is plain he will get the nod to do the contest-driving for A Battery. He shifts gears like they are seated in whipped cream, and herds his truck in and out among those stakes like a new father handles the buggy.

"LISTEN, you stumble-thumb lead-foots," the sarge tells us one morning. "This is a course in truck driving, not demolition work. Watch how easy Private Majecki drives, and try and imitate him. Majecki," he says to this big ox, "see if you can tell these guys how to drive."

Majecki grins like he is getting another medal.

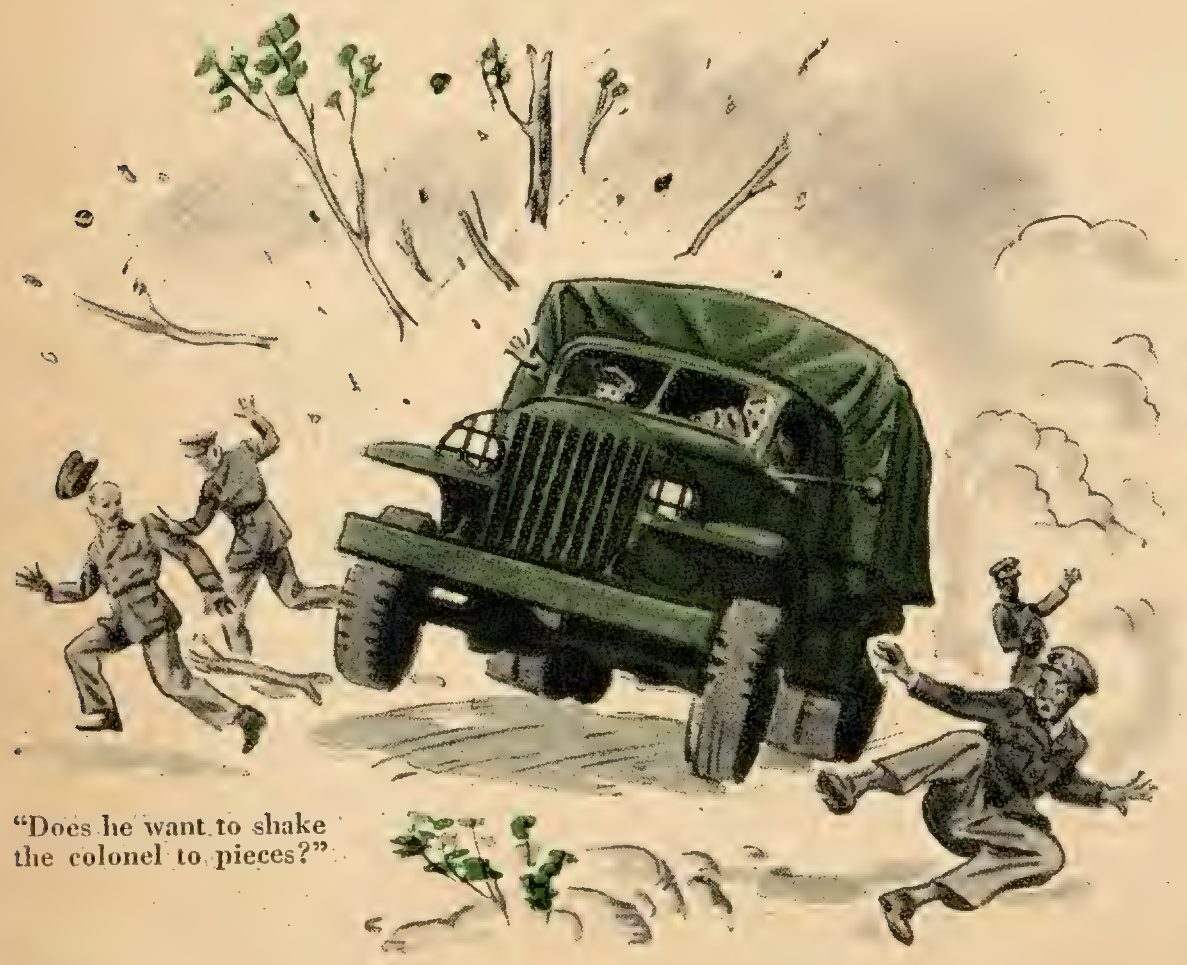
"Easy does it," he says. "I learn to drive easy hauling eggs. I haul eggs so long, I still feel like I got them behind. If I am not careful and hit a stake, I will break the eggs, I tell myself. So," he winds up, like this explains everything, "I am careful and do not hit the stakes and break the eggs."

The sarge looks us up and down, and then shakes his head like he is very sad at what he sees.

"It is as simple as that," he growls. "Just be careful. Try and imagine you are hauling eggs, if that will help. You better do something, for you're soon going to be hauling such nice harmless things as H. E. shells and powder. And you are going to be careless with them only once. Now let's see you try going through those stakes again."

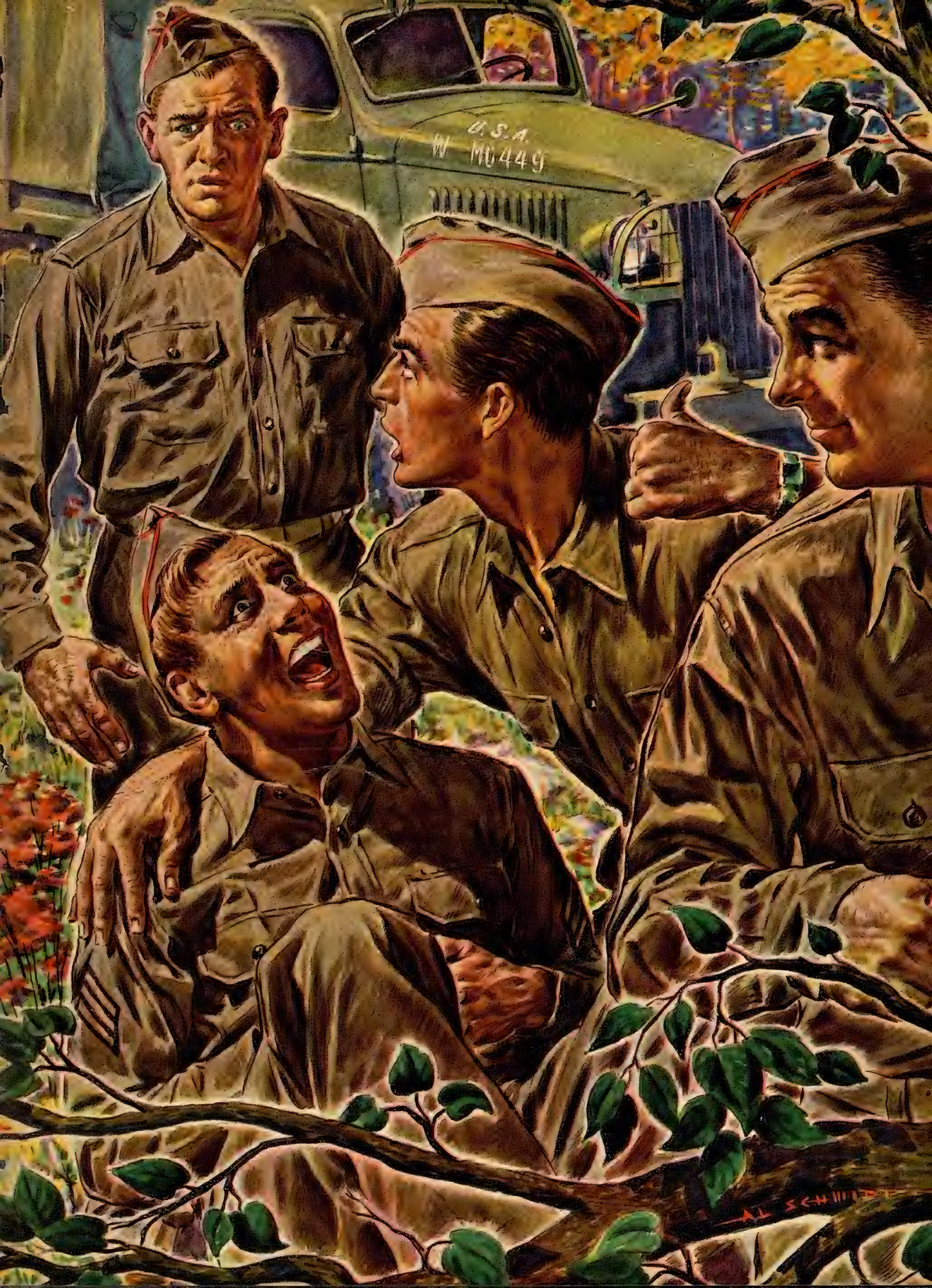
Instead of going to his truck, George

(*Continued on page 43*)



"Does he want to shake the colonel to pieces?"

Suddenly the sarge folds up, hugging his stomach. "Oh! Oh!" he gasps. "Oh!"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THE ARMY'S RARE BIRDS

Rattlesnake milkers, orchid hunters, and glass-eye makers rate high in this strange Army file, but goldfish eaters need not apply

BY FRED PATRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT

Can you speak Icelandic? The Army may want to make a radio operator of you.

ARE you an expert at catching and milking rattlesnakes? If so, and if you wear the uniform of the Army of the United States, you're classified as a "Rare Bird." You are one man in ten or twenty thousand, and there's a little card with your name, your rank, and your history in the Army's Rare Bird file in Washington.

Maybe you're even rarer—an orchid hunter, for instance. In that case your frequency is one in a million. But the Army has its eagle eye on you just the same, and no matter what your present duty, you may be yanked back any minute to do a little orchid hunting. And the Army won't be indulging a dizzy whim. Orchids are used in the manufacture of a chemical reagent.

The Rare Bird file in the Adjutant General's Office of the Army Service Forces is one of the strangest, most colorful, and most useful compilations of human data ever assembled under one roof.

The records of all officers, Regular or Reserve, are available for classification in the file, but carefully sorted out are those having talents, experience, and skills so far off the beaten track as to be considered rare. There are now more than 200,000 cards in this index, whose purpose, of course, is to locate these especially endowed men instantly. A Rare Bird may be on the other side of the globe, but through the file the Army can reach out and assign him to a mission for which, perhaps, he alone in the whole Army is qualified.

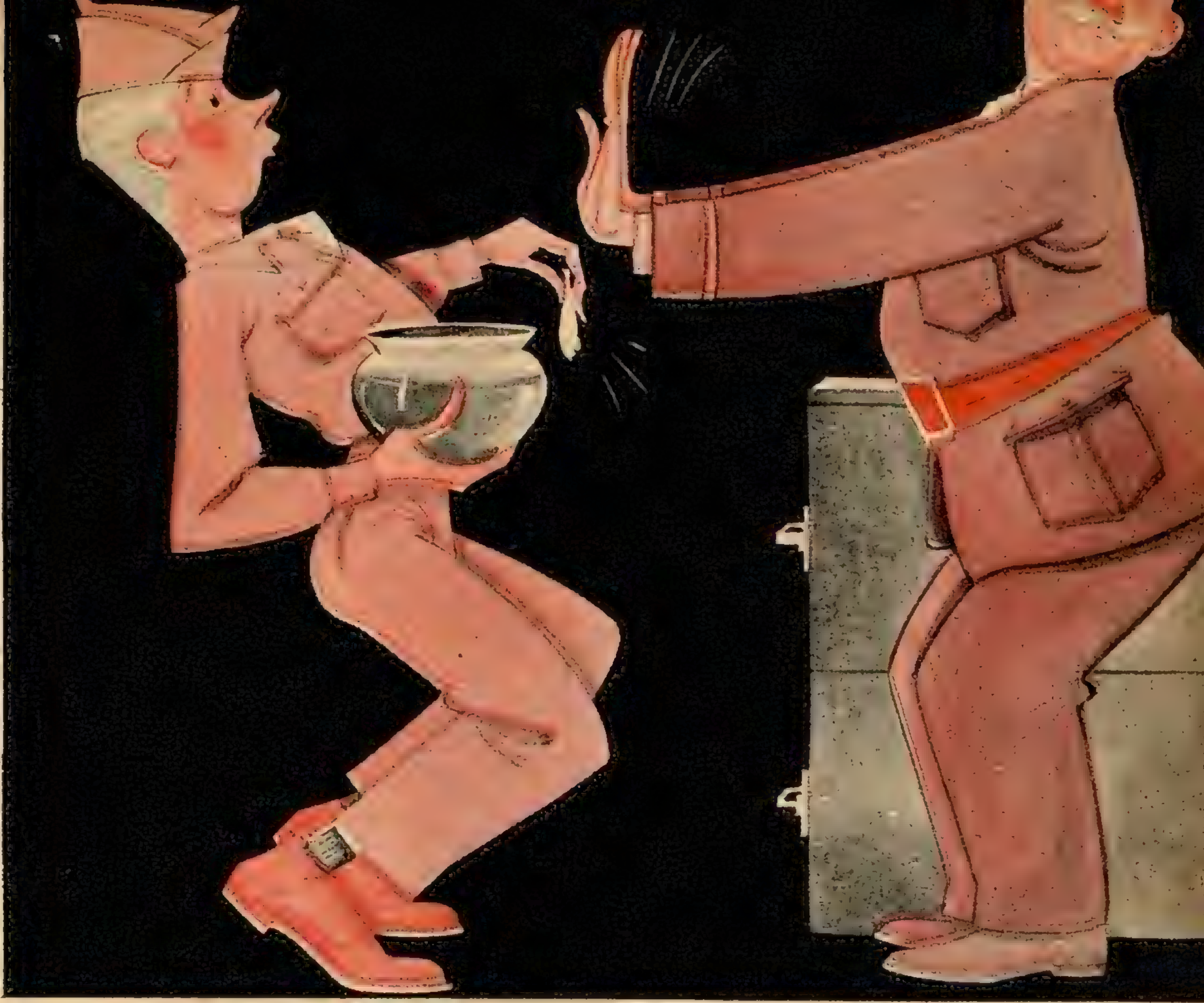
The requests received by the Rare Bird file run the gamut from the simple to the dramatic. An instance of the latter is the rattlesnake catcher. The Army, according to Rare Bird calculations, could hope to find only one such expert in ten or twenty thousand men. But the file was searched and the expert found. In civilian life he had made a profession of raising rattlesnakes and extracting their venom—"milking" them. He was assigned to establish a number of rattlesnake farms and teach other soldiers how to raise, catch, and "milk" the reptiles, whose venom is used to make anti-snakebite serum.

Glass-eye manufacturers, like orchid hunters, are of a rarity of one in a million in our Army, but the Rare Bird file recently turned up three. It was also discovered that there are only fourteen of them in the entire United States, since practically all this work was done in Germany before the war.

Among the other "men in a million" are artificial-larynx manufacturers, collectors of ambergris, and analytical chemists qualified to work in the field of alpha and beta radium.

Not long before the United States entered the war a request came for an officer who spoke the Eskimo dialect of Greenland. It almost stumped the Rare Bird file. There were plenty who spoke

If you've had any experience milking rattlesnakes they may decide to turn you



The Army is not interested in mere eccentricity. If you're a gold-fish eater, keep it to yourself.

the Eskimo dialects of Alaska, but the file turned up only one officer who spoke the Greenland dialect, and he had been recently retired.

The officer was called back to active duty and disappeared for several months. He returned to Washington simultaneously with the publication of news of the capture of a fishing trawler off the coast of Greenland aboard which was a party of German meteorologists with extensive equipment.

In the Rare Bird file the Army has listed men who speak 241 of the 257 known world languages, and recently a card went into the file on a man who speaks five languages fluently, speaks two others quite well, and has a working knowledge of fifteen more! Among others, he speaks Ottoman Turkish, Arabic, Persian, Icelandic, Malayan, Hindustani, Sanskrit, Maltese, Basque, Albanian, Tagalog, and Tongan.

Not long ago General Eisenhower called for fifty soldiers who could both speak French and operate a telephone switchboard. This particular order didn't come to the Rare Bird file, limited to officers, but was filled by its enlisted personnel counterpart, housed in the same office in the Pentagon Building. About twenty-five *bona fide* French-speaking operators were found. The rest were former hotel desk clerks and men from similar occupations who spoke French and whose civilian duties required some familiarity with a switchboard.

While the Rare Bird file is not always able to meet all requirements precisely, it usually can score better than 75 per cent. When some fantastic combination of skills is required, the Rare Bird file digs up the man who comes nearest to being qualified and he is taught the skill or skills he lacks. The Army was looking for a radio operator who spoke perfect Icelandic. There were plenty of radio operators and an ample number of men who spoke Icelandic, but no one man could do both. It would be quite a trick to teach a radio operator to speak Icelandic in short order, so an Icelandic linguist was taught the fundamentals of radio.

Even the blasé masters of the Rare Bird file occasionally blink at the strangeness of the demands, but they're Army officers and they don't ask questions. Not long ago came a request for a super-expert lithographer and engraver. After studying the carefully worded order, the captain in charge of the file concluded that what really was wanted was a first-class counterfeiter! The man was supplied, and he has since more or less dropped out of sight.

The administrators of the Rare Bird file use the word "frequency" to indicate how often, in a given number of men, they may expect to find at least one man with a particular ability. Cost statisticians, for example, have a frequency of one in 500; that is, in a group of 500 Army officers there should be at least one cost statistician. Anything under that ratio is not considered suitable for a Rare Bird category.

Other frequencies include: expert small-boat operators, one in 1,000; interpreters, one in 2,500; archeologists, one in 5,000; arctic explorers, one in 10,000; oceanographic stratographers, one in 20,000; and scientists with skill in such a subject as regional petrology, one in 50,000.

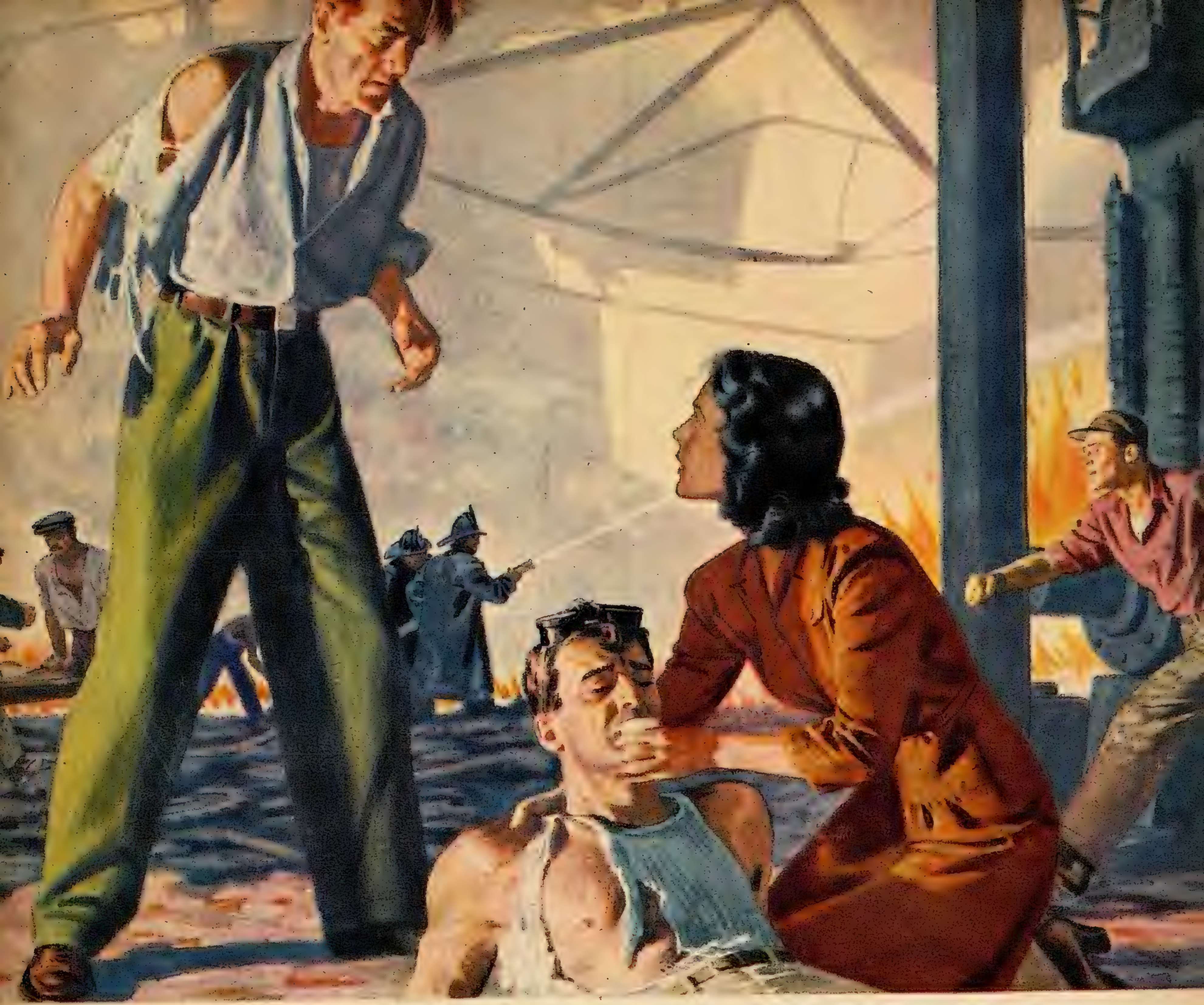
Frequently the availability of an officer becomes a question. He may be performing a very important duty in one place and be selected for special duty in another. When necessary, the assistant chief of staff decides where the officer can render the most effective service, and orders reflecting his decision are issued through the Adjutant General's Office.

But one word about this *rara avis* business. The Army isn't interested in unadulterated outlandishness. A goldfish eater, for example, could never find his way into the file; the officer who speaks both Greek and a certain African dialect would qualify with high honors.

So, if you are a virtuoso on the musical spoons, have developed uncanny skill at manipulating the yo-yo, or fancy that you have mastered the rudiments of the ape language, *don't* get in touch with the War Department! You're not a Rare Bird—you're just easily amused.

THE END

into a farm hand on a reptile ranch. You can consider yourself a very rare bird.



Tom remembered the figure had looked up and said, "You've heard about Kathleen?" and thinking, That was Helen. She's safe.

NO LITTLE ENEMY

Helen gets a new slant on Stock, whose strange behavior at the circus makes him more than ever an object of suspicion when shocking tragedy strikes the bond Caravan

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER completing an assignment for the Office of Pictorial Propaganda in Washington, Tom Bonbright, whose syndicated political cartoons were known from coast to coast, was asked to accompany a "caravan" on a bond-selling tour.

On the train to New York, he met Senator Carlinger, who, owing in large part to Tom's caustic cartoons, had lost the last election. He told Tom that Lawrence Kenyon, well known lawyer, had offered him a place in his law firm, but that he, Carlinger, had refused it.

At the crowded club-car bar, Tom thought he recognized Roger Tally. The latter had reason to hate Tom, for he had collaborated on an exposé of Tally's "Plan," a get-rich-quick scheme that lured money from the gullible and enriched no one but Tally. Tally now appeared pretty shabby in a blue diamond-patterned suit.

Seated in the darkened orchestra, watching the other members of the Caravan rehearse, Tom was slugged. He was taken to Helen Hathaway's apartment to avoid undesirable publicity for the bond-selling troupe. Miss Hathaway was the leading lady. With her was Charlie Ross, Helen's press agent and the Caravan's manager.

Tom invited Helen to visit Bill Roberts, his collaborator on the Tally book. They found Roberts had been murdered —slugged—just a short time before their arrival. Grief-stricken, Tom suspected Tally of the crime and the attempt on his own life that afternoon.

The other members of the Caravan were Rupert Wells, a famous English actor; Daniel Stock, hero of a rescue of six men from a torpedoed tanker, whom Ross had persuaded to join the Caravan as a "home-front hero." Stock had been reluctant until Charlie had mentioned Bonbright's name. There was also Nadine Hall, young college girl, writer of the most popular war song; she appeared strangely attracted to Stock, who seemed especially interested that she was familiar with Mount Sokosu in New Hampshire, where Bonbright had a camp. Then there were six beautiful chorus girls.

On the train to Pittsburgh, Tom was incensed when he found Stock going through his portfolio of cartoons. Then, backstage at the Caravan's first rally, he saw Stock repulse a friendly approach of a man whom Tom thought he had seen at a Bund rally.

The night the troupe traveled on to Cleveland, Helen Hathaway had kissed Tom—to his surprise—and pleasure. It was that same night, later, on the train, that another attempt was made on the cartoonist's life. After his assailant had escaped, Tom found himself holding a piece of shabby blue diamond-patterned cloth.

Jason Woodburn, Cleveland reporter, confirmed Tom's suspicions regarding Stock's unwelcome friend of the Pittsburgh rally; said he was a notorious Bundist.

Helen, annoyed that Tom had paid little attention to her since her impulsive kiss, refused his invitation to the circus, saying she was going with Mr. Stock!

PART FOUR

THE war seemed to have receded very far beyond the billowing white circus tents and their strings of colored banners flying in the breeze. Outwardly it might have been the same circus Helen Hathaway had seen when she was ten or fourteen. The odors were the age-old circus odors: popcorn, peanuts, and canvas, and the pungent smell of the animal cages. The long rows of posters depicting the fat lady, the Siamese twins, the tattooed man, bigger and more startling than life, were strung up as usual, and vendors weaved through the crowds offering the familiar puffs of pink cotton candy on sticks, and miniature pony whips, sombreros, and chameleons. Even the sun beating down on their heads and the dust rising up to powder their shoes were the same as they had always been on circus day.

Helen could trace exactly how she began to feel the difference. First there was the incident in the ticket line. A wizened old man in the red-and-green tunic of the circus attendants had come out and asked the line to move far over to the right so the gate would not be blocked. As they did it, Stock remarked loudly, "Put a little beggar into a uniform and he has to show his authority." Some people standing near them smiled sheepishly and some others merely looked around. Helen wondered if they felt, as she did, that the carnival spirit had been broken. Harshly they had been reminded that the world was not like the circus, all comradely fun and frolic.

Later, as they joined the throngs on the Midway, there was the moment when she was jostled against her companion by a sticky joy-blinded child, and she felt the cool white linen of his jacket against her bare arm and saw his hand reach out to cuff the boy. His voice was rather amused when he said, "This is a great place for the child-like, isn't it?" The boy disappeared in the crowd before she could tell if the hand had landed too roughly.

THERE was no uncertainty, however, about what happened a few minutes later. They had come to a stop in front of a concession booth that displayed hideous satin cushions hand-painted with designs and verses.

"Three throws for a quarter," bawled the barber. "Knock out Tojo! Sock Schicklgruber! An almighty privilege, friends—and all for one twenty-five-cent piece."

In front of the shelves of prizes were small wooden figures of these two. The barker held forth a handful of rubber balls. His eye fell on Stock.

"Take a chance, sir," he whined. "Win the lady a beeyoutiful prize for her boodower."

Helen pointed to a cushion far up on the shelf. "That's the one I want," she said.

She tried to make her voice sound as gay as any girl's at a circus. She felt that if she could only pretend hard enough to be having a good time her depression might lift. The cushion she pointed to was blue with a garland of red roses painted on it. Beneath the roses, in fancy script, were the words:

Smile, gentle maid, my day is bright;
Frown on me, my day is night.
Let roses tell my love to thee
Ere I plead my suit on bended knee.
HIRAM HAVERSHAM, 1887.

Stock put down a quarter and took three balls. He aimed with great deliberation and hit each figure squarely, laying it flat.

"Excellent, sir. Excellent!" the barker shouted. "Take a chance, folks. Do as this gentleman has done. Knock down the dictators!"

Stock said, "Give the young lady the blue cushion she wants."

"I'm sorry, sir." The barker shook his head. "That's a grand prize. You must have a dollar's worth of perfect scores to win a grand prize."

Helen laughed. "O. K.," she said. "My boudoir will have to get along without that masterpiece." She started to walk on.

"One moment!" Stock ground out the command. He laid a bill on the counter. "Give me a dollar's worth."

The barker uncovered his square yellow teeth with alacrity. He counted out the balls. "Remember," he cautioned. "You must get twelve perfect hits in succession."

Helen stared. "Why, that thing isn't worth a dollar," she protested, "let alone so much effort. Come on, Mr. Stock. We have a lot to see."

His expression, when he turned toward her, made her swallow the rest of her argument. His lips were tight. She had a sudden unexplained fear that he would strike her if she said any more.

"You said you wanted that cushion, did you not?" he inquired coldly.

"Why, yes; but I was only joking. Really, I—" Helen stammered and looked around.

What a moment before had been a crowd of friendly spectators looked now like a circle of grinning masks. Fantastically, as if on a distant sound track, a hand organ tinkled a tune. But the only real sound in the world seemed to be the swish of the ball through the air and the plop of the wooden figures as over and over Stock laid them flat.

Then he missed, and a loud "Oh!" went up from the watchers. The barker clicked his tongue sympathetically.

Stock put another bill on the counter. "Give me twelve more," he said. His skin looked white around the nostrils.

The aim, the swish, and the plop began all over again. Eleven times he knocked down the targets, but the twelfth ball went wide.

A woman giggled. Some one called, "Too bad!" Stock reached in his pocket for his wallet as the barker hopped around to pick up the balls.

Oh, Lord, thought Helen, he's insane! She remembered her words to Tom on the train platform: "There's something fishy about Mr. Daniel Stock." And Tom had told her it was her imagination!

She looked at the perspiration on Stock's face and the discolored gash of the burn along his cheek. He'll never stop, she thought wildly, watching him line up the balls again. He'll never stop and I'll never get out of here!

She reeled and leaned against the booth for support as he drew back his arm and began to throw. She fastened her eyes on every ball he picked up and willed it to its mark. Each wooden figure, in its turn, banged down and sprang back.

This time he was successful and there was some applause from the crowd.

Stock thrust the pillow into Helen's arms, and the scent of cheap rayon and paint rose up to her as he pulled her out into the Midway again.

He swung along jauntily and his smile was almost boyish as he searched her face.

"You said you wanted it," he reminded her, all his bland good humor returning.

"Yes," said Helen. "Yes. Thank you. I'm sorry it was so much trouble."

"No trouble." Stock guided her toward the main tent. "I couldn't give up once I'd started, obviously. Besides, I wanted to make that scum live up to his bargain."

Helen looked down at the pathetic pillow with its sentimental jingle and shivered. It was hardly a bargain at three dollars.

SHE tried to enjoy the rest of the circus, but nothing seemed to be in focus save the outlines and movements of the man beside her. The playing of the band was only a dim background sound for the sharp crackle of the program as he crumpled it between his fingers. If he coughed, the rasp was like a gun's report in her ears. He leaned back in his chair, his shoulder pressing hers, and she sat rigid, afraid to move away.

When the aerial acrobatic acts came on, he showed the first sign of excitement. The intricate balancing stunts on the wires strung a hundred feet above them fascinated him. Finally the pounding of the kettledrums and the

(Continued on page 54)

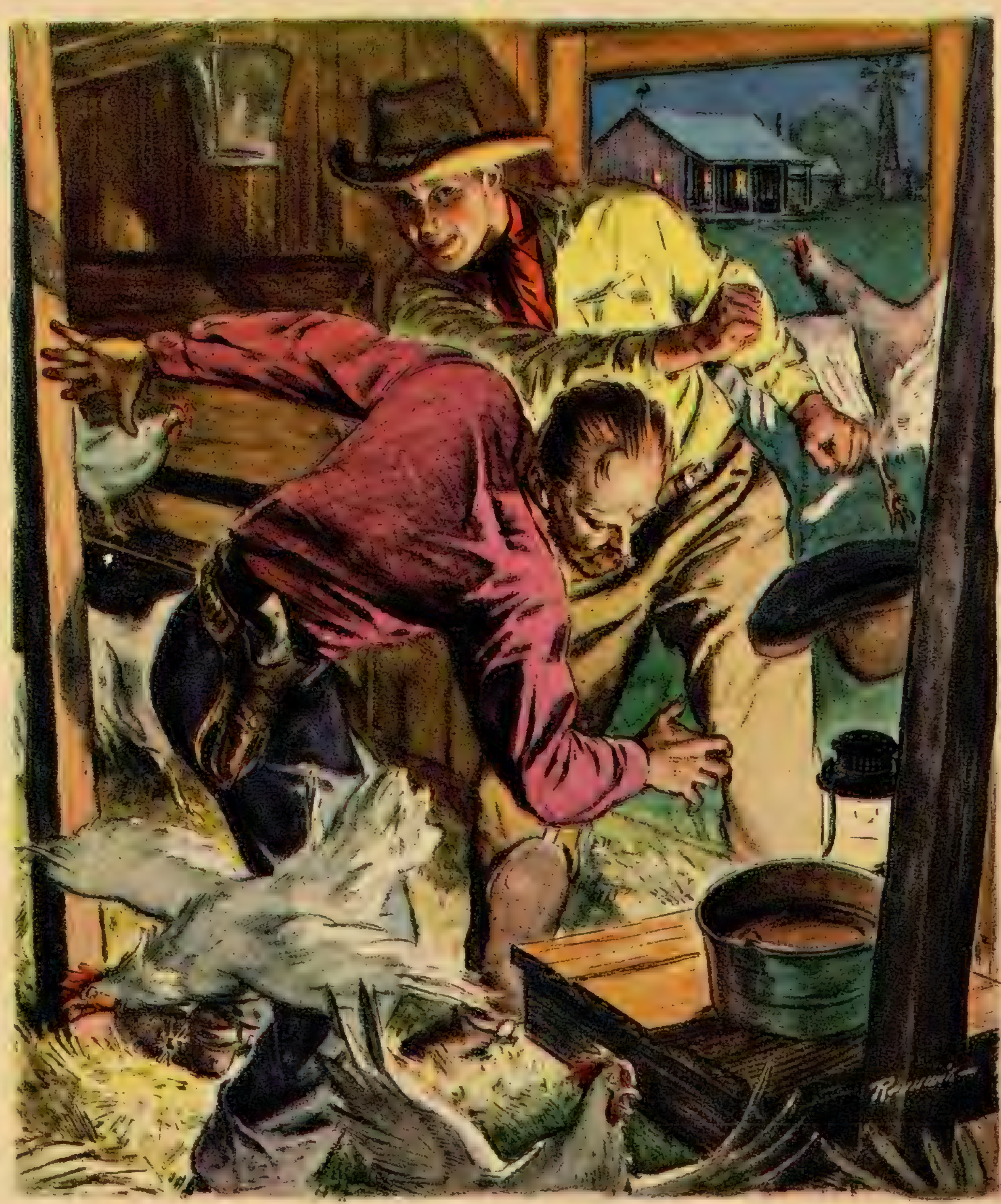
Killing's An Easy Thing

BY JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Pete set out with murder in his heart, but before he pulled the trigger, he found a more effective way to avenge his brother's death

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY



Danny had caught Losh in his hen house and slapped him all over the lot.

THE gap in the aspen forest had grown up to timothy hay. Pete Raidy slung the hammerless bolt-action rifle over his back and, when he came to the gap, dropped to his hands and knees. He crawled through the grass, inching his way toward a huge lichen-covered boulder he had marked on the edge of an abrupt slope. When he reached the boulder he cautiously raised himself.

The slope dropped so sharply that he could look over the tops of all but the tallest of the aspens growing beyond it, and through the branches of those. The fifty-foot drop leveled out into a treeless tableland that was bisected by a winding dirt road. Facing the road, scarcely three hundred feet in a direct line from the gray rock, was a hewn-log cabin. Blue smoke curled from its stone chimney. Ten feet in front of its door, and a little to one side, was the log tripod where Losh Marston hung the game he shot.

Pete raised his head and shoulders farther, and bent forward so that the gray of the hat and shirt he wore blended with the boulder's color. He rested the rifle on the boulder and sighted on the cabin's door. Losh Marston was at home. Presently he would be dead. Pete had come six hundred miles to make sure that he died.

Danny Raidy, Pete's brother, had been three weeks in his grave when the news reached Pete, on his trap line in the Big Dog Mountains. Danny had been found in a field, a double charge of buckshot in his spine. There had been no clue to the murderer, and buckshot pellets could not be traced. But Pete knew, and Losh Marston knew, who had killed Danny. And there were times when a man needed neither judge nor jury to direct justice.

Pete's hand tightened on the gun breech. Blundering, soft-spoken Danny who hadn't an enemy in the world—except Losh Marston. Six months ago, Danny had caught Losh in his hen house and slapped him all over the lot. Pete had seen Losh's face that night, and had worried. Danny had laughed it off. But it had seemed all right to leave Danny alone after two months. He should have known that people like Losh never forgot or forgave an injury.

Now Pete was home again, and the news had gone through the hill country. Pete Raidy, whose shooting, woodcraft, and keenness no man could match, was home to avenge his brother. Losh Marston knew it, knew also that he could not kill Pete from ambush, and certainly not in a fair fight. Pete curled his cheek affectionately down to the rifle's stock.

Then the door opened and Losh Marston appeared.

Pete watched him, a lanky be-whiskered man wearing blue overalls and a faded checkered shirt. He carried a pail in his left hand, a rifle in his right. For a moment he stood in the doorway, peering about as an animal will for any danger. Hesitantly, still looking all about, he came into the open. Pete read his face, saw fear written in it. Losh Marston had killed Danny, and he feared Danny's brother.

Pete swung the rifle so that the ivory-beaded front sight centered squarely on Losh Marston's heart. There would be no miss—he could drop a running deer or bring down a flying goose farther away than he was about to kill Losh Marston. He felt neither fear nor apprehension. There would be no doubt about the killer this time, and ten minutes after Losh's body was found a sheriff's posse would be on Pete's trail. But the wilderness was at hand, and once he was within it all the sheriffs in the state couldn't catch him. His finger tightened slowly on the trigger.

Then suddenly another picture intruded between Pete and the man he had been about to kill. Danny's grinning face, Danny as Pete had last seen him, Danny who smiled no matter what happened. Again he looked at Losh Marston. Losh had advanced to the game tripod, stood beside one of the leaning posts. Pete squeezed the trigger.

He saw the bullet chip a piece of bark an inch from Losh Marston's shaggy head. For an instant Losh stood as though petrified. Then he dropped the pail and raced back to the cabin.

Pete slid from the boulder and crawled back through the timothy hay. A deep, peaceful calm and a vast satisfaction were upon him. Killing was an easy thing, simple—and quick. A man knew one brief second of agony, and then never anything any more. But a man who lived, but who lived each day without knowing just when he was going to be killed—

Pete smiled, and rose to walk openly through the aspen forest.

THE END

This is a frank book – and an intensely sincere one.

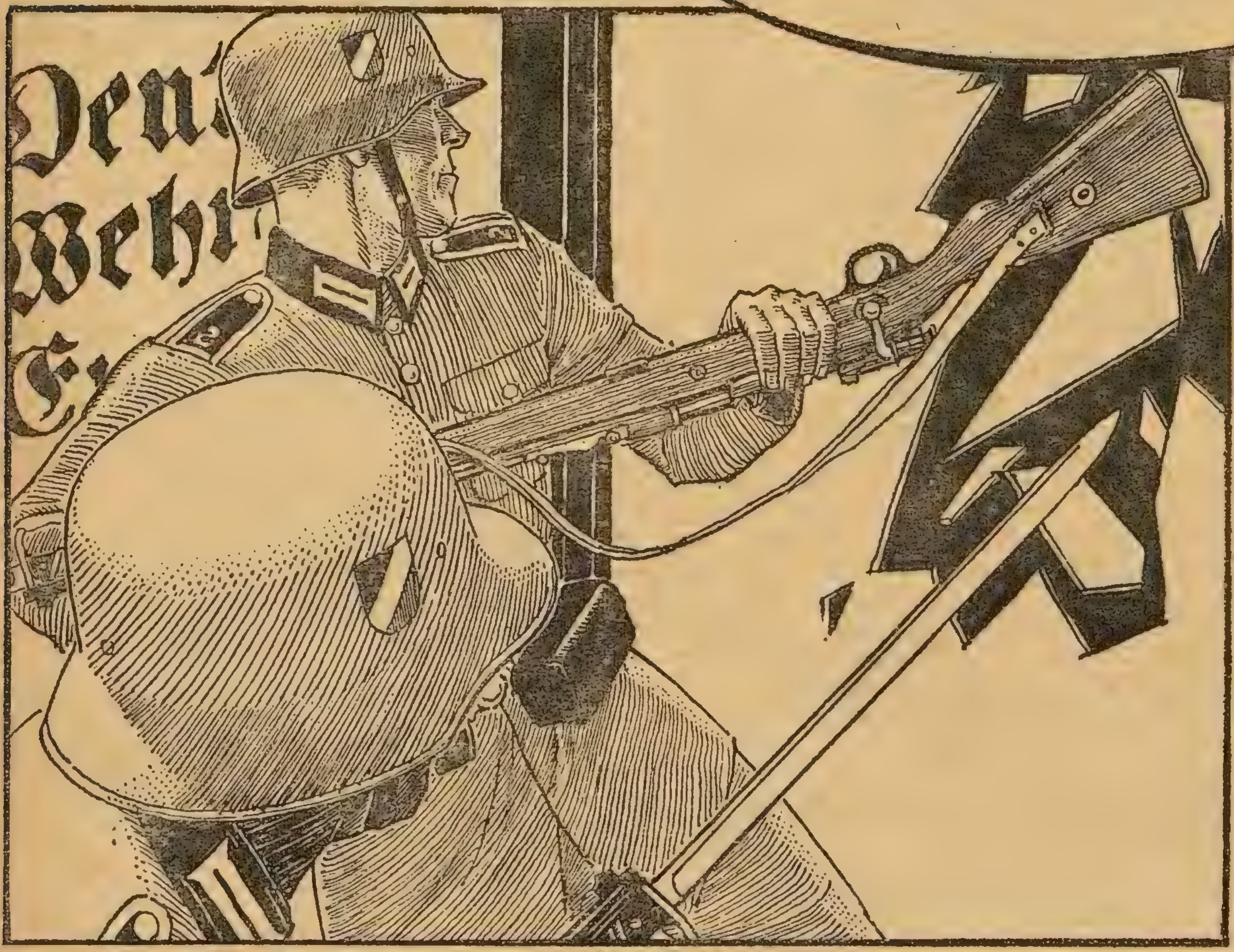
It tells the divergent stories of a successful, sophisticated New York business woman who misjudged love, and an Austrian scientist who misjudged the hospitality of a new land.

It will prove a deeply moving experience from its first page to the conclusion that brings both stories together in a strangely satisfying and logical ending.

The TRESPASSERS

A Condensation of the Best-Selling Novel

by LAURA Z. HOBSON



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

THE migrations had begun. The trains, the ships, the rutted dirt roads, the cement highways, the vaulting air lanes of the earth and seas and skies were beginning to carry the ones in flight. In 1937, '38, and '39 two millions of Europe's people were moving—flying before the bitter fact that they were not wanted, not safe, on the ground they knew and loved.

Dr. Franz Vederle waited on the street before his house for the postman coming toward him. He took the packet of letters and riffled through them quickly. There was no letter with an American postmark.

He felt a small slap of disappointment, and smiled at his own childishness. Only if her reply had caught the Bremen could it have been here already. And she could scarcely have mailed the documents within twenty-four hours of receiving his cable. Ann Willis would not leave him wondering or waiting a day longer than necessary.

He was a tall man, slim and dark, looking his thirty-nine years now because his face was grave and thoughtful, not because of the physical markings of time. There was quick, excitable depth in his brown eyes, laid over by quiet weariness. He looked more French or Spanish than Viennese. Yet he had been born in Vienna, had lived there all his boyhood and after his marriage.

When Paul was born eleven years ago and they needed more room, they had moved out here to Döbling, on the outskirts. "We'll live here until we die," he had said to Christa, and she had smiled, nodded happily.

Now he walked slowly up the flagged path back to the house. For eleven springtimes he and Christa had watched the gentle, silent renewal overtake each bush, each tree, each stretch of winter-brown lawn. Somehow, it went more against the grain to pull roots in spring, when all instinct was toward growth and renascence.

"Still," he reminded himself, "one transplants in the spring, too."

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Paul's face, so self-reliant and bright, appeared briefly in an upstairs window, and a moment later the small lively feminine face of little Ilse. This transplanting would not be easy for children of eleven and five. Christa heard him open the door. She came rapidly toward him, and knew the letter had not come, from the casual way he held the packet of envelopes.

"She has not had time, Christa," he said. "Next week several mail boats are due. The letter must be on one of them."

It seemed to him suddenly that part of him had known as far back as 1933 that the day would come when he would be waiting for such a letter. That faraway day when they burned the books in Germany. The books, the Reichstag Fire, the first decrees against the Jews, the first dismissals of college professors—each had warned him that the holocaust might spread to Austria next. Nor had he ever truly blinded himself into believing that somehow he would escape it, he, Dr. Franz Wilhelm Vederle, for all his scientific position, for all that he was an Aryan. Quietly and steadily he had begun, as long ago as 1934, to prepare, financially at least, for the ultimate necessity of flight.

"I must ask something of you," he would say to every British or American patient, "although it is not—er—classic analytical procedure for the analyst to ask a favor of his patient."

"Yes, Dr. Vederle? I should be so glad—"

"When you pay your bill, will you be so kind as to pay me only half, and to send the rest to a close friend of mine in Basel?"

And now in Switzerland he had a small fortune of some 40,000 Swiss francs. That was comforting in this hazardous new world. To that extent he had acted. But, apart from that, he knew that he was deeply unprepared.

A hundred thousand people might be fleeing National Socialism and Fascism, a half million, a million, but that harsh necessity will never be *my* necessity. The madness in Germany will pass, the folly of it will lessen before it can strike me and Christa and the children.

And then, on Friday, March 11, 1938, the Reichswehr marched on Austria. The next morning sudden swastikas flew from every building; laughing, swaggering young Nazis swarmed the streets.

"Today," Christa was saying, "I went to the Webbers'. They were there, the S. A. men. They demanded old Mr. Webber's passport, his bankbooks. They were taking him to the new Gestapo office for 'examination.' They kept saying something about his speeches against National Socialism. He refused to give over his passport. I—I was afraid—" Her voice broke. "Oh, Franz darling, this new sudden cruelty—the streets, the windows smashed—what is to become of us all?"

ANN WILLIS signed for the radiogram and knew precisely what would be in it. Ever since the 11th she had wondered about the Vederles. They would not stay there. She simply could not imagine Dr. Vederle staying on smugly safe when the Nazis began hunting down Freud and Anna Freud and every scientist and every independent researcher and thinker.

CAN YOU SPEEDILY ARRANGE AFFIDAVITS FOR MYSELF, WIFE CHRISTA, PAUL, ELEVEN, ILSE, FIVE? SAILING SOON AS ARRANGED. WRITING DETAILS. DEEPEST THANKS.
VEDERLE

She called Larry Meany, the young lawyer she always used on affidavit cases. He listened attentively, paused only a moment when she ended.

"Sorry, Mrs. Willis. I'm afraid no more for you for a while," he said. "You've signed already for—"

"Eighteen people so far—seven affidavits," she said. "But if I can afford more, I can't see—"

"Well, they're getting stricter about financial guaranties. Perhaps you'd better ask some one else to go on these?" he suggested.

She thought of Vera at once—Vera Marriner, who, since her divorce from Ned Stamford eight years ago, had become a successful buyer and junior executive in Ralsey's Fifth Avenue department store. Vera was in a sound position to undertake such an assignment, though at the moment she was out of town. She was vacationing in Jamaica, Ann knew, not only from the pressing demands of her new job but from the intensity of her newly forming relationship with radio's latest boy wonder, Jasper Crown.

Vee would say "yes." You knew so definitely which people you could count on in this affidavit business. Vee was due back on the 20th. There was nothing she could do about it from Montego Bay. Still, it might save time later to give her a few days of warning so she could think it over.

Swiftly she wrote a cable to Montego Bay, and another to Vienna:

OF COURSE. WRITING. WILLIS.

Dr. Vederle would know that everything was under way. As soon as she had seen Vee and got her consent, she would write him and explain why it was not herself but the stranger, Vera Marriner, who would be responsible for the first step in the Vederles' long journey to freedom.

There they were, the Vederles separated by an ocean from Ann Willis, Ann separated by another ocean from Vera Marriner. And bridging those oceans already was the thin fine filament of human need and human response. And not here alone: in France, in England, in the Low Countries, in South America, in nearly every land were people undertaking this new responsibility, this new kinship with the ones in flight.

"SURE, Ann. You know I will."

"That's right. I was sure you would want to—even though you don't know them," Ann said. She had been right to bank on Vee. "I think you won't have much trouble over this one, anyway. This letter from Vederle—you keep it. It has all the dope—names and birthplaces and all."

It was the day Vee had returned from her month's holiday. Ann had driven out to the airport to meet her, suddenly a little guilty and uneasy at the days already lost. Vederle's letter carried immediacy in every line of it. There might even be actual danger to him soon, because he had always spoken out against the German Nazis.

At the airport, Ann was vaguely disappointed to see Vee descend from the plane, followed by Jasper Crown. They both looked so glowing dark, Vee's a much deeper tan, Jasper's newer and redder. She wanted Vee to be alone; she felt a vague disapproval that she was not.

She drove them both back to town. The talk in the car was vacation talk—people, climate, generalities. Both Vee and Jas were vague about their being together and Ann asked nothing. It was possible that they had been apart and met only in Miami on the way back.

At last they were alone, dropping Jasper at the hotel. Ann went along to Vee's apartment, and over a mid-morning breakfast she explained about the Vederles. She was rewarded by Vee's readiness—indeed eagerness—to help.

She handed over a mimeographed page of legal foolscap and Vera glanced quickly down the long, formidably solid text, which was titled GENERAL INFORMATION REGARDING VISAS FOR IMMIGRANTS.

"Don't bother with all that," Ann said. "It drowns you in technicalities. I'll phone Larry Meany. He'll do the whole thing—you just sign some papers."

JASPER CROWN stared patiently at the man opposite him. The man was an enemy, Jasper was thinking. He had been for some months now Jasper's most active supporter and ally, had already been instrumental in raising a quarter million toward the new project. Instrumental. Not decisive. Nobody could wind up the thing with a prospective investor except Jasper himself, Jasper, who had thought up what would in effect be the first global network.

Now Jasper knew that the man opposite, this plump, slightly bald Timothy Grosvenor, was, potentially at least an enemy. He would have to be destroyed. Jasper sat listening to him, staring at him patiently.

For years Jasper had dreamed of the day when he would own his own radio chain. The difficulties were prodigious. Yet, one by one, he had found ways to get around all the obstacles, and now in a few months the American part of the dream would materialize. The purchase last month of Grosvenor's midwest station, the financing of a hundred deals within the U. S., a few deals abroad, the beginnings of the new kinds of programs, and then, in the end, one band of globe-girdling ether earmarked Jasper Crown—the Crown Network.

Jasper Crown was a powerful-looking man just over middle height, yet with so impressive a bulk of shoulder, chest, lean muscularity in every line of him, that he seemed big, commanding, even among much taller men. His black hair was thick, defiant, springing impatiently away from his wide, oddly undomed forehead. Under it were dark-brown eyes that were as unusual. His gaze had a quality that was at once dead and cruel.

Jasper Crown was thirty-five years old. He had a secret vanity about his youth, for his success was out of all proportion to it. And success was the most important thing in his philosophy. Personal, intimate equations of life mattered too, yes, but on a lesser, remoter plane. Two years ago he had moved into virtual bachelorhood. He dined occasionally with Beth, his wife. But he knew that he would never go back to her, emotionally or physically. He simply could not bond himself to the steady, time-filling demands of the usual marriage. There was the other reason, too.

He knew Beth was still resentful that he had moved out. But she was at least apparently adjusted to it. She no longer told him, in her quiet brownish voice, that she felt an implacable thing in him, and that she knew it was his need for fame and power.

He knew what she meant, but he himself phrased it differently. He thought of it as a principle of the deepest humanity, the desire to make the world a better, finer, freer place.

The two estimates of the implacable thing in Jasper Crown were both true. If you responded to him, trusted him, you called the thing by one set of names; if you disliked him, mistrusted him, you used the other set.

Now, staring silently with cold brown eyes at Timothy Grosvenor, the implacable thing drove him on to his decision.

The complete file of Timothy's correspondence with Mandreth's Investment Company lay on Jasper's desk. Idly he glanced through it. When he came to the most recent exchange of letters, Jasper fell into silence and gave his whole mind to reading.

"I have given my most pointed attention," was one phrase of Timothy's. "I can assure you—" "My plan is simple here—"

Why, this fat pink Tim Grosvenor was getting ahead of himself! The file itself showed the gradual abandonment of the tone of his early letters—*they* had carefully and consistently related every idea, every suggestion, to Crown himself. "Mr. Crown's plans are—" "I talked with Jasper Crown at length—"

"Look here, Tim," Crown said suddenly. "This won't do. These letters reveal bad things."

"Wha—why, how do you mean, Jas?"

"They show me clearly—that you resent having me the real head of this company. You're trying already—to wrest control from me. I've seen too many companies wrecked on disloyalty. I cannot and will not have any associate who's in conflict about whether his first loyalty is to his own interests or to mine. We'd better call it quits now."

Tim leaned forward; when he spoke his voice strangled with shock and fury. "Why, you wouldn't dare to give me the brush-off now. After I've sold you my station—worked with you—"

Jasper reached for a cigarette.

"You sold the station—you and your stockholders—because I offered you the biggest dough you had ever seen. I acted in perfectly good faith."

Timothy Grosvenor began to laugh. It was ugly.

"Good faith. Oh, my Lord. Good faith!"

Jasper Crown's face did not change.

"And after acting in good faith," he said deliberately, "I began very slowly to discover what you've been doing. So I protect myself at once."

For long seconds there was bleak silence between them. Then Timothy Grosvenor turned and left the room. Jasper shrugged. It was unpleasant. But only the network mattered. Besides, there was something deeply, primitively good about spotting an enemy and having the guts to kill him.

IT was always pleasant to return to the office from a vacation, Vera Marriner was thinking, but today wasn't running true to the usual pattern. Since twelve, when she had got in, she had been shoving aside everything but the new problem Ann had handed her during the morning. And now Larry Means was here, jotting down rapid notes on the vital statistics she gave him about both the Vederles and herself.

"That's that," he said. "Now—your income?"

"Twenty thousand," Vera said.

"That ought to satisfy the Visa Department, all right," he said. "I'll draw up the affidavits. You sign them before a notary, then you send the original to Vienna."

"Is that all?" The simplicity of it seemed incredible.

"Not quite. Will *you* make some notes now? You must get a letter from your bank saying that they think highly of your financial responsibility. Then you have to dig out income-tax vouchers. All of them paid during 1937. Paste them up on a big sheet and get two sets of photostats made. Send one photostat, the letter from the bank, and the affidavit original to Dr. Vederle."

"Oh, thanks; that seems simple, even yet," Vera said.

"And you'd be willing to support the Vederle family for three years. I mean, you'd be willing to sign an affidavit that you would—a nominal pledge—"

"That's what Mrs. Willis kept pointing out," Vera said, her voice tinged with heat. "Nominal? I'd really be *glad* to. People who *could* shut up and stay there—I think they must be terrific people—"

"You're swell," he said, and rose to go. "I'll get this stuff ready for you as soon as possible. They're always worried on the other side, no matter how you hurry over here."

He was gone, and Vera walked to one of the windows overlooking New York. Soon the four Vederles would be on a liner coming toward this city. There was something good about coming to the side of a human being who was fighting evil—coming freely and voluntarily and gladly to his side and helping him to fight.

THE last winds of March were blowing over Vienna. Against them Dr. Vederle raised the collar of his overcoat. As he walked he considered the letter which had come that very morning. It was disappointing that Ann Willis had been forced to turn the affidavit over to a stranger. Then, too, the list of documents that would have to be prepared—there was plenty of room for delays there.

Christa had read the letter with him, and the same uneasy disappointment assailed her.

"The affidavits won't be here for a month, I'm sure. Is there nothing to do but just wait?"

"I must think," he had answered. Was there a month's leeway in this swiftly changing, darkening Vienna?

A half-formed plan teased his mind. Now, walking swiftly, he must decide, and either reject it as needless and thus overdramatic or make it workable and act upon it. A month's leeway? He considered his half-formed plan. He could count on Margaretta van Morduyn, young as she was. He glanced at his watch. She would be reaching the office now. He walked more briskly.

A uniformed messenger was waiting in the anteroom. He delivered a letter; it was in Christa's handwriting, marked "Urgent" and "Private." He signed for it, took it into his office, ripped it open.

"They are ransacking Freud's house now—confiscating his and Anna's papers, documents, etc. K. just came by and told me; it is still going on. Don't know yet whether they will arrest him and family. Be careful."

Freud. Two years ago his eightieth birthday had been an international event. Now, here in his own Vienna—

For a moment Franz Vederle cradled his face in tense hands. Then, composed again, he opened the door to the waiting room, his mind was made up; he would have to act on his plan.

"Good morning, Miss van Morduyn. Come in now, please."

She came in, a pretty girl, the only child of a powerful banking family in Holland.

"We will not have your hour this morning. I am going to ask you instead to do something of great importance for me and my family."

"Oh, yes, of course."

"I have told you"—his voice was calm—"as I did all my patients, that it might become necessary to interrupt the analysis. Naturally, I hoped that it would not happen."

"Oh, Dr. Vederle, I thought—I hoped— Then you *are* leaving soon? Soon? Oh, I—"

"We have no visas as yet. There will be delay about it. I have decided that we should leave without them. So it would be wise to arrange our departure to look—not like a permanent exit. It is there you can help."

"Oh, I'll do anything—anything you tell me!"

"Good. Would you come with me now to the Dutch consul? I shall explain on my way there."

First Vederle telephoned his house.

"Christa," he said, his voice casual, "thanks for your note. I think that the children need a holiday, perhaps in the mountains. Could you pack at once for a vacation? Perhaps there will be accommodations on tonight's train to Basel. Or tomorrow's."

"Bas— ah, I see. Franz, I—" She hesitated. He waited. They had wondered whether or not telephones were being tapped.

Then she went on again, in another voice, practical and matter-of-fact:

"I shall start the packing at once. I—what about your things? How shall I know just which—"

"No; just your things and the children's."

THE doctor and his young patient reached the Dutch consulate and, after a brief delay, were shown into the office of the consul general. An aide introduced them and started to leave. A gesture from Vederle stopped him, and he waited, uncertain and embarrassed.

"I would appreciate some help," Vederle began quietly. He turned to the aide. "Would you—could I trouble you to escort Miss van Morduyn into another room for a moment and"—he dropped his voice to a meaningful whisper—"and stay at her side?"

Margaretta started for the door, and then wheeled, ran to Vederle, clung to him, her body tense, her fingers clutching at his coat. When she spoke, her voice was shrill, wavering.

"No, no! They will take me to the lake if I leave you. No, no—"

"Hush, Margaretta," he said. "You are safe here. I will call for you in a moment."

He led her to the door, stood with her for a moment. Docile, she went out.

It was enough. A big, lavish scene might have aroused suspicion—not this brief anguished interchange. The consul general leaned forward toward him.

"My patient is—ah—mentally disturbed. The past week or two has exaggerated her condition so much that I think it safest to return her to her parents in Holland. Would you give me the required certification to accompany her over the border?"

"She is not fit to travel alone?"

Vederle shook his head. There was a pause. It hung between them for a long moment.

"Her father is the banker van Morduyn." Vederle offered the last remark as though it had no conceivable interest or bearing on the situation. The name was finality itself. After that there was nothing but technicalities. In thirty minutes Vederle and Margaretta left the consulate, their papers complete, seats on the Antwerp plane already reserved.

On the street, they faced each other briefly.

"Was I all right?" Margaretta said anxiously. She saw his smile and knew there was gratitude in it.

"Do as well at the frontier," he said, "and I shall believe you have an immense future on the stage." He shook her hand warmly. "I shall come for you in a cab at three thirty tomorrow."

WHEN he reached home he found the house in turmoil. Suitcases, trunks, packing cases of every size stood about, half packed.

Paul and Ilse came rushing toward him.

"My bicycle, father—I'll *need* it, and yet mommy says—" Paul's eyes were gleaming with excitement.

"And I *couldn't* leave Gretchen or Nina or Trudy home for so long, daddy," Ilse begged, as if they had already argued the matter for some time. "They would get so lonely. I—"

How to make children understand that all the hundred precious things, the beloved landmarks of normal and sheltered childhood, were to be abandoned? He and Christa had decided not to tell them too soon of what lay ahead. Now he had to try to explain and prepare them at least in part.

"I want to explain a little about your trip." His tone fitted the easy, casual mood he wished to create for them. "You see, children, this isn't going to be the same as all the other trips you've taken. This is more important. It is to Switzerland first, but then it is to America, and it may be that we shall stay in America for a long time. We might like it there too much to want to leave, ever. Now you see why you cannot take everything. Let's hurry with the packing. You may take along only the most precious toys—only the small ones."

Long after the children were in bed, exhausted by the strange excitements of the day, Christa and Franz were still channeling all their thoughts and energies to the task of their own packing. They talked almost not at all. Over their hurried supper he had told her of his plans. He would go to Antwerp and meet them in Basel. A vacation with his family would seem only a natural conclusion to such a business trip. The affidavits could be sent there instead. There was an American consulate there and at Zurich. The visas could be issued at almost any branch of the American Foreign Service.

It was nearly three in the morning when they approached the end. Spent emotionally and physically, they finally sat wearily together in the living room.

Suddenly Christa was sobbing.

"I can't, Franz—we mustn't!" she began. "It is not your fault. I do not blame you for thinking I wished this too—I let you cable her without understanding what it would be. But now I know I can't. You will have your work, new patients, but I—I will never feel at home, never feel happy, always want to be back here—"

"People are always a little afraid, Christa," he said. "But your fears will go. We'll be together always, and the children. What could harm us? Many people are going through this same sadness and fear—"

"But, Franz, I can't—really—see any more why we should go at all. Do you hear, why we should go at all! It was an impulse—a fine big impulse to protest, to stand on our principles. But, oh, Franz, maybe—"

Dismay leaped through his heart. The hard, incorruptible fact that the Nazis would soon kill or imprison those opposed to their views, would plunder them of all power, of money, possessions, press, radio, meeting places—could this hard reality be overlooked any longer by any one?

Silent minutes slid by. When he began to talk, it was not in direct reply to what she had said, but of Germany and Austria, of the deep, neurotic self-revelations in Mein Kampf. He talked almost dispassionately, wanting her to gain insight for herself from the things she knew so well but still refused to fit into the too painful pattern they made.

It was almost four o'clock when she spoke again.

"Oh, you are right, my darling," she said, and such hopeless weariness lay upon the words that his heart tightened for her. "We must go. I shall try—not to let you down this way any more."

THE buzzer hummed softly and Vee picked up the phone. "So I thought you could stop by for a cocktail," Jasper began. Vee laughed at the abruptness, laughed because there was something so gay in his voice.

"Hello," she said. "Stop by at your place?"

"Yes. I'm up here now—about to start a meeting with some stockholders, but it will be over by five or so."

For a moment she hesitated.

"All right, then. I'll stop by on the way home."

"How about dinner? Why not with me?"

"We've a date for the theater tomorrow night," she said. "I—"

"What's that got to do with tonight?" He laughed. "See you around five, then."

At five thirty she rang the flat brass bell of Jasper's apartment, high up in the Sherry-Netherland. She heard his big voice inside say, "Never mind, Harvey, I'll get it," and a moment later he opened the door himself.

"Hello, you," he said, and drew her inside.

"What's up?" she asked.

"I'll give you a drink first."

"Another million or so?" she asked, letting her voice mock him.

"No, this isn't the company I feel good about. Oh, sure, that too. This meeting here this afternoon—they've just left. It's a little ticklish, this deal. Fat little Tim's been trying to cross me up with everybody, and this was to straighten things out."

"Oh. Is everything all right? You mean—"

"Sure." He smiled. "Since Tim and I parted—"

"You never told me that Tim—"

"He's out. I had to have a showdown with him, and he's out of the picture."

"Oh, Jas, how awful! He worked so hard and sold his station and—"

"You bet. But when I found he was working so hard for Grosvenor instead of Crown—" He stopped. His voice had changed in the last minutes; now the high good humor was gone, and all inflection with it.

Vee was troubled. She wondered what Timothy Grosvenor was thinking, wondered what his version would be. Often she had heard people say that Jasper Crown was ruthless, even slippery. Were the accusations correct, or were they only angry and distorted judgments born of defeat on some issue?

"Hell with all this—you'll see later I'm all right about things like this," Jasper said, after sipping his drink through the silence that fell between them.

He was vexed with her. It was part of his unspoken demand always that she see things *his* way, accept *his* rules and concepts. When she resisted, his mood always changed; he became depressed and silent; their evenings became heavy with an unnamable sad friction.

"I think perhaps I'd better not stay for dinner," she said softly.

"Don't go. We'll feel better after dinner. We might go for a drive later."

But the rest of the evening was strung like a tight chain across the hours, linked of long silences and short, difficult spurts of talk.

The next morning she woke tired and unrested. Depression dragged inside her. The memory of the evening was a splinter of uncertainty as she walked to the office through the cool April morning. On her desk she found the Vederle documents and looked at them gratefully. They would take her back to the real world, away from shadowy feelings and fears.

She read what she had duly sworn to:

"Dr. Franz Wilhelm Vederle, prior to the recent political changes in Austria, had built up and enjoyed a lucrative medical practice in Vienna . . . specialized in psychiatric studies and became a psychoanalyst. Many Americans have gone to Vienna to become his patients. They value him highly."

She soon went on to the next paragraphs, about the Vederles' private capital of 40,000 Swiss francs:

"They will never become a burden or public charge . . . have never been convicted of any crime. . . . Sworn to and subscribed . . ."

Vera smiled. This cautious and loquacious document didn't overlook much.

She gathered the various documents together, folded them and slipped them into the envelope. The phone rang.

"Vee darling, it's Ann. You haven't mailed the Vederle stuff yet, have you?"

"Just this minute going to. Why?"

"Glad I caught you. I just had a cable. They couldn't wait. They're already on their way to Switzerland. Mail them there instead, will you? The Karl Hof, Albanstrasse, Basel." Vee wrote it down.

"O. K., Ann. You'd have been too late in five minutes. It's going Ile de France."

While she waited for her secretary to address a new envelope she wrote a brief letter on her private stationery. It was her first personal communication with the Vederles, and she felt a little shy as she wrote.

GOING to the theater with Jasper for the opening of a play was important to Vee always. Tonight she dressed for it with a nervous self-consciousness. She was ready ten minutes too early. When Dora, her maid, a crisp slim Swedish-American girl, came in with a square florist's box, its green tulle ribbons untied, Vee's heart leaped and left apprehension behind.

In a moment the bell rang and she heard Dora at the front door, Jasper's voice giving her "Good evening."

She waited a moment, then went into the living room.

"Hello." He came toward her.

"Thanks for the gardenias, Jas—it was sweet."

He waved it aside. "I changed my mind about dinner at home," he said. "We'll have a drink here and dine out."

Vera watched him. Could it be that last night's impasse had troubled him all the long day, too?

"Darling, you're lovely. Ever since last night I've been—"

He took her into his arms, kissed her with passion and need. Instantly she felt herself transformed. The desirable, the necessary woman, wanted, and triumphant because she was wanted.

"Lord, Vee, what do people ever marry for?" It was so angrily said, she half doubted its saying. "Marriage *kills* things like this, like the way we feel—it dulls and creeps and bores."

She made no answer. "Sometimes it works out," she finally said. "Marriage sometimes fulfills people."

"It didn't you. Didn't me and Beth. Doesn't work out for most people. Certainly not for any one with a big demanding job of work to do. Don't think I'm 'opposed' to marriage on principle—but—"

His voice cut. He sat down and plunged his face into his hands. She saw his shoulders work up in a spasm of tension. This was all so astonishing, the reason for it so hidden from her. She waited, silently watching him.

"I'm *for* marriage, because I'm for—well, having children, carrying on the line, and all that. That justifies marriage."

"It's a good reason, having children."

"Well, maybe that's why I'm—"

"Jas darling," she said at last, "is there anything you're trying to tell me? If there's anything bothering you that you *want* to tell—"

He looked at her. Then his voice came, abrupt and harsh.

"Beth and I tried to have a child. We couldn't manage it. Doctors said she was all right. It's me that isn't."

He broke off, looking at her to see if she understood. She nodded. "When did the doctors say that?" she asked.

"About ten years ago. That was about two years after we were married." Now his voice was dry, unfeeling, as if he were reading some mechanical report. He looked at his watch.

"Hell, we'll be late for the curtain."

"Damn the curtain," Vee said. "Look, darling, haven't you been to a doctor since then? Couldn't it change? They've learned so much since ten years ago—"

"No. Never. I never will. I'm not going to stir up all that misery again. Vee, it did something to me—"

"I'm glad you told me," she said. "I'm—"

"Hell with it all! There are lots of ways to live a life. Come on. Let's finish these and get some dinner fast."

At the theater, she scarcely watched the stage. Her own thoughts claimed her. For the first time, he had let her see deep into his always secretive heart. And her reaction had been violent—a sudden realization that because he was in pain she loved him. Often she had guessed that he was a tormented man, despite all his triumphs. But he had never given her any clue to the reasons for it. Tonight, without warning, he had torn away his own remote self-sufficiency and let her share his pain.

Erlenbach, Switzerland
20 Mai, 1938

I am sorry to trouble you, particularly so since you had taken care of everything so precisely already. But the consul in Zurich states that he must hold up our immigration visas until he should receive from you a notarized copy of your federal and state income-tax returns. Perhaps the photostat copies of the canceled income-tax checks themselves are not adequate.

So could I beg you to copy off the official returns, have them notarized, and send them to me here? We are assured that once they are in the consul's hands the matter of visas will go easily. . . .

Vera read the letter, in the spidery foreign script she had already seen in letters from Franz Vederle. She liked the way Dr. Vederle wrote, but this letter irritated her. So they weren't en route by now, as she had imagined whenever she thought of them the past weeks.

She telephoned Ann Willis. "Ann, the Vederles haven't left yet. The consul there wants more stuff about my income taxes. Have you run into this kind of thing?"

"Sometimes you do, sometimes you don't. It depends on the consulate." Ann's voice sounded apologetic. "I'm sorry you're being bothered, Vee."

"It's no bother. The red tape gets me mad, that's all."

"Oh, Vee, I have some new cases. You don't suppose Jasper would take on one or two?"

Vee didn't answer immediately. "Oh, Ann, I don't know about Jasper," she said slowly into the phone. "I imagine he'd agree instantly if you *did* ask him, only he's so taken up now with the network—"

"I know. I just got wondering. I—oh, I guess I'll not try it. I hate getting a turndown." She hesitated. When she spoke again, contempt edged her words. "Humanity in headlines is his dish, not just a couple of poor slobs in trouble. I've always thought that about Jasper Crown, and now I've said it."

Humanity in headlines. That was cruel. And perceptive? These last weeks she had thought and pondered over Jas only in the intimate realm of their shared secret. Now Ann had led her back to that other impersonal realm, and the old doubts foamed in her mind.

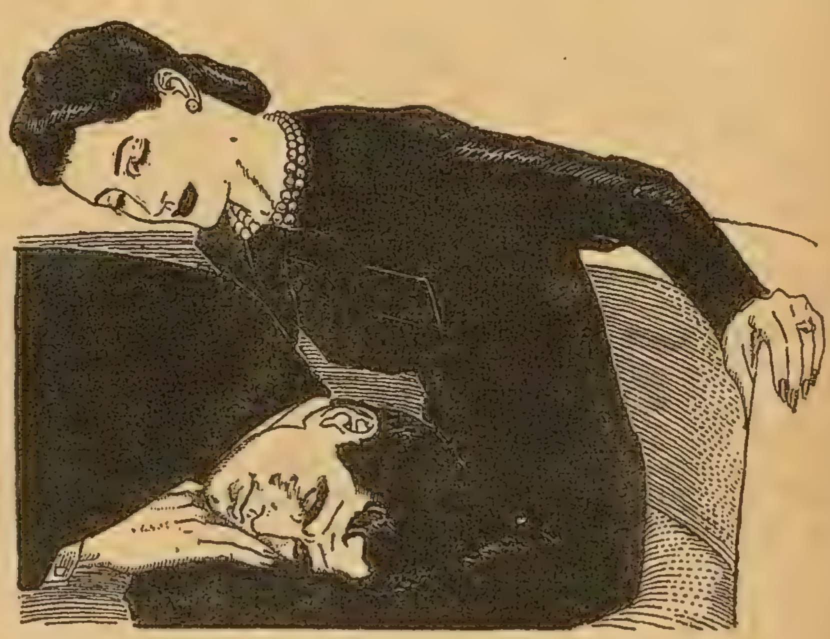
"I think you have him wrong, Ann," was all she said. She turned her mind back to the Vederles.

Impulsively she wrote:

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Vederle:

You must be getting exasperated. As fast as possible I'll send still more documents for you to present to our fine consular officials. They sound absurdly foolish and it's dreadful that any American representative abroad should give you so bad an impression of your new country-to-be. We're not all like that.

Do not ever feel guilty about bothering me. It is a privilege to be able to help you, for I begin to feel as though we really know each other already.



Dr. Vederle read and reread the letter from America. She must be a very understanding person, this Vera M. Stamford. It was kind of her to offer this small personal assurance of continuing interest. He wondered what she was like actually, what she looked like, this woman who had become so important to himself and Christa and the children.

He knew her age, knew of her education and marriage and divorce, of her work and success, for all that was in the affidavit. But the face?

Affidavits should really be less austere, more gossipy and informative. He chuckled to himself.

"Deponent is a pretty blonde with blue eyes and appealing feminine charm." Now, that's the way an affidavit should read. "Deponent has a soft, low voice, a warm and ready smile. She is a woman men admire. She loves music, she owns a Bechstein piano—no, no, a Steinway—and is an admirer of the Beethoven sonatas and the Schubert—"

"What are you smiling over, Franz?" Christa came out to join him in the small garden.

"I was smiling over a foolish notion I've been entertaining myself with," he answered. "About affidavits—it's no matter. How do you feel now, Christa? Better?"

"Oh, yes, it was nothing. A headache is so boring, though."

"I don't like it that you have one so often."

He smiled at her, and now she returned his smile. But he was concerned. Christa woke often in the night and lay tossing and tense. She was oversensitive to being spoken of as a "refugee." Emigration was never easy; but with Christa he began to see it was more of a horror than it need be.

"It will be easier for you when you have the visas and start for America," he said.

The last day of June arrived. The morning mail came just after eight o'clock, and there was the long official-looking envelope with the American stamps. Vederle's heart lifted as he saw it.

He started at once for the consulate. The very morning was glad, the distant skies blue and high over the perpendicular leap of the Griesetstock. Franz strode along, opened the door to the consulate with an elated sweep. Inside he did not have to wait long. In less than twenty minutes he was offering his documents to one of the vice-consuls.

"These new papers arrived this morning from America," he said. "I think you will find everything that was required of me to provide."

"Yes. Thank you." The vice-consul began to read the statements; his smile gave way to a mask of concentration.

"One moment, please; I will send for the file." He did so, and went on reading.

The file came, and the young man opened it. Still concentrated, still unspeaking, he went rapidly through the contents, as if he were checking off items.

"H'm—yes." He finally looked up. His voice was friendly now. "This all seems to be in order."

"I'm so glad."

"Yes. And this Vera Marriner Stamford is what to you? I mean, what is the relationship exactly?"

"Mrs. Stamford is a very good friend who— Does that matter? I was informed in Vienna that affidavits—"

"I did not say it mattered. I merely want to establish the precise relationship." There was an imperceptible change in his tone. "That is all now; you will be notified in a few days."

"Thank you. We may hope for visas in a few days? That would be so excellent."

"You will be notified within a week."

The young man nodded briskly, and Franz arose. He made his way out into the glowing morning. He felt like making some gesture to mark the day.

He stopped short. Why not? Or was it tempting the fates to obey the impulse now, today, before the visas were actually theirs? He brushed the question aside and asked directions to the nearest Cook's or American Express.

"I should like to arrange passage to New York, please."

"When would you like to sail? Next week the Normandie—"

"The week after would be more certain," Vederle said. "Our visas should be—"

The bent head came up. "You are waiting for visas?"

"The consulate this morning said we should be notified next week."

"Notified? Or did he say they would be issued?" The clerk's insistence sent a jagged tremor from Franz' mind along every nerve path.

"Let me recall exactly." He thought intently, his eyes half closed. "The word he used was 'notified.' He said, 'You will be notified next week.' That means notified the visas are ready, does it not?"

The clerk put his pencil down. "You never can tell what they mean," he said. "When you actually *have* the visas, there'll be time to arrange your passage."

Franz lingered another moment at the counter. No one paid any attention to him now. Then he went out again to the Stadtsquni and started for home. It was, after all, only a small disappointment, he told himself.

VEE stuck the last red candle into the birthday cake and stood back to survey it. It was Jasper's birthday, and that evening they would celebrate it together, just the two of them. They would have the birthday dinner alone at her house, and improvise a gala evening afterward.

Next she put a package on the dining-room table. It looked festive in its silver wrapping and crisp cellophane bows.

Suppose, when he opened it, he didn't truly like it? Two months ago she had begun to think and puzzle about what to give him. She had discarded a dozen conventional ideas; it had to be something Jasperish. It had taken nearly two months to get this made to order.

Something had changed between them since that night three months ago when Jas had told her his secret. He didn't like to reopen the subject, and yet he seemed to be glad he had told her about it.

"You don't think differently about me now, do you, Vee?" he had asked a week or so later.

"The only thing I feel is what a shame it is that you don't go to somebody and see if perhaps now—"

"No, let's don't go into that."

She was particularly careful never to introduce the subject. But in her own thoughts it remained alive, and a few weeks back, when she had come across a brief piece in a magazine about new scientific data in the matter of childless couples, she had suddenly found herself eager to learn whatever she could about it.

She asked her own doctor, explaining, "It's for two friends of mine that have been so unhappy."

"Tell your friends to get a specialist," he said. "The husband might go to Dr. Martin Gontlen. I know him myself—he's about the best there is." He told her something of Dr. Gontlen's work, and her mind blazed with excitement she tried to conceal.

She had never reported any of this to Jasper. Now, as she waited, Vee unaccountably became absorbed in remembering it. Sometimes, when their moods were serious enough, she would tell Jas. It would not be easy; but, of course, for his sake she should.

IN less than an hour he was there. He took her into his arms, wordless, held her so long, held her so near to him, his face down against her hair, that she was moved by the strangeness and silence of him.

"Happy birthday," she finally said.

"Thank you, Veery." He called her that when he was most drawn to her. Was this thing between them deeper than either of them would or could confess to the other?

"Come, have a birthday drink," she said.

But Jas began to prowl about the room, ostentatiously hunting. "Where is it?" he said. "My present!"

This delighted her. He was acting up to the situation to please her.

"You can't have it—not now," she said severely. "You mustn't be so rude, either, asking for your present. You're supposed to wait politely and see if there is one."

He went to the door of the dining room, poked his head inside.

"Whee! There it is. And it's mine."

He was taking the wrappings off carefully, handling the heavy package with gingerly regard.

He took one look at it, set it down, looked at her.

"Vee, no one but you would have understood how it would please me."

"Oh, Jas, really?"

"You darling, you very darling, to make the network come alive right this moment."

It was only a clock, but within its large dial were four smaller dials. Under one, small gold letters said, LONDON—*5 hours forward.* Under another, BERLIN—*6 hours forward.* The third, MOSCOW—*8 hours forward,* and the fourth, HAWAII—*5½ hours backward.*

"You darling—you brilliant darling! It makes me feel like a radio network just to look at it. What a birthday you thought up!"

Over their coffee and brandy each was quite suddenly silent.

"You know, Vee," he said slowly. She looked up silently. "I've never felt so right with anybody else."

She said nothing. He reached for her hand without looking, found it, took it in his own.

"I told you once that marriage isn't really for me—

what with the company—and—and especially since things are as they are about—about the other thing."

"I know. But—I told you back in April I'd heard vaguely that there's a lot of new medical—"

"They're quacks, half of them, and knaves."

"Oh, Jas, that's ridiculous, coming from a man like you. I'm not talking of quacks and villains; I'm talking of scientists. I asked Dr. Burton—"

He made a sharp gesture of impatience.

"Jas, listen to me," she said. "There's a man named Gontlen, Dr. Martin Gontlen—he's spent years on these things, he's had terrific results with about thirty per cent of his cases."

"Thirty per cent?"

"That's a three-to-one chance against you; but that wouldn't stop you if it was about the network."

He began to pace the room. "I can't tell you how I hate all this!" he burst out at last. "The tests, the waiting, the hope, then the terrible, hideous answer. I've been through it, and I'm not going to tear open that old wound again."

"All right, Jas. I don't see why you should, if it's that tough."

He came to her then, dropped down beside her, leaned his massive body over and rested his head in her lap.

"I'll go and see this Gontlen tomorrow," he said. "It's *not* too tough."

THE notification had arrived. It was signed by the consul general himself.

The crisp official note announced that Dr. Franz Wilhelm Vederle was to appear at the American consulate general on the 6th of July at 9.50 A.M.

Franz' heart leaped. "You will be notified next week." He was now notified. The past was past, the delays were done.

"Vederle next."

In the large office, his eyes went eagerly to the man behind the desk. The consul general looked up.

"Good morning," Franz began. "I am so happy to—"

"Be seated, please. You are—"

"Vederle—Dr. Franz Vederle."

"V-e-d—yes, here's your dossier." He began to read. "Yes. H'mm." He read further. "Yes. You see, there is the matter of your 40,000 francs. You have stated in a letter—not on the application, but in a letter—that you have this sum. But you have not proved it."

"Oh, that's so easy. I can, of course, submit evidence. My bankbooks—"

"All new evidence about financial claims must be submitted in writing."

Before Franz could reply, the other began to consult the dossier. Two or three minutes passed.

"The other deficiency in the case arises from the relationship to the affiant. There is no proof that this—er—Mrs. Stamford—is related to you."

"No; I explained that. She is a very good friend. It was clearly explained."

"There have been too many cases," the consul general began impressively, "where an affidavit is trumped up with a stranger's signature and is therefore unsatisfactory to this department. The application, therefore, on these two counts is denied."

"Denied?" Franz sprang to his feet, stood there, leaning forward slightly. "The visas are denied? *Denied?*"

The consul general looked up now. His shoulders sagged a notch, as though he were completely weary.

"When and if you do resubmit in this matter," he said carefully, "please do so only for yourself and the two children under the German-Austrian quota. Your wife's application goes under the Hungarian quota. I note that she was born in Budapest. In 1903 Budapest was Austria-Hungary."

"No—the quotas are different. They—we might—"

"The Hungarian quota is full for twelve years."

THE cable arrived before nine o'clock, but Vee was not at home. Dora held it in her perplexity. She knew it must be important. What ought she to do with it? Maybe she ought to try one phone call.

When the telephone rang, Jasper answered it.

"It's for you. Vee," Jasper announced. "Dora, I'd say."

Dora apologized profusely for trying to reach her, but since it was a radiogram—

Vee listened intently.

"Read it again, Dora, will you? I want to copy it down."

Long after she hung up, Vee sat staring at the words she had written.

Denied? But it wasn't possible. She held back open anger because it would get in the way of thinking.

Jas came in, looking his question. "It's the Vederles. Their visas were denied. I can't see why."

She handed over the written message. He read it thoughtfully, frowning.

"Didn't the consulate know you weren't related?"

"Of course; from the beginning."

"Better ring up your lawyer, hadn't you?"

"Yes. If I can catch him at home."

Larry Meany was not surprised.

"I'll prepare the usual second statement," he said.

"What's the usual 'second statement'?"

"Guaranty of a specific weekly amount to support them. You'd do that, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course. But there must be something I can do myself," she said. "Maybe write direct to the State Department."

"That helps sometimes," he said, but his voice was cautious. "Sometimes pressure helps, sometimes it gets the consular back up."

"Well, I'll think twice before I do anything."

In the end she contented herself with a cable to Franz Vederle:

RUSHING NEW GUARANTY. DELAY UPSETS ME TERRIBLY ALSO.

THE summer days slipped by. Vee was often alone. Jasper's Saturdays and Sundays were as driven and tight as every other day. Often he was out of town for a week at a stretch—a week at a stretch but never longer. He was extraordinary in his faithfulness to his weekly appointments with Dr. Gontlen. These he never missed.

"You astonishing guy," Vee complimented him. "You'd come back from Europe for this, wouldn't you?"

"A regimen's a regimen," he only said.

The summer deepened into September, and, except for her anxiety for the Vederles and the endless delays that held them, Vee was happy—happy for Jasper, too, whose busy days and weeks—and months now—seemed to be bearing fruit. On one of those September days Jasper hurried eagerly to his office.

"Get me Bellinger. Try London first, then Berlin."

"Yes, Mr. Crown."

"And ask Craven, Terson, and McAnson if they can come in here right away. Tell them it's major."

It was half past four on the 14th of September. Five minutes before, the news that Chamberlain would fly to Germany the next day had burst out at him when he turned on the radio in his office.

Almost at once he put out his hand to the desk calendar, drew it up close before him, and began studying it.

He had decided. His blood raced with the sense of high occasion. The door opened. Giles Craven came in, and behind him Ken McAnson. They were talking excitedly about the news. A moment later Frank Terson joined them.

Jas talked about it as if it were only news—and not a signal. At last Terson turned to him.

"Jas, you never got us all here just to hash this news out."

"That's right, Frank." He lifted the telephone. "Call coming through."

He nodded, lifted a finger to the three men as he began to talk into the instrument.

"Bellinger? Hello, there! Where'd they find you? . . . How are they taking it in London? . . . Yes . . . yes. . . . Now hang on to yourself—*I've* got some news for you. Listen, Bellinger. We've decided to open right away . . . yes, sure, the network . . . no, not October 15th. Now—in twenty-four hours or forty-eight—the minute Engineering and Traffic and the A. T. T. give us O. K. . . . Anyway, call Kane in London and Lee Zitorsky in Paris. Tell them that, from tomorrow morning, they're to stand by twenty-four hours a day. Keep them revising their scripts every half hour for new leads . . . about ten-minute minimums."

For five minutes the talk went on. When he hung up, Jas turned to them all. His eyes shone, his mouth grinned even while he talked.

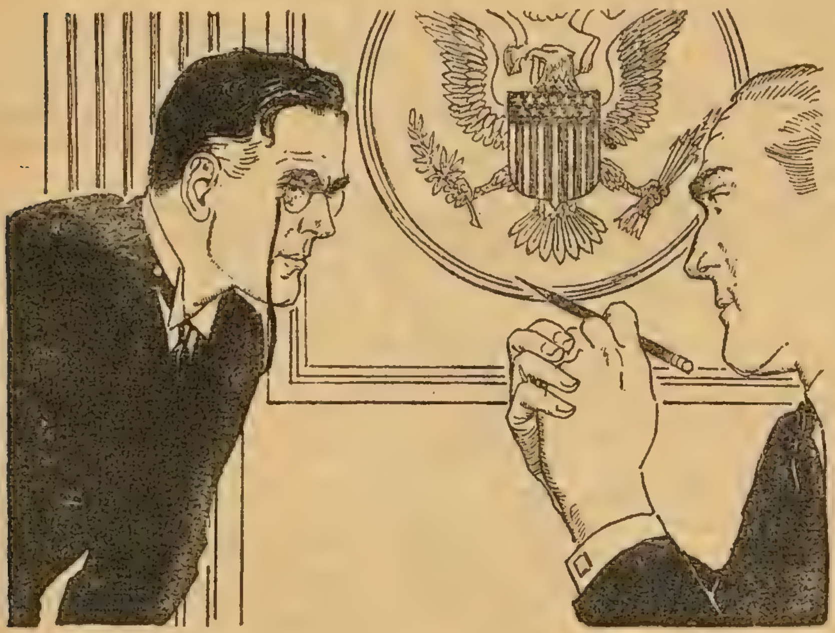
"We've *got* to," he said. "It's crazy as hell, but we just can't miss out on this! Everybody thinks it will be war."

They all talked at once.

"O. K., Jasper," said Frank Terson. "Let's say Friday at 9 A. M. we go on the air. Shake."

For a moment they were solemn. Now the months of planning, of negotiating contracts and deals, of arranging technical facilities, of finding and hiring the right personnel—now all that must fit, mesh into a gigantic and delicate thing.

Crown lifted up his interoffice phone. "Get all heads of departments up here, will you, please?" he said.



Just before they began to come in, he called Vee.

"Vee, listen. I've got the damnedest news!" Had she heard about Chamberlain's announcement? She had not, and he told her. Instantly her whole mood was electric, just right for his own private bombshell.

"So, darling, we're starting right away—going on the air in about forty hours. God knows when I can see you, though. I'll snatch an hour sometime tonight or tomorrow night, and run up."

"It doesn't matter, darling. Don't even phone—I'll know. Oh, this is too wonderful! I'm so happy for you—I know what it must feel like."

BY the last day of September a new phenomenon of success had been recorded in the phenomenal history of radio. Wherever Jasper went, people thumped congratulations on his shoulder, shook them into his willing hand. They looked into his face while they praised him, as if they would read his secret in the very lines of his features. Overnight he had become a national figure, a "name" to every owner of a radio.

Almost, his life was at its peak. Yes, almost at its peak. Not quite. Not until—

He frowned. Time went on and on—he never missed his appointments with Dr. Gontlen.

Then he thought of Beth. Beth, who had promised him again and again that she would get the divorce—that she would leave soon for Reno—but who was still in New York, still delaying.

Now, on this last day of September, walking up Madison Avenue, he determined to have that brought to a successful conclusion, too.

He stopped at a corner and stood thinking. It would have to be ended now once and for all. Cruel, ruthless. No matter what she thought about him, this nonsense of delay must stop. Today was the day. Now, while he felt this current, this torrent roaring through him which told him there was nothing he could not do. He began to walk again; he could be there in ten minutes.

He pressed hard on the bell and waited impatiently for the clicking that would assure him she was there. When it came he went upstairs with his face set.

"Beth, this time everything's different," he began almost at once.

"Has something happened, Jas?"

"Yes, something has happened—something big."

It would not even be a lie, in principle. It was going to happen, just as the network had been going to happen a few weeks before it actually did.

Beth was waiting for him to tell her.

"I'm—I'm in love with a woman Beth—and—and she's going to have a baby." Going to have—that was true even in the phrasing.

"Oh—I—oh!" She stood up suddenly. "Jas, but you can't—"

"I've been to doctors again. I'm all right now."

"I—oh, this *is*—I just never expected anything like this. I—"

"I had to come here today, Beth. I can't just be patient any longer. I'm sorry if it's shocking, but don't you see—"

She lowered her head and covered her face with both hands. For perhaps three minutes neither spoke.

"I'll pack and leave on the first plane," she said.

"I—it's—this does make everything different. Would you—please, just go now, Jas? I'll take a plane in the morning."

He went away pleased, elated—there was nothing he could not do. And in this mood he suddenly felt so kindly toward Beth that he sent her flowers to the plane—flowers and a small note:

> You'll soon find it better this way, Beth. I'm deeply sorry my news last night distressed you. Not on my behalf, but for the baby, I am asking one last favor of you. Please keep what I told you secret—if you can still be as generous as I know you are. JAS.

VEE arrived at the restaurant early, and while she waited for Ann Willis she opened the letter again. She had already read it twice, but the story it told was so long and tangled that it baffled her still.

Dr. Vederle had typed it. It ran to several pages.

She read it to the end. This Vederle must have plenty of grit and guts to go back to the consulate after such a story. She folded the pages together and noted the new address. "Ascona, Tessin, Switzerland."

"Hello, Vee. I'm sorry I'm late."

"Ann." She look up eagerly. "It's good to see you again. Did you like the Coast?"

They talked ravenously about everything that had happened in the two months Ann had been away. During Vee's recital of the network's opening and its sensational success, Ann made no comment.

"I had a note from Beth Crown. While I was at Pasadena. She wanted me to stop off at Reno on my way home," Ann said.

Vee was startled. Ann so rarely mentioned Beth to her.

"Is she taking it hard? I have the damnedest feeling."

"She's all right. She couldn't say much on the phone, of course. She's thinking of staying West awhile after she gets the decree—in a couple of weeks now."

Vee remained silent.

Ann hesitated, and then took an obvious breath. "Look, I don't butt in much. But just this once, to keep my conscience clear later, I'm going to warn you—"

"Don't say it, darling." Vee's voice held no snub in it anywhere. "I know you don't like Jas. I know it perfectly well. But, honestly, there are some things about him I *do* know that you can't—and they explain so much. If those things were to change, I'm so sure—"

They fell into a brief silence. Then Vee pulled out Vederle's letter and handed it over. She watched Ann's face as she read page after page.

This was too absurd, too unpardonable, she thought, watching Ann. Now she would have to risk it and go above Zurich's head and everybody's head. Otherwise this idiotic nonsense might go on for years. This letter made it clear:

> They remained silent at the consulate for some time after I sent my arguments that my resources are "sufficient." Then, two days ago, I get yet one further demand. This time I am so much astonished, I am torn between laughing and cursing for the way they do things.

> The consulate suddenly notified me that I must prove the fact that the money is in fact my money.
>
> Now, dear Mrs. Stamford, I never realized before—did you?—that if I show you ten dollars and say it is mine, how impossible for me if you suddenly say, "But prove it is *really* yours, not a loan, not a theft, not a temporary ten dollars, but a permanent ten dollars."

He went on to say he could and would prove it. Among his private papers which he had taken from Döbling he had the names and addresses of all his British and American patients who had in the past eight years sent part of their fees to his account in Switzerland. He had written to fifteen of them, explaining the situation and asking them to supply a statement, duly sworn and notarized, saying that they had done so.

The whole letter had a tone of almost humorous despair. It enraged Vee as no previous letter from him had. Politic or no, she must now proceed as her pumping fury told her to proceed.

"I'm writing the State Department," Vee said, as Ann handed the letter back. "If it's a boomerang, I'll just find out how to handle boomerangs."

Within forty-eight hours she had a reply from Washington. A complete report was being requested from the consulate general at Zurich.

"Boomerang hell!" said Vee aloud. She sat studying the short letter. Then she picked up a pencil to draft a cable.

It was extravagant and premature. But it might make them feel a little better about their first holidays away from home:

ASKED INTERVENTION AND HELP FROM WASHINGTON. THEY REQUESTING REPORT FROM ZURICH AND WILL THEN ADVISE US. MAY YOU HAVE A HAPPIER YEAR IN THE U. S. A. IN 1939.

IT was New Year's Eve. By six o'clock Vee was ready to start. Her overnight bag stood in the hall, with her bulky beaver coat and thick red wool mittens thrown on a chair near it. She was dressed and waiting for Jasper to come for her. It was Jasper's notion to leave New York and go out to the Jonathan Inn, and that made it even better.

The doorbell rang and she flew to let him in. "Happy New Year, darling!" they said simultaneously. Vee added, "The happiest ever—the really best," and her voice threaded with a fuzzy warmth. He looked at her.

"Darling, what's up? Something's happened to you. I can feel it."

"*It's* happened, Jas. It's begun, darling."

"What's happened? What do you mean?"

"You never need wonder any more. We don't have to wait any longer."

"Vee—I—oh, Vee—"

When he tried to tell her what he felt, he managed only a jerky sentence or two. But he did not need to say anything in words. His face, his whitened knuckles, his clinging to her hands, made a richer vocabulary. When he came back, at last, to his ordinary manner he was almost clumsy with his casualness.

"We'll go to Connecticut to be married," he announced. "New York's no good for either of us."

She laughed at him. "Jasper Crown, what a proposal!"

He grinned uneasily. "We'll drive out for the license right after my meeting on Monday. Don't we have to wait five days or something?"

They finally remembered their plan to go to the country, and left.

In the pleasant room waiting for them, a wood fire was burning, and she exclaimed happily over it.

"Fifty cents extra," Jas said, and made a large gesture of disdain which said that money was nothing. They laughed and talked, and long after the bells had rung in the New Year they sat happily before the fire.

"What will we name it, darling?"

"Heavens, I hadn't thought about it," he instantly said, in astonishment. "I—you know, I haven't got that far yet, about actually visualizing a baby you call by a name."

HER doorbell rang sharply. She had left the store at the end of the morning, with the casual announcement that she wouldn't be back. "I've got to attend to something in Connecticut." To herself she added, "Something called a marriage license for me and Jas."

Dora came in with a telegram. Vee opened it and read it, read it again, more slowly. Her voice said aloud, "Jas, Jas, you shouldn't! Not even for two days." Then she read the long message once more.

He had tried to phone her but she had already left the store and had not yet reached the house. At the morning meeting the big news was that the Coast contract was now ready to be plucked. The decision of the meeting was for him and Terson to go at once to close the deal before there was another change of mind out there. They had barely caught a good plane and if all went well he'd catch the sleeper plane the next night and return Wednesday. Then Connecticut. Please understand and do not mind.

"But I do mind—I do! I can't help minding."

She knew how vitally important this deal was; but even so, even so—

"You shouldn't have, Jas. Not even for two days."

The two days did drag. Once again she left the store at lunchtime with the announcement that she would not be back that day. Jasper was having a brief and early luncheon at the office and would be at her house at two. When he came she showed no sign of the strained days she had just had. She went toward him eagerly, her eyes happy. He bent to kiss her.

"Something's wrong, darling." She said it instantly. A kiss could be an informer. "On the phone you said you'd signed him up finally."

"Yes; that's all right. We've got to have a talk, Vee."

"A talk? What about?"

"About everything. About this afternoon—and everything."

"Yes. I—what do you mean 'a talk'? What is it, Jas?"

"I've had four days and nights alone to think what this really means," he said. "I told you—I hadn't got as far—as visualizing a baby you called by a name."

"Yes."

"Now I know—I hadn't got as far—as visualizing—any part of this whole thing." He looked up at her, found her eyes for the first time since he had come into the room. "A year from now I could contract to become the husband and father, the dependable, the constant companion—but, now my Lord, *now*—"

She stood. Her nostrils were wide as her breathing fought against the pushing, crowding inside her. "But now?"

"We've just seen the kind of thing that crops up now. Get the hell out West, fix *that* up; come back, there's a crisis on recorded programs; do something fast about the forty separate deals in South America; how about this, what about that? Good Lord, this next year is the toughest, tightest time of all. Can't you *see*?"

"I do see, Jas." She was quiet. Except for the hard breaths, she was quiet. "So what are you trying to tell me?"

"Vee, it shouldn't be that. It should be right, and when we're ready—not now."

"Maybe it should have happened a year from now," she said slowly. "But it's now. I—do you want me to say I'm sorry?"

"No, Vee, no. I'm only sorry about the timing—because I haven't the right to split my mind now. Can't you understand? I've told you before that the network is bigger than anything else—bigger than individuals, bigger than being happy. It's doing a job that must go on; it's doing it better than anybody else is doing it, when the world has got to *know*—"

"Stop it. Stop it, Jas—don't! I can't bear it if you talk about the world and the network now."

"The more I've talked," he went on, "the clearer it's become. I will not be trapped into the biggest mistake of my life."

"Jas, Jas—don't say it. Don't ever say this to me."

"I'll say it. I'm saying it now. I'm through."

"You can't be through! You wouldn't just walk out—"

"A man's work comes first. I've warned you a hundred times that it would always come first with me. You said you understood that. Well, it does." He started for the door. "I'm through. Solve it your own way."

She cried out so hard that he stopped.

"You mean you won't get married? Do you mean that? Is that what you are saying?"

He stared at her. His mouth was bitter; his upper eyelids were low over the lifeless brown of his eyes. He nodded, and kept on nodding and nodding, six times, seven times, ten times, pausing in the gesture and then resuming it, and then, quickly, he was gone.

SHE felt she would never sleep again. This torture, this heartbreak, this end to her love, this wild need for oblivion. Friday, Friday night. Saturday, Saturday night, Sunday, Sunday night. She ate almost nothing; she slept hardly at all. She telephoned the office that she was ill with influenza; told Dora and any telephoning friend the same thing.

"I must stop this suffering—I must do something to end it. This might hurt the baby. I must find out how you stand this."

She would leave the house then, take a long walk. But she would have to return to the apartment, and there it was, ready to leap at her. Friday, Friday night; Saturday, Saturday night; Sunday, Sunday night.

She could not stand it any more. She walked uncertainly to the telephone, dialed a number. During the long, steady ringing she glanced at her watch. It was past midnight.

"Ann, it's Vee."

"Vee, what's the matter—what is it?"

"Could you come over to me, Ann? Something bad has happened."

Fifteen minutes later Ann Willis came through the door.

"Vee, you're sick. You're— What's happened to you?"

It came in gasping, rushing pieces, then the whole story. She saw Ann's face white with anger, tight with loathing.

"That swine!" she exploded, her gruff voice coarsened with anger. "That unspeakable, ruthless swine. Some day, somewhere, somebody is going to pay him back for the way he's smashed around him all his life. And I hope it's big when it strikes!"

For some strange reason, Ann's surge of anger pleased and quieted Vee, brought her out of her own fury and despair. And then, suddenly, it burst upon her mind—the parallelism, the neat, the awful parallelism of her own pain to the pain of those million refugees like the Vederles. She heard the voice of her mind saying, "Why, this is what Germany did—created life, created millions of lives, and then rejected that life, refused it a place, a name, a decent, ordinary existence."

A FEW days before Christmas the Vederles received Vera's cable. Christa looked pleased. Paul and Ilse were eager, bouncing and shrieking, absurd in their disregard for the facts. And they delighted their father's heart.

"What is it, daddy? What? Oh, tell me!" Ilse shouted.

"It's secrets about Christmas," Paul said. "Shut up, anyway. You make too much racket."

"I do not. You think just because—"

Franz had taken the radiogram from Christa:

> ASKED INTERVENTION AND HELP FROM WASHINGTON. HAPPIER YEAR IN THE U. S. A. IN 1939.

Inexplicably he felt as if he would cry. She knew, she deeply, truly understood. Slowly he folded the cable and put it into his pocket. Christa had taken his arm.

"She sent it instead of writing to make the holidays better for us," Christa said softly. "That is a sweet woman."

But after the Christmas cable no letter came until the last week of January.

"A week has gone since I heard from Washington," it began, "and I hope you will forgive my delay! I was ill—do not worry, for I am all right again. But I had to neglect everything for a while."

He paused a moment. An unexpected concern for her caught at him. She must have been seriously ill.

The whole letter was oddly different from all the others she had written. It was brief, almost businesslike. Always, almost from the very beginning, she had been so warm, so affectionate, making them feel that they were indeed close friends. Even this letter had ended, "Please do not hesitate to call on me again; I'm quite all right now."

"But no, you are not," he answered her in his mind. "There is something wrong—you are not the Vera Stamford I know."

Nevertheless the news in the brief letter was, surely, another step forward. He should feel cheerful, and indeed, in regard to their own status he did. But there was something in her phrasing, in the brevity of the letter—

FRANK TERSON and Giles Craven drank their coffee, paid the check for their dinners, and went back to the office. Jasper had called a meeting for nine.

"The man's insatiable for work," Terson said. "He's the most driving human I've ever known."

But when the meeting had opened it was apparent that something big was in the air. Jasper seemed a shade more friendly than he had been for weeks. His eyes were more alive; his whole bearing was more relaxed. He went to the wall, where a large cabinet stood, and turned a switch.

"Something I want you to hear," he said quietly. "First audition."

For a moment there was silence. Then a voice came into the room.

"Good evening. As far as I know, this is the first time the president of a national or international network has taken a nightly job of talking directly to the millions of people who—"

The rest of the sentence was lost. Ten voices spoke at once.

"Jas, you're not *really* going to—"

"Every night, Jas? How can you—"

"What a stunt! The publicity value—"

Jas turned the switch off and stood listening to the surprised hubbub. Then he held up his hand for silence.

"I've been working it out for a couple of weeks," he said. "I had several recordings made to see how I sounded on the air. Seems all right, doesn't it?"

A flutter of approving comments came at him: "Resonant." "Born radio voice." "What a stunt for the head of a network!"

Jasper sat relishing every word of it. He looked about him. Admiration stood upon every face. "He thinks of everything. You don't catch this guy napping." He could almost read the praise.

"The general reaction is good enough so I'm ready to do it."

It was midnight when the meeting broke up, in clear agreement to try this precedent-breaking new idea. Jasper left the office with Giles and Frank, and they walked him home.

Upstairs, he sank into one of the big leather chairs. He was tired now that the "audition" was over. He was often tired. A hundred times he had thought of telephoning Vee. He missed her badly; he needed her. But premature efforts at fixing things up always blew up in your face. Something might happen to make her see all this his way. Something as simple as hearing his voice on the air when his nightly broadcasts started—that might touch her and bring her back to him in the old way.

BUT Vee did not at first hear his voice on the air. When the nightly broadcasts started a fortnight later she did not know about them. She never turned on the radio. The very word "radio" had the power to hurt. And now she was avoiding every thought that could bring back her suffering. Of all the world outside only the Vederles were real to her. She was one with them. She felt that they duplicated herself.

When their letters came now she turned to them with new intensity. The last letter from Switzerland was full of concern for her illness. They begged her not to spend her energy on them for whatever time it took her to recuperate fully. Dr. Vederle had received thirteen letters from his old patients and had sent them off to the consulate. "I myself hope they will soon withdraw the denial of our visas because they now know that Washington watches what they do here."

She wrote Washington once more and when she finally found the reply waiting for her one evening, she tore it open as if *her* future were at stake.

The Visa Division had heard once again from Zurich. The matter of how and when Dr. Vederle had earned his money was now cleared up. "It is added that all members of the family will be charged to the German quota if their cases are approved, this action being possible under the provisions of the Immigration Act of 1924."

The Immigration Act of 1924. But didn't the consul general in a foreign assignment *know* the Immigration Act of 1924? He had let a man stand and listen to the news that he must part from his wife for twelve years, and yet the Immigration Act of 1924 was there all the time! Then it was needless, the torment they had been through on this one point. How many other rulings and demands and delays were equally needless?

Dear God, would it one day turn out that her own heartbreak was needless, too? Was there for her some simple thing ignored—some overlooked thing that might yet rescue her from this pain thudding through every waking moment?

She was leaving the store on Friday the first of March. That would be good. She had been working and thinking too hard and too much. It could not go on, this strain—so great that each evening when she at last took a taxi at the side door of Ralsey's she sank back in the seat and closed her eyes, too limp to light a cigarette.

This evening was the same, and she went immediately to her room when she arrived home. She ate as well as she could and at ten o'clock was ready for bed. The portable radio caught her eye. It was absurd to go on cutting herself off from radio news any longer. Anything, rather than the thinking, the remembering. She turned suddenly to the radio and clicked it on blindly.

A deep, resonant voice came out to her:

". . . tonight in the streets of Madrid. It is a lost cause, it is a hopeless cause. . ."

The voice, this voice, this familiar sound to her ears. What was this? How— Jasper's voice was filling her ears.

". . . but every man of honor, every man of integrity, will understand *their* honor, *their* integrity. . ."

She heard her own voice yelling, "Honor—integrity—God, oh, God—honor and integrity!"

She was near it—she was near that voice. She was near his voice. She heard herself screaming and she felt herself stooping. She had the thing in her hands; it was heavy, but she raised it over her head—high, higher, with that voice she knew still coming out, into her house, into her bedroom, to talk of honor and integrity!

For a moment she held it high. Then, with one heaving, lurching effort of both her arms, she threw the monstrous thing across the room. She heard the smash, the tinkling of glass—the spinning was mixed up with it all, and the falling, the sliding. And somewhere in the very pit of life the tearing, pushing pain.

THE news from Spain, the Nazi march into Prague, the waiting again for the consulate to decide, all fused a metallic core in Franz Vederle's heart. Once again his nerves jumped with tension. Once again he wanted only to go to Zurich and shout out strident anger at their inaction and silence. And Christa too had entered a new phase which dismayed and worried him.

One night, after the children were in bed, he heard sounds from Christa's room, and went in to find her sobbing. She began to speak, and immediately her words were violent, as if they had been boiling up within her for months.

"Let's give it up—let's forget it—don't keep on in the face of what's impossible!" she began. "Everything has gone wrong for us, from the first moment with these Americans. They don't want us there. Then let us be too proud to go there. Let us stay here where we are until Austria is safe again."

He went to her, but she gestured him away.

"No, no, don't comfort me again. I hate this. I have hated this whole begging position we are in for months—a year it is now. I—"

"I hate it, too."

"We are like beggars. You always have to explain one more thing, and prove one more thing. They treat us as if we were criminals. They don't want us. They're sick of foreigners in that whole country. They show us clearly they don't want us. Have you no pride, to go on trying?"

"Pride! Stop that. That word—"

His voice brought her up sharp. It was strong, it was tough-fibered, it was not a voice that begs and cringes.

"No, no, I didn't mean it for you," she said. "I—oh, Franz, you are strong, but I—I can't go to that country where they don't want us. *You* go—let me stay here in Europe where I belong."

He would have laughed at the fantastic notion, but her despair was too real.

"You'd better leave me behind. You'd better—"

"You forget one thing, Christa," he said softly at length. "You forget that we love each other. You forget I love you too much to leave you, ever, for anything."

She calmed down in time. He knew that she would. But when she had fallen asleep he went on thinking about what was happening to this woman of his. The long waiting had thinned out whatever determination she had had when they left Austria. Thinned it and weakened it to the breaking point.

EARLY sunshine flooded in through the big hospital windows in Vee's room. She lay with her head turned toward the sky beyond the panes of glass.

The door opened and she turned her head toward it. A chaos thudded in her breast. He stood just inside the door.

"Vee—I just called your apartment, and Dora told me. I had to see you. Are you all right? I—I've been through hell—"

"Jas, you came here—"

He was at the bed; he was half kneeling. "Do you hate me too much, Vee? Can I talk to you? I *had* to see you."

"I don't want you to stay here, Jas," she said. "I don't want ever to see you."

"Wait—don't say that. I've been through damnation about this whole thing. I've never been free of it."

"Stop—stop thinking about what *you've* been through. It's too late. Don't you know, Jas? Didn't they tell you? There won't be any—not anything for you and me now. It's too late forever."

"No, it's not too late, darling. I'll make it up to you. I promise that I'll—"

"Promise. *Your* promise. *Your* word." Her voice gritted; the words came harsh and dry. "You'll always break a promise when the need comes. You'll never even know you're doing it—you'll twist it around so that it seems reasonable to you. I think I've really always known that. I'd always know it now, always wait for the next smash. I simply couldn't trust you again—ever—so please go."

For one more moment he stood looking at her. He heard footsteps approaching the door. Without another word, he left. He strode along the long, wide corridor, his head down and blackness sweeping through him.

AT the San Francisco airport a shining silver plane flew in from the south and circled for its landing. Ann Willis watched through the window for her first sight of Beth Crown. It had been several months since Beth had written. But even the short, stilted letters that had come during the first weeks after the divorce had shown that she was not "getting over it" as women of livelier temperaments did.

"I just can't seem to get used to it," Beth said, that evening. "I'm not one of these modern women. I know it is silly, but I can't get over the awfulness of being divorced and publicly discarded."

"Oh, Beth, you don't *really* believe that—"

"Yes, I really do." Beth looked at her searchingly. "I wouldn't have gone to Reno except that Jas told me in advance, and that forced me. I've imagined the whole thing through, and how happy and proud he is, and all of it. *All* of it."

"All of what? Happy and proud of what?"

"The baby's born already, isn't it? I left New York October first, and he knew then—"

"What baby? What are you talking about, Beth? He knew what when?"

Ann tingled with a remarkable excitement. He had told Beth that on October first? But it wasn't until New Year's Eve— Why, then, he must have— There was *nothing* that he wouldn't do to get his own way, to force—

"He never married anybody, Beth. And there isn't any baby," she merely said in a flat and inelastic voice.

Beth had risen to her feet. Ann had never seen her so violent about anything.

"He—then he tricked me! You mean he tricked and cheated me into going to Reno? He tricked me, Ann—he got the divorce by fraud. But—but that's illegal!"

"I don't know about things like that," Ann said. "Only a lawyer could tell you about that."

She saw Beth's eyes go to the telephone.

"Only a lawyer. Yes. I could call Mr. Grosvenor long distance and—"

"What would you call him for, Beth? Just to find out if it *was* fraud in a legal sense?"

"Not *just* to find out, no. You can have a divorce decree set aside if it was obtained by fraud—if you were coerced by fraud."

"You'd have to prove it, though, wouldn't you? Not just say he said it, but prove it?"

Beth paused. Then, in the next moment, she went to a small cabinet and drew out some papers. "I have a letter that proves he said it," she said as she searched for it. "He sent it with flowers to the airport. 'Not for my sake, but for the baby's, I ask you to keep what I told you a secret'—" She found it, glanced rapidly through it, and then handed it to Ann. "Look at the date. October first."

Ann read it. The swine—the prodigious swine! She remained silent. Some day, she had predicted on that first terrible night when Vee had told her, sometime, somebody he had let down or double-crossed would have the guts to hit back. But she had never thought of Beth. She had forgotten the terrible strength in these passive, implacable women.

FAR away in the valley the train's whistle sounded. On the small station platform at Locarno, on the last day of May, Franz and Christa waited in an extraordinary impatience.

"It will be so queer to see her at last," Christa said for the tenth time. "If only my English were better." She leaned forward to peer down the shining rails.

"Maybe she will stay longer than just two days," Franz said. "If she hasn't made too tight a schedule for starting the work part of her trip."

When she left the hospital Vera had decided upon this trip. The fashion openings gave her an excuse, but her real reason for going was to see the Vederles. In her mind she clung to them as the only vital thing in her shattered life.

"There's the train now!"

It was a thrilling moment. Often they had speculated about how it would be to see her and speak to her at last. Franz looked forward to her visit for a private reason besides. It would be a stimulant for Christa to welcome and know this woman whom she already trusted and admired. Indeed, this visit would be for them all a blessed break in the monotony of waiting.

Weeks ago they had been informed that at last the visas would be issued when the new quota year began on July 1st. But he know how formidable the load of time would be for the weeks that remained. Particularly for Christa. There had been no further plea from her that they stay on in Switzerland, but some part of her spirit had gone into hiding.

The train was slowing to its stop.

"There she is, Franz. At the end; that must be she. Oh, she's beautiful, Franz! She looks quite beautiful. She looks so young, too."

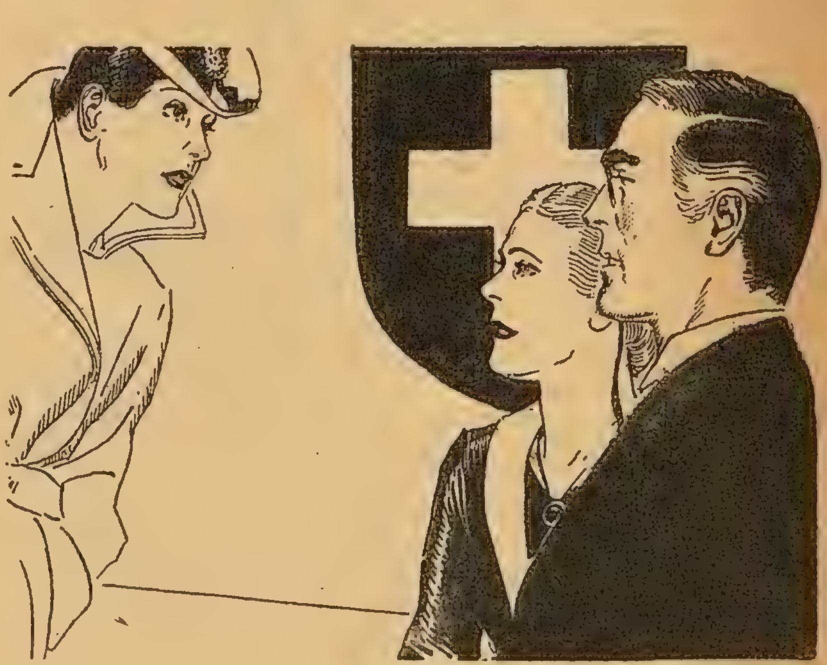
Yes, it was she. She had stopped and was looking about her.

Franz saw her eyes turn toward them. She smiled. How *nice* they are, she thought. How—

"You are Vera Stamford," Franz said. His voice was husky.

"And you're Dr. Vederle—and you're Mrs. Vederle." She put out her hands to both of them at once.

"Paul and Ilse were furious that we would not let them come too," Dr. Vederle said. "They are as excited as puppies."



"Yes, they have—that whole day they ask the train to go to," Christa said.

Vee did not catch all of what she said, for her accent was heavy and difficult.

"I—I do not speak so well English as Franz and the children," Christa said.

"You will when you get to America," Vee said.

"When we get to America," Dr. Vederle said. "This family knows those words better than the Ten Commandments." He chuckled a little, but Vee did not laugh.

Their house was charming, a flat-roofed cottage of rough cement, set on a knoll at the edge of the lake.

The children stood side by side, primly waiting for their descent from the car.

"I know all about you," Paul said shyly. "My father and mother always talk how you work visas in America."

"You're just as our family," Ilse said, nodding. "That's what *I* know."

"You see what we say here about you," Dr. Vederle said, and Vee knew he was pleased at the inadvertent testimony.

Later, when the children were asleep, the three of them sat together talking until it was quite late. They retraced the successive steps they had each taken, and Franz remembered the day a year ago when he had amused himself by trying to visualize her from the cool, official data in her affidavit, and he smiled.

"Have you a Steinway piano?" he suddenly asked. His eyes gleamed with a kind of mischief.

"Yes. But that's a funny question. Why?"

"Once I tried to imagine about you, and how you looked, short or tall, thin or fat, and also what you liked; I thought you might have a Bechstein, but then I changed the brand to a Steinway. Do you like music?"

"I love it," she said. She was pleased that he should have tried to visualize her. She looked toward the piano.

In bed that night, under the bright moonlit squares of the windows, Vee lay waiting for sleep. The night was still, the air fragrant with a strange tropical sweetness. And though she could not sleep, she lay for the most part in peace. This meeting with the Vederles had balm and solace in it. It held reaffirmation and hope for her. Here was this man, brilliant and renowned, yet apparently free of excess of self-emphasis. He had strength, but it was for others to use as well as himself. She had sensed it in his letters. Now she knew.

She stayed a week, and then came back for week-ends and longer visits between buying trips. For her and for them, as the summer days dragged by, the friendship which had begun through their many letters deepened into a profound and meaningful intimacy.

ONE day, late in the summer, Franz leaned forward across the table.

"Vee," he said gently. "Are you happy? Is there something I could help you with? You know, I am trained to help, sometimes at least."

She looked down at the brandy *ballon* in her hand and for a time seemed not to have heard his question.

"Why do you think I am not, Franz?"

"Many things make me wonder. Your face sometimes. The fact, too, that you rather shut Christa off once when she asked about your illness. And today, before you saw me, I looked at you, and you seemed tired and as if you were not so cheerful these past weeks. There is a certain tension in your manner sometimes—for the eye that can see."

She looked away. "No, I'm not so very happy," she answered at last. "But there's nothing to do but wait it out some more."

"You know, Vee," he said gently, "the full analytic process is a very long, difficult one; but apart from people who need the help of full treatment there often are times in anybody's life, when tragic things have happened perhaps, when one seems for a while quite—how shall I say?—quite rudderless and adrift. In such times often it is enough to have a few hours' discussion with a psychoanalyst. Sometimes he can help one to gain new insight, and often then the whole situation eases."

He paused. She raised her eyes, found his alive with sympathy, dark with compassion.

"Don't, Franz," she whispered. "Don't. Not now. I want to—but I just can't. Sometime I will tell you. But not now. It would just stir it up—and I'm forgetting it."

"I never would urge you, Vee. But if you ever think I can help you—"

"Oh, I know that. You are so—" She broke off. In her mind a surprised voice said to her, "You could fall in love with him. Don't do that—stop that!" Aloud she said, "Who'd ever have dreamed we'd all get to be real friends?"

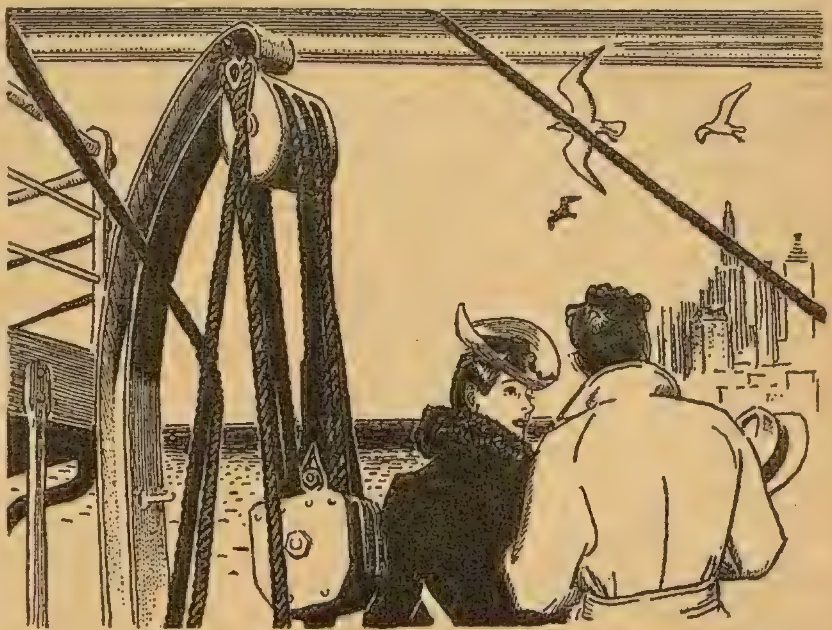
"I will tell you a secret," he said. "Long ago, back in Vienna, when Mrs. Willis first wrote that she was turning our affidavits over to a friend of hers, I was very much disappointed and let down. 'A stranger?' I thought. 'Oh, that is too bad.' "

They laughed. The question about Vee seemed dismissed.

"But we're not strangers now, Vee," he went on.

"No; we're not strangers now."

WELL, five days more and they were all sailing. Two weeks ago the Vederles had arrived in Paris. Franz' first words at the station had been exultant: "Well, Vee, we crossed a border!" It had hit her hard. Merely to be free to move again, to cross borders and get on a boat and sail from a harbor! Before she could answer, Ilse raised her voice in a rocking singsong: "We got our vi-sas; we got our vi-sas." Paul was excited, too.



Only Christa seemed tired and quiet. The gentle spirit that had threaded the hours at Ascona was no longer hers. Christa half apologized; the children had worn them all out sight-seeing. But it was more than her fatigue. Vee guessed that Franz felt it, too, though he tried hard to conceal it.

They were to lunch together the next day. But their luncheon date was canceled. Franz called her early. "Christa is ill, Vee. One of those heavy summer colds. She's in bed."

She went to their hotel, in spite of Franz' protest.

"It is very disturbing to me, the way she is," he said. "The cold is not too bad, her temperature is low. But—"

Christa lay back on her pillows in the darkened room. She smiled apology to Vee and said, "I am so much nuisance."

Vee was startled to see how ill she looked. "Summer colds can flatten you right out," she said. "It's too bad you're missing Paris this way."

"Christa has no love for Paris," Franz put in quickly.

"I know not French," Christa said. "It is hard always to be—without."

A few moments later they left her and went back into the sitting room.

"Franz, what is it? She seems so unhappy. She—"

"This is so strange to you, Vee. But for so long I have watched her. First leaving Vienna—that was terrible for both of us, of course, but for her in a special way. Then Zurich, where she first felt people's distaste for refugees and she shrank from always being the foreigner, the queer one."

"I know—"

"I took her to Ascona partly because I knew there was there a large group of Austrians. It worked—for a while I was reassured. But then she wished we might stay there—it was a pseudo-home there. I began to wonder how she would stand leaving 'home' a second time. I am really worried. I can barely wait for that boat."

Vee sat silent. She wanted to comfort him, to tell him that she knew he was sick at heart, but she sat silent.

From the other room Christa was calling. Franz went in. When he came out a few moments later, he looked cheered.

"She feels the heat so," he said. "It gave her an idea. I think it is a good one. She wonders why we don't go now to Le Havre, to wait for the sailing there. It's on the Channel; it would surely be cooler."

"Oh, Franz, that *is* a good idea. Will you do it?"

"I told her we'll go at once. I will start the room maid on the packing."

IT was the Vederles' last day in Europe. Every few minutes Ilse would ask, "Are we going soon, daddy?" Paul was too excited to eat.

Only Christa seemed indifferent to the tempo of the hours. She had stood the short trip from Paris without too much fatigue, but she had gone to bed at once on their arrival at Le Havre.

Now, in the afternoon of their last day, Franz found himself obsessed with impatience to be aboard and at sea. On Monday the news from Berlin had burst the eardrums of the world—a ten-year nonaggression pact with Soviet Russia.

It took superhuman effort, but he did not discuss this news with Christa. He went for a short walk and then went up. At the door he stopped short. She was looking at him with wide eyes, from a face that was white. He could see she was shivering, and when he reached for her hand, it was damp and cold. He bent over her, and he heard her teeth chatter as she told him she was suddenly chilled through and through.

He covered her, sent for hot drinks, tried to stop the gnawing thing in his heart. But when he read the thermometer again, he knew.

He telephoned the main hospital in the city, asked them to send the best man in pneumonia cases. When at last Dr. Marreux arrived, Franz met him in the hall.

"My wife has pneumonia. She has had a heavy cold for four days, lassitude, fatigue. Today she changed for the worse—a chill, followed by fever. I feel certain that it is pneumonia."

They went up. Twisting and straining through Franz, the fear went, while the stocky figure of the doctor examined her, listening, sounding, asking questions. And then the moment came when Marreux nodded his head solemnly.

"Madame is very ill," he said at last. "She should be hospitalized at once."

Christa stirred impatiently. "But it's impossible. Did you tell him I cannot?"

"No." He turned to the doctor. "We are to sail at noon tomorrow for America. I will have to cancel our passage."

For several seconds the doctor stared at him. Consternation was in his friendly eyes, under contracted brows. "That is a complication—a serious one." He gave two large white tablets to Christa, and she washed them down.

"Forgive me, you are—your slight accent tells me—you are German? Ah, Austrian. That is good. I—Dr. Vederle, let us not rush her to the hospital—not yet. The news—it will be war this time, surely. In war, enemy aliens—"

"I know. My God, I do know!"

"Do not cancel yet." He glanced at his watch. He wrote out a prescription. "Give her two more at five thirty precisely, and every four hours."

Christa opened her eyes. "You must go ahead without me if I am in the hospital."

"Hush, Christa. Never! I will never leave you." He gripped her hand. "Darling one, you must sleep, rest. The doctor is coming back. He will advise us."

She quieted down obediently. Again the fever closed her eyes. Half asleep, she murmured, "You leave me behind—it is better."

God, dear God, for months she had silently clung to that one idea.

Shortly before six Dr. Marreux returned. His face was calm but his eyes troubled. "Dr. Vederle, under any other circumstances I would insist on the hospital. But have you heard the radio? Hitler has fifty divisions massed on the Polish border. Poland says she will fight. France and England say they will fight with her. It is war—you *must* escape. You have two children."

Franz nodded but did not speak.

"By nine or ten her fever will have dropped, I hope. There is a ship's doctor on board; you are a doctor; I will give you drugs, sera, full instructions." He waited, but Franz made no reply. "I feel obliged to urge you to go on. After a virus pneumonia she could not stand —you know, the chance of arrest as an enemy alien—all the things that might happen in war. I am your doctor, no?" He patted Franz' arm. "I *order* you to take her away."

Suddenly Franz put his hand out, gripped Marreux' hard. He wanted to say many things, but they halted behind his lips.

"Yes, you are right. We must go on."

Franz had telephoned Vee just before she left her hotel, to prepare her for the fact she would meet when she boarded the boat at Le Havre. When she had boarded the ship and gone direct to their cabin, she had known nothing to say. Franz was calm, his voice level as he told her that Christa had responded to the drugs, enough so that she was able to walk aboard ship and not betray her sickness to any medical officer. But his calm and level voice did not hoodwink her. Franz was fighting deep fear, and she knew it.

"Franz, is there—" She could not speak the question.

"I don't know how much hope there is, or what chance."

He left her a moment later to go back to the cabin. She went to the game room, where the children sat watching other children play. Paul's face struck clear through to her deepest pity. He was suffering, he was afraid, and he was trying to keep Ilse and everybody else from knowing that he was.

"How is my mother, Vee?" he said with an odd dignity.

"She's pretty sick, Paul. But maybe tomorrow she will be better."

THAT evening she went into the ship's library and began to look through the August magazines. She kept wondering about what was happening in the cabin where Franz sat watching at Christa's side. She turned over the pages, read here and there. And then she came to the six-line item, and her attention sprang erect. It was in the Milestones column of Time:

"Divorce Undone. Set aside by Mrs. Bethella Crown, 36, the divorce granted her last November from Radio Rocket Jasper Crown, 36, head of the Jasper Crown Network and lively contestant for No. 1 honors on Crossley's Radio Poll of news analysts; last week, by court action under seal; in Reno."

She read it, and then read it once more. An icy pleasure bit into her mind where the memory lay of how he had killed her faith and happiness.

This action meant that Jasper would *not* be free to marry when he finally decided the convenient time had come. This meant that he could not, some time or other, add "marriage and children" to the agenda of things to attend to next. Poor Jas, she thought. He's made a pretty bitter mess for himself.

And then her own attitude drew her attention. You are over it at last, it said. Look how calmly you sit here, thinking. Once the very mention of his name—

She went down, went without plan toward the Vederles' cabin. She stood outside the closed door, uncertain. Then she carefully turned the handle, opened the door a crack. A thin light was in the room. A sound came to her ears. Noiselessly she opened the door another inch. In the chair by the bed Franz sat, crouched forward, his elbows on his knees and his head buried in his hands. His body shook as he sobbed.

A hundred instincts called to her to go to him in his grief. For a second she stood, irresolute and shaken. Then, as noiselessly as she had opened it, she closed the door. Outside, she tried to think what she must do. Paul—Ilse? No, not now. Let them sleep on. Slowly she climbed the carpeted stair to A deck and went to the doctor's cabin.

"Mrs. Vederle died," she whispered. "I think you ought to go down there."

Wordlessly they started down the passageway together. At the landing on D deck she stopped.

"You go," she said. "I don't—I will wait in my room."

Then she began to cry, with no sound. "It needn't have happened; it needn't have happened; it needn't have happened!" Back in Ascona she had got the first clues, then in Paris she had been sure. Christa was afraid; the world had made her too afraid.

She lay down then. When the tapping came at last on the door, the porthole stood out gray in the cabin. Instantly she was free of sleep. Still fully dressed, she opened the door. Franz was there, tall and erect.

She went out and closed the door behind her. They stood facing each other there. She put a hand out to him, and he took it into both of his. He gripped it hard, as if there were support there that he needed.

"You know. The doctor said you knew," he said finally.

"I—oh, Franz—I don't know how to tell you—"

"No; I—" He stopped and his eyes filled. "This had to be—I think, partly at least, this had to be. The way it was for her all that time, I mean, this had to be."

Then a steward came toward them, half running, saying something as he came.

"They bombed Warsaw this morning at five o'clock; at daybreak there they began to bomb Poland. The war has begun. My God, the war has started!"

In the busy waters of the Lower Bay the small ship moved slowly toward the harbor. Along the deck rails were the eager homecomers and the wondering foreigners, watching the gray fog for the first sight of the city.

Franz and Vee stood forward, looking into the mist ahead, hearing the sounds of the small boats making their cautious way through the dull gray, while, a little apart, Paul and Ilse sat together.

At her side, Franz leaned farther forward. The moment had come. There it was, taking shape through the mist, thrusting and reaching upward. Soon he would say something. Every one had to say something about this when he saw it before him for the first time.

"You know, Vee," he said slowly at last, "here you are, going home to your own country—and yet, in a way, you are an exile too. Now, with the war begun, we are all exiles together, from all the ways and life of the past. We are all, everywhere in every land now, migrants to some new world of a more real freedom."

She heard him draw a long breath. She felt his hand on her arm, and her heart spun with what he had said. It was true, it was like him to say it. She looked up and saw his eyes leave the towering scene before him and look back briefly to the open sea. Then once more they turned together toward the city.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

It would be pleasant to report that **Ilka Chase,** who provided so much pleasure last year with Past Imperfect, had crashed through with something just as good. But that would be crowding the truth a little hard.

The fact which all of us (including, alas, Miss Chase, whom I like) must face is that her second book, **In Bed We Cry,** is a novel, and Miss Chase is not yet a novelist.

She can write witty and pointed prose, deftly turning many a lively phrase, but she fails to do it often enough here—principally, I suppose, because her story gets in her way and she is kept pretty busy telling it.

It is the story of Devon Elliott, who has worked and schemed and charmed her way to a top place in the cosmetic industry but who, for all her managing genius, fails tragically to show any particular ability to manage her private life.

Ilka Chase

Devon had affairs before she hit her stride and began to play in the big league, right up there with Arden and Rubinstein, as head of Devonshire House. One of the affairs was Jasper Doolittle, now general manager of the business. But that had died before she married Tim Wainwright, a research scientist who dropped his research to head the Devonshire House laboratory after he married Devon.

In time Tim gets tired of mixing pots of goo and decides to go back to research. He also decides that to do it he must leave Devon and the hectic, sophisticated, subordinate life he leads as her husband.

Gladys Hasty Carroll

Unfortunately, Tim is scarcely out of the house when Devon finds herself sparking to a curious character named Kurt Fabri, whom any smart girl should have seen through before you could say cold cream. But Devon involves herself in a messy affair, loses Tim, almost marries Kurt when Tim is just about ready to come back, and then has her life complicated and recomplicated by a curious twist of war.

It's readable enough, but Ilka Chase can do better. Let's hope she does next time.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. Price, $2.50.

When a writer chooses fiction as his medium, one test of his successful handling of it is whether or not his characters and the events through which they move seem as real as life.

There is another kind of success where a writer can tell the everyday story of actual people and make it as lively as fiction. It is, perhaps, a greater art.

Gladys Hasty Carroll has done it in a book called **Dunnybrook,** which, if it weren't about people who actually lived, would be an excellent historical novel.

Mrs. Carroll has told the story of her family and several collateral Maine families who are as indigenous to the state as pine trees and bannock. Principally it is the story of the Warrens, the Hastys, and the Browns—of the service they gave their country in its wars, of the way they lived and enjoyed their lands and their birthrights and, most of them, their lives in a state which they appreciated and loved.

Mrs. Carroll herself loves the state greatly and she writes of it well. Among the people who fill her fascinating pages is Sarah Orne Jewett, and though Mrs. Carroll's prose in praise of Maine and its people doesn't quite approach the great Sarah's, I will say that nobody since has done it any better—which is quite a slab of praise, too.

Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $2.75.

GEORGE AND THE EGG-SHY POLE

Continued from Page 20

goes toward the sarge. I loaf along behind. I am curious like that.

"Sergeant Grawk," George asks, "what do you think are Majecki's chances of winning this contest you mention?"

"He ought to win hands down," the sarge says. "I have not scouted the other batteries, but I never in my life see a guy handle a truck like that big Pole."

"Do you think those other batteries might be willing to back their entries with a little cash money?"

"Probably," the sarge says. He brightens up slowly. "That is an idea, soldier. You may have something there. It will do no harm to find out."

And that is how it comes that Sergeant Grawk and George make a round of the PXs that night to find what the other batteries think of their drivers. And when they find the other batteries think their drivers good, Sergeant Grawk and George just naturally have to bet that Majecki wins.

"You ought to get on the gravy train and put some money down on the egg chauffeur," George tells me after "lights out." "Any guy who trucks hen fruit so long he still feels like he is hauling eggs is bound to be careful. And if he is careful he is a cinch to win. And a fellow who does not bet on a cinch does not have one drop of sporting blood in his veins whatsoever."

NOW, Majecki shows up so good as a driver that all the sarge talks about the next two days is "eggs" and how we ought to imagine we are driving a truck load of eggs and take it easy and not strip the gears like that. And every time a guy knocks down a stake or bucks forward in his truck, the sarge yells, "Look out for them eggs!"

It is a good gag. And it gets a lot of laughs. And the sarge works it a lot. But soon he is going to be very tired of all mention of eggs.

"Men," he says to us, "today we are going to take the trucks out of the park for the first time, and make a thirty- or forty-mile convoy drive down the highway. One thing you got to remember: The first rule in convoy driving is keep together at all costs. Don't let yourself get spread out along the road."

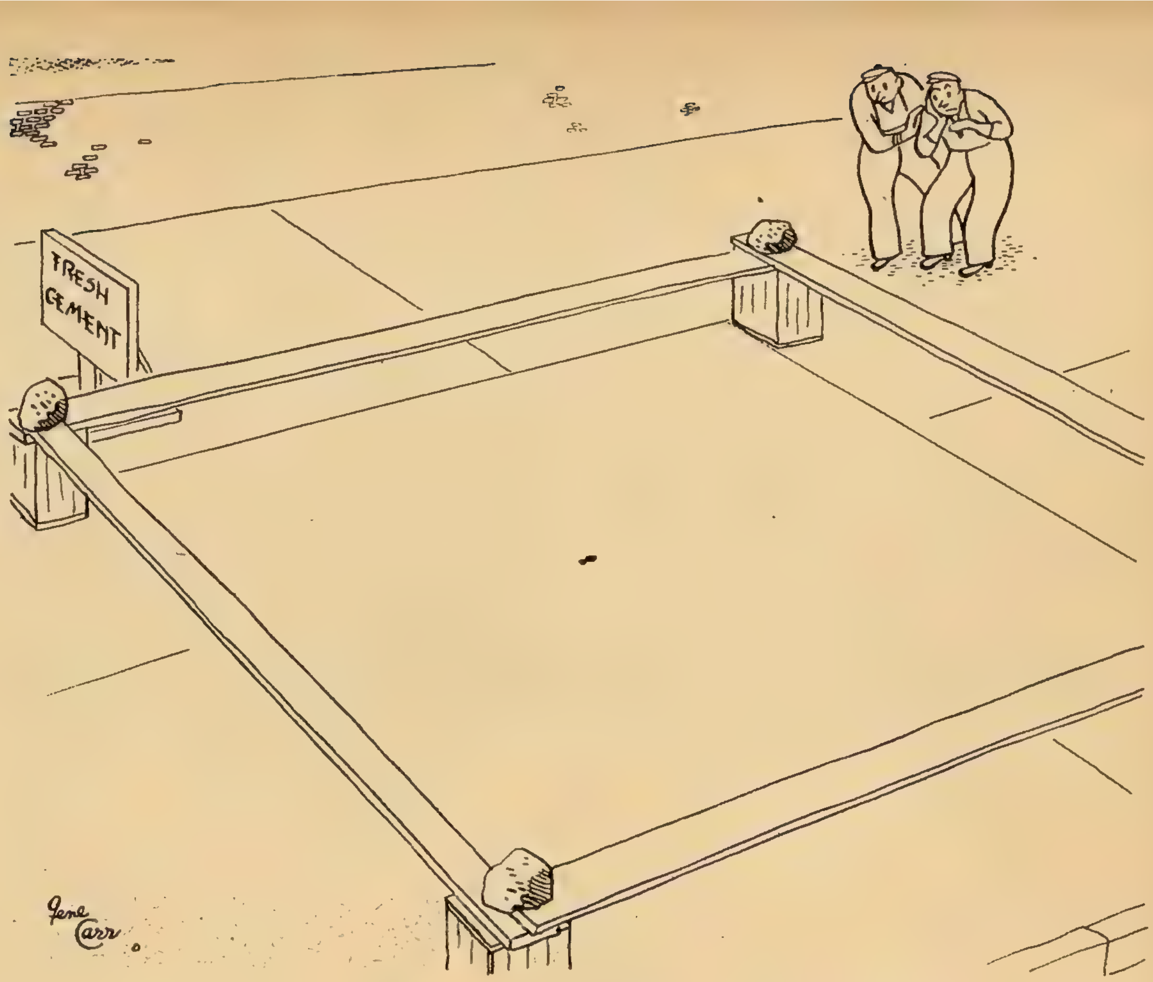
"But what if some one cuts in?" Majecki asks.

"While driving through a town don't let any one cut in or go through," the sarge answers. "Honk your horns, go slow, but keep going. And keep together. Don't pay no attention to stop signs and lights. Out on the road you can spread a little and let a passing car cut in. But make sure it keeps going the first chance it gets. Outsiders can't ride along inside the convoy. If he won't keep going, cut him out."

I ride with Majecki, and it is a pleasure to watch him drive. Every move he makes is so smooth, I cannot see how any one can beat his driving, and I am sorry I do not bet any money on him myself.

I am thinking this when a two-ton commercial cuts in between us and the truck ahead. And there it sleeps. Once or twice Majecki honks, inviting this guy to keep going, but it does no good.

The sarge is running the convoy from a jeep. And he pulls alongside this commercial.



"You will have to get out of this convoy, mister," he yells. "You can't ride along with us."

Well, this trucker just naturally leans out the window and spits.

"Aw, go button your mug, soldier," he roars. "The roads are free, ain't they? And I was driving them a long time afore you came along. So take your derned convoy elsewhere if you don't like my company."

The sarge drops back even with us. His neck is fire-plug red.

"Boot that blankety-blank wisenheimer out o' there, Majecki!" he bellows. "Pull alongside and cut him out on the shoulder, if he won't keep going. He can't spread my convoy out and get away with it."

Majecki pulls out to pass once or twice, but each time he goes timid and drops back in place. Once he even draws alongside the commercial, but he does not cut in. This keeps up till we turn off a side road and break for a cigarette.

"Why didn't you boot that wise guy out o' there like I tell you?" the sarge demands of Majecki.

"I try, but I cannot do it, Sergeant Grawk," Majecki says. His face is white. And he is sweating. It is funny to see a big guy so nervous. "Every time I get where I can cut in, I keep feeling like I am trucking eggs, and if I am not careful, I will break them. I try," he repeats earnestly. "I want to. But I drive ten years without an accident . . ."

"I know! I know!" the sarge yelps. "You drive ten years without bustin' an egg. Well, let me tell you, soldier, you are going to happen to a busted neck if you do not cut the next jerk out o' the line when I tell you to."

"I cannot help it, Sergeant Grawk," Majecki says. "I feel like inside I am still hauling eggs."

I think the sarge is going to choke, he is that mad. But he is only half as mad as he is the next day, when we take off from the roads and make our first cross-country run.

Now maybe I should explain we are being trained so we can drive under battle conditions, which means blasting across country where there are no nice roads and where there are plenty of guys shooting your way. With a little training, most of us get to where we are pretty good at zooming across plowed fields, through ditches and streams, and in and out among trees and boulders.

BUT Majecki—it breaks his heart to be told to drive rough. He cannot get those eggs out of his mind. I do not mean he does not get through, but he gets through way too slow. He eases through those obstructions gentle like, without ever so much as creaking a spring.

"Majecki," Sergeant Grawk explains, like he is talking to a child, "when you drive that slow, think what a swell target you make. And remember, every time you slow up for a bump, you slow every truck behind you."

"You want I should wreck the truck?" Majecki asks. "You want I should drive reckless?"

"No, Majecki!" The sarge has difficulty keeping his voice gentle. "I want you should drive fast enough to get your load delivered in time. It is better to pile up a couple of trucks and have the rest arrive on schedule than to have all get through and none on schedule. This ain't a hundred years' war. The stuff has got to be delivered this century, not next."

"I try, Sergeant Grawk," Majecki says, real apologetic. "Really I do. But them eggs—"

"You ain't hauling eggs!" the sarge roars. He drags Majecki to the back of the truck and points. "See, Majecki. The truck is empty. See? Empty! Empty! There ain't no eggs in there."

"I know there isn't any real eggs in there," Majecki says, like he is puzzled the sarge is so dumb to think there are. "I know the truck is empty. I just feel there are eggs. I mean I imagine there are eggs there when I drive, so I have to drive slow."

The sarge's patience gives way.

"Well, imagine there ain't!" he screams.

He starts jumping up and down and cursing something fearful. Majecki listens openmouthed, like he cannot figure what is happening. He climbs into his truck and starts off. We all watch hopefully. The truck goes at a fair clip till it reaches the first ditch, falters, then eases through smooth and slow.

The sarge takes up his cussing where he leaves off.

George and I take all this in. And George is some worried.

"We've got to do something, sarge," he says. "It looks like we put our money on a turtle in this contest. What about using some one in Majecki's place?"

"Not a chance," the sarge says bitterly. "I have done a little scouting, and that egg-shy Pole is the only driver in A Battery with a chance in the precision driving. All we can do is hope he gets over feeling he is Humpty Dumpty and picks up some cross-country speed."

"If we could get him to drive fast just once, it might unfix that egg fixation of his," George says.

"And how are we going to do that?" The sarge's voice is nasty. "I talk to him polite, and I cuss him. And he still drives like a lame-bellied snail. If you have any ideas for making him drive fast, even once, spill them."

"What about making Majecki think he is rushing somebody to the hospital?" George asks. "That ought to speed him up. Suppose you pretend you get an attack of appendicitis, sarge. Bub and I will pile you into Majecki's truck and have him rush you to the infirmary. How's that?"

The sarge thinks this over.

"It may work," he says doubtfully. "Anyway it is worth a try. We'll do it this afternoon." He brightens. "I will take you boys out to a place where that guy will have to do everything but climb a wall with the truck to get back."

AND the sarge does. He takes us to the wildest section of country I ever see. And it is a marvel the way Majecki herds this heavy-duty truck through the underbrush and across gullies and streams. George and I shake hands; Majecki is sure going to have to do some rough driving to get us back.

We break for a cigarette, and the sarge has us get out and inspect the underside of the truck—like always we are supposed to do on breaks—for oil leaks. Then we check the tires and water.

Suddenly the sarge folds up, hugging his stomach.

"Oh! Oh!" He gasps like he is in great pain. "I think I feel my appendix bust. Oh! Oh!"

George acts like he is a doctor. He looks up under the sarge's eyelids, then looks at his tongue, and takes his pulse. Majecki is standing there worried, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"There is only one thing we can do to save the sarge's life," George says low and solemn. "We got to get him to a hospital immediately. Majecki, get in and start the truck. Bub, give me a hand, and we'll put the sarge in the back of the truck."

Majecki is excited. He runs back and forth a dozen times between the truck and the sarge before he gets under the wheel and starts the engine. I get in behind with the sarge, while George climbs in with Majecki.

"Drive like you never drove before," George urges Majecki. "It's a matter of life and death."

George looks through that little window in the back of the cab and gives us a wink. The sarge winks back. Then he howls like he is having another attack.

The truck starts slow. But then it picks up a little speed. It takes a bump without Majecki even slowing down.

"Faster! Faster!" George yells. "The sarge is dying!"

The truck picks up more speed. The sarge shakes his hands to George, who is looking back.

"Good-by, Majecki, old man," the sarge calls faintly. Then he lets out a long, spluttering wail, which he tells me is supposed to sound like a death rattle. "I will not live to see the hospital the rate we are going. But if you cannot drive faster, I do not hold it against you. If I die without medical attention, it is not your fault."

This last groan does the trick. The truck leaps forward. The scheme is working. Suddenly I hear a voice order us to stop. I look around the side and see a strange lieutenant sitting in a jeep.

"What is the trouble?" he asks. "Who is that I hear groaning?"

"It is our sergeant, sir," Majecki answers. "He has appendicitis, or something. I am taking him to the infirmary."

"Lend a hand and I will take him in my jeep," this looey says. "I will get him there a lot faster and more comfortable than you can."

Sergeant Grawk sits up. He slides himself out to the edge of the truck and sits with his feet dangling down. He is suddenly a very well man.

"We do not want to put you to any trouble, sir." He smiles brightly at the lieutenant. "I feel fine now. I had just a stomach-ache, I guess."

"Nonsense!" the looey replies. "It is no trouble at all. You mustn't take chances with appendicitis. The pains come and go. You men help me load the sergeant in the jeep. There, there," he says heartily, when the sarge starts to protest, "good sergeants are too scarce to take any chances of losing one."

George springs out briskly and lends a very businesslike hand in bundling the sarge into the jeep. He even tries to pillow the patient's head on a sack of tire chains, till the sarge stops him roughly. Behind the sarge's back, George taps his forehead and winks significantly at the officer.

The lieutenant kangaroos down the trail in that jeep of his, with the sarge hanging on for dear life. Majecki gets back in the truck. He drives us back, going slow as ever.

"What's the big idea of giving the cuckoo sign about the sarge?" I ask George when we are alone.

George bums a cigarette and lights it.

"I do not want Majecki to wise up that we are trying to cure him of feeling he is always driving eggs," George says. "If he gets suspicious he will be a harder case."

"Yeh?" I say. "But what about the sarge?"

"Oh, he can explain everything to the docs," George says easily. "He'll be around tomorrow the same as ever."

BUT there George is wrong. The next day the sarge is around, but he is not the same as ever. He is pale and he has a mad expression on. And the sarge is not one to deceive you with his expression.

He motions to George and me.

"After supper tonight," he says, "you boys come back and scrub the floor of the garage."

"Why the boil, sarge?" George asks. "It is not our fault the looey comes up when he does."

"Maybe not," the sarge says. "But I half suspect it is your fault he does not believe me when I try and explain we are just trying out a little psychology. He seems to think I am out of my head. And when the doc finds I lost my appendix six years ago, he figures I ate something that disagrees with me. So I have to take caster oil and cascara, till now I do not have anything left in my stomach to disagree with me—if I have a stomach left."

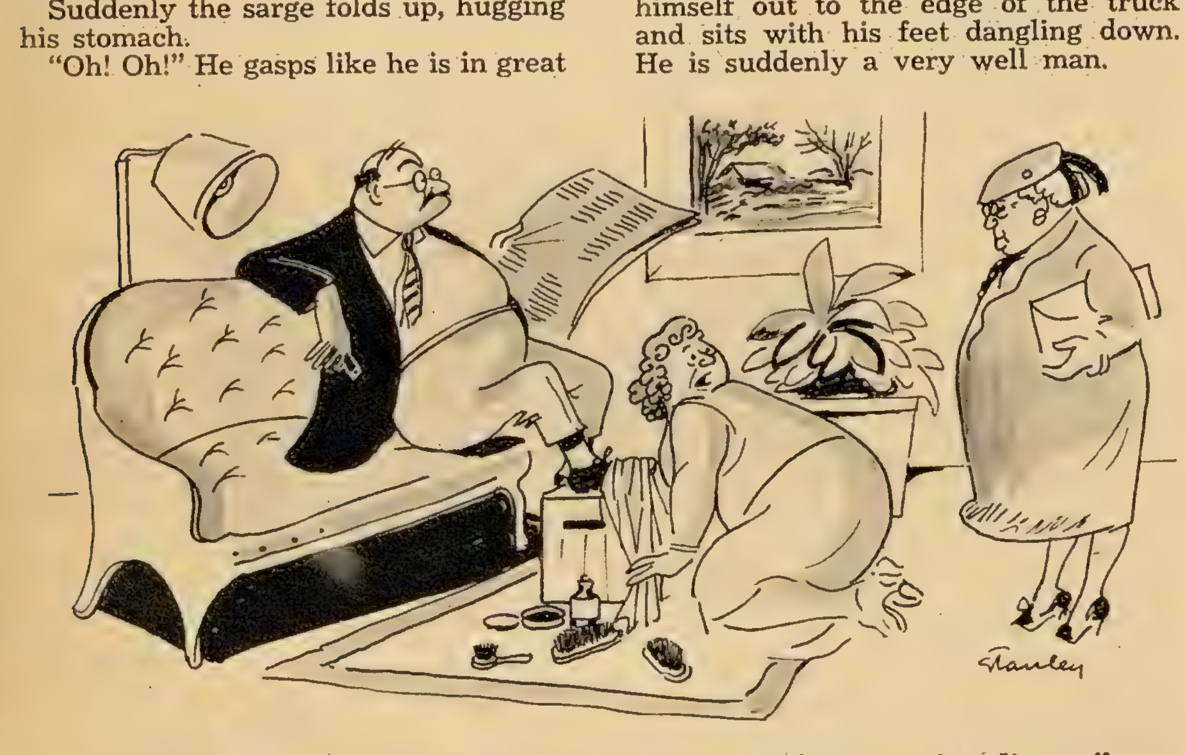
"That is too bad." George is sympathetic.

"You and your ideas!" The sarge's voice is very harsh. "You get me to bet all my money on a guy with eggs on the brain. And then you get me a dose of c. and c. Maybe you can get some more ideas cleaning the garage."

AND George does. Though, after scrubbing that floor with lye water for a couple of hours, I am ready not to do any more thinking the rest of my life. But not George. He has money up, and losing money is a very painful experience to him.

"Sarge," he says the next morning, which is the day before the contest, "I got an idea that is sure to work."

There is a long silence. The sarge putters around, waiting for George to spill himself. And George, knowing this, works most industriously.



"He had it written in small type on the bottom of our marriage license."

"Well, spring it!" the sarge says when he can't stand the silence any longer.

"Well," George says reflectively, "since psychology does not work, why don't we try a little sabotage?"

"Huh?" The sarge's eyes open wide. George explains.

"You say Majecki is the best driver you ever see. Why don't you have Majecki drive one truck for the precision driving tomorrow morning, and another for the obstacle driving tomorrow afternoon? Only, we fix up the second truck. Sort of bust the spring on the accelerator so when Majecki steps on the gas hard, to pull out that ditch at the start of the course, it stays stepped on."

I felt a shiver run through me. Even a tank couldn't go around that obstacle course at high speed without letting up on the gas occasionally. And a truck running it at high speed is sure to crack up. The sarge thinks the same.

"Are you plum nuts?" he asks sarcastic. "It is just a minor detail, I suppose, that it might kill the man." He puffs fiercely at his cigarette; spits it out. "Anyway, that big Pole will sleep on the brakes."

I enter into the spirit of the occasion.

"You might grease the brake bands," I suggest.

"Sure!" George agrees. "And you ought to be able to jam the ignition lock so he can't turn the engine off. Look at it this way, sarge. It is the best thing for Majecki. It will cure him of being egg-shy. He won't step on the gas hard until he starts around the course. And when he does—zingo!"

"O. K.," the sarge says at last. "We'll give it a try. But if anything goes wrong, it's 'Hello, Alcatraz' for us."

"What's to go wrong?" George says, very cocksure. "Come on now. Let's get at that truck."

THE next morning, like the sarge predicts, Majecki wins first in precision driving. He can tie a razor to the bumper and give a once-over lightly to any guy he knocks down.

On the way out to the obstacle course, George and the sarge congratulate each other. The thing is in the bag.

Now, this obstacle course is just ten acres of very rough land, with the trail that the trucks are supposed to follow winding in and out among the trees and boulders and crossing a muddy creek about ten times. It is a pip. And a guy who can get around it without getting stuck or turning over is a real driver.

There is a reviewing stand, but most of the officers and men take places along the course, so they can watch close up. The contestants stay out on the road until it is their turn. There are a couple of loud cracks, a roar, and the first truck starts around.

I am standing beside the sarge and George, when Captain Pullen comes up.

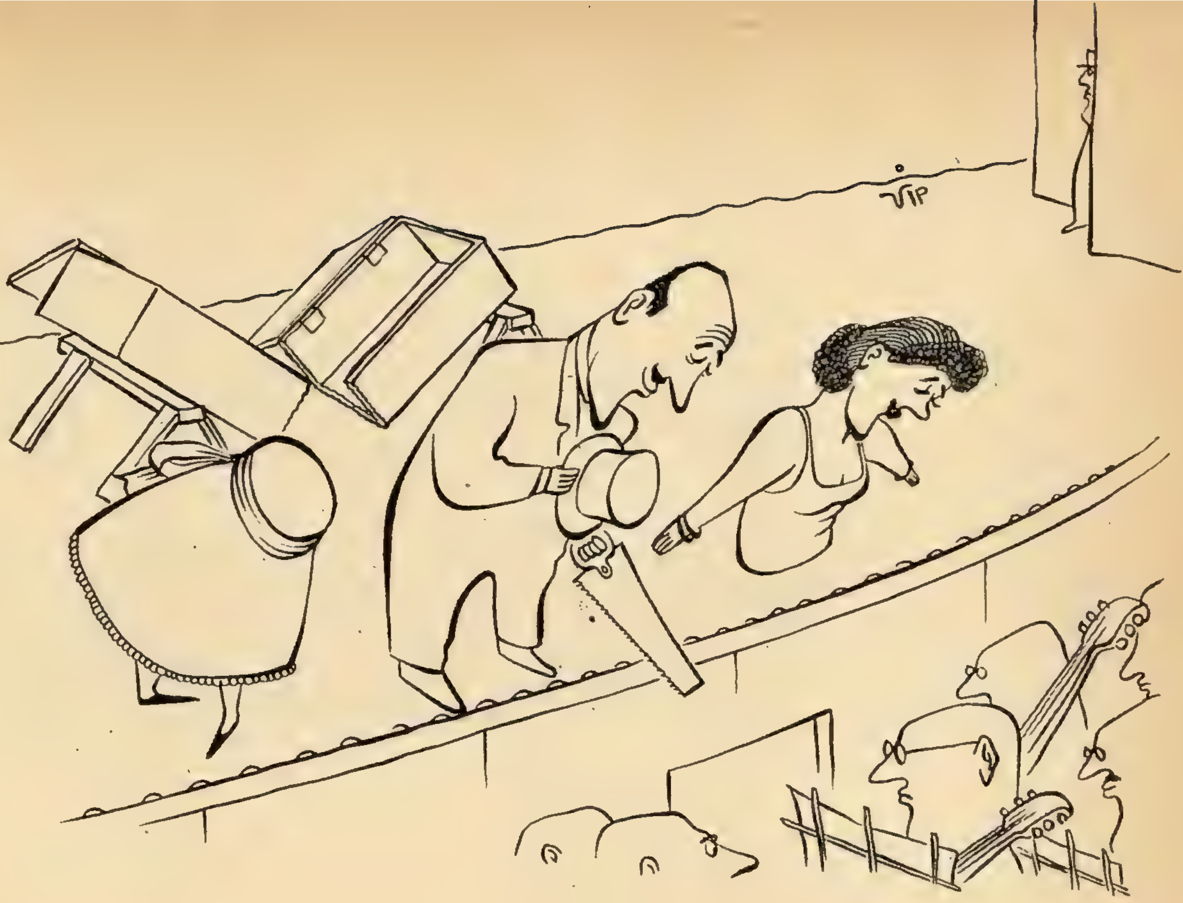
"You want to watch our man Majecki drive, sir," the sarge says.

"I thought you told me the other day he was a little timid going around the rough spots," the captain says.

"He was. But I've fixed that," the sarge answers confidently "By the way, sir, do you know where he is? I told him to report to you, and he hasn't come out yet."

"Colonel Boll asked for some one to run an errand. Isn't that him coming now and Colonel Boll with him?"

A truck passes the contestants and the starting line, and comes across the field toward the spectators. It is traveling easy like. That is Majecki driving all right. And the colonel beside him.



He slows for a small ditch—accelerates to pull out of it. The acceleration increases. The truck is coming at a fast clip. It hits another ditch; comes out faster still.

"Why doesn't the fool take it easy? Does he want to shake the colonel to pieces?"

"Look at that driving, sir," the sarge says. His voice is ecstatic. Then he thinks. "My Lord!" he says.

The truck plows through a stand of saplings and scatters a group of officers. Majecki is working frantically at the wheel. He swings a wide circle to avoid running any one down. He goes back the way he came, turns, starts down the obstacle course.

It is the wildest drive I ever see. Majecki is a marvelous driver. He takes the truck hurdling over ditches and bucking through the mud like he is racing a motorcycle. At the rate he is going, any one else would turn the truck over.

He goes clear around, passing a couple of trucks on the way. The colonel hangs on for dear life, yelling like mad every time they just miss a rock or tree.

The sarge runs to the finish.

"Choke it!" he yells as the truck passes.

MAJECKI gets the idea. The engine of the truck sputters, coughs, dies. The colonel climbs out but is so shaken up he has to lean against the truck. He tries to speak, but the words won't come.

"The truck wouldn't stop, sir," Majecki says to Captain Pullen. "I try, but can't turn the engine off. And the brakes won't hold."

Captain Pullen looks at the sarge—hard.

"Is that what you meant when you said you had fixed things?" he demands. "What is your explanation?"

"It is all on account of them eggs, sir," the sarge starts. He hesitates. This is going to take a lot of explaining. He begins again lamely. "Them imaginary eggs."

The captain sniffs the sarge's breath. His eyes narrow.

"I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt and just decide you are crazy, Sergeant Grawk," Captain Pullen says. "Report to the mess hall for K. P. immediately. You are a good man, and I will try and prevent you being court-martialed for this."

The sarge goes. Double quick. He is lucky to get away before Colonel Boll gets his voice back.

NOW, I always believe in letting well enough alone. But George! He has to go and try and cheer the sarge up the next morning. The sarge is just up for air from washing dishes.

"Sarge," George says, "the idea worked. They timed Majecki while he was going round the course, and he made the best time of all."

"Yeh?" the sarge says. I do not like the tone in his voice and I back away. But George does not notice.

"And, even better," he continues, "coming back, Majecki takes another truck, and drives like he is mad. He tells me he absolutely does not think of eggs any more when he drives."

"Well, well, that is nice," the sarge says. But his voice is not nice. "So Majecki does not think of eggs any more." Then he blows up. "Well, let me tell you, soldier, I think of eggs. I think of eggs when I wash every one of them two hundred fifty breakfast dishes, which have eggs on them. And I will think of eggs when I wash the dishes at noon. And I will think of eggs when I wash the supper dishes. Now let's see you think of eggs awhile."

The sarge picks up a basket of eggs that the cook has out. He tosses one up in the air. Catches it. His eye gleams. George looks surprised and hurt a little. But he does not stay to protest. He backs to the door, turns and runs. And the sarge runs after him.

The sarge stands on the top step yelling, "Eggs! Eggs! Eggs!" at George as he runs. And every time the sarge yells he throws an egg at George. And most of these, I am happy to relate, do not miss the mark.

THE END

CHAPLAIN OF THE DEEP

Continued from Page 18

young Witherspoon's booming voice bringing the gospel to twenty derelicts who weren't even pretending to listen. The sermon over, Chaplain Frazier sighed, "I'll give you fifty per cent on your sermon, which was rotten, and fifty per cent on your football ability, which had better be better."

He was in the Navy!

Back in Chicago, he wired Margaret to meet him so that they could be married before he left. Two days later he embarked on the Arizona—and a career that was to take him over nearly every inch of the globe.

In April, 1940, he was assigned to the Wasp. She was commanded by a four-striper alluded to in muted tones as "Black-Jack" Reeves, tough disciplinarian and alibi-chaser. They carried planes to Malta a good part of the time, and the punishment they took from the air on some of those trips wasn't funny.

Witherspoon's battle station was changed from sick bay to the bridge, where he'd stand at a mike sending blow-by-blow descriptions of the action to the men below. They were classics. It was hard to tell whether he was exhorting the crew to action or flaying a wavering football eleven.

AN hour before the Wasp sailed from Guadalcanal, Chaplain Witherspoon was transferred to the Marines at New River. Only two days before the Wasp weighed anchor, Reeves, now admiral, had left her to assume command of the Alaskan sector. One of the first things he did was to wire Chaplain Witherspoon to the effect that he needed him; that it was a hard job and an important one.

A month later, despatch orders in his pocket, a captain's stripes on his shoulder boards, Witherspoon was on his way by transport plane to Kodiak.

As commander of recreation and morals, he visited every base in the area. Covering all of these bases and auxiliary airfields were only two qualified recreation officers, one a Catholic chaplain, the other an ensign.

There was no recreational material when Captain Witherspoon took over, not so much as a pool table or a softball. But for an excellent reason. When we went into the islands, what supplies came along were those needed to inflict defeat on the Japs. But while making his rounds Captain Witherspoon acquired a few hunches about how to make little do the work of much. He flew back to Seattle to put his plans before Admiral Freeman.

Manpower and equipment were his primary problems. He put in for three recreation specialists and six chief specialists. Billy Soose he picked because he had been light-heavyweight boxing champion; Joe Duffy because he'd been a Golden Gloves winner; Louis Gurnick because he could deliver a song and knew the physical-education picture inside and out. Damiano from Manhattan College was a crack master of ceremonies and an ingratiating entertainer. At the same time he added a reminder of a previous plea: that the Navy send six chaplains of varying denominations.

The chaplains were the first to arrive—before there were adequate facilities. Captain Witherspoon remembers seeing a Mormon clergyman roaming one of the bases, discouragement etched on his face.

"Looking for a bunk to stow your things?" he asked.

"Can't seem to find an empty spot to use as an office anywhere," the Mormon told him.

"Follow me," Captain Witherspoon suggested.

Together they made a tour of what buildings there were. In the last of the lot they discovered one small cubicle without gear.

"Quick—get your things," Captain Witherspoon whispered.

"You mean now?"

"This minute—an hour from now may be too late!"

The last thing the Mormon chaplain heard as he hurried off for his kit was Captain Witherspoon's voice crooning into the telephone: "Operator—Witherspoon speaking. If any one inquires, this is headquarters for Mormons."

Whether the trickle of supplies that soon grew in volume was the result of newly awakened home interest or of Captain Witherspoon's steam-roller tactics, it is hard to say. But it was more than a coincidence that whenever a ship was embarking for a base the chaplain was particularly anxious to supply, he could be found loitering around the docks before sailing time. When told there wasn't an inch of spare space available, he'd pretend resignation; but his busy eyes never missed a trick. Suddenly he'd say guilelessly, "That storeroom back there—you know, the one they've apparently decided not to use? How about sticking my two hundred and fifty boxes in there for ballast?" It never failed. The boxes always came aboard.

Remembering what a cordial reception every issue of the weekly paper, The Stinger, had met with aboard the Wasp, Captain Witherspoon felt like whooping with delight when the long-awaited Multilith plant was finally set up. Editors were appointed, reporters and photographers assigned, and in a few weeks the presses were turning out copies of The Aleutians and The Williwaw.

The papers are devoted to local news, but lean most heavily to the progress of sports tournaments which the chaplain inaugurated. The teams call themselves modestly the Muscle Men, the Arkansas Maulers, the Timber Smashers, the Shell Backs. The betting is lively and feeling runs high. Every game is a World Series.

Using an unbelievably inexpensive set-up, Captain Witherspoon has provided the men at Dutch Harbor and elsewhere with facilities for keeping fit that are as good as anything available back home. There are ultra-violet-ray sun lamps, hot rooms, steam rooms, and facilities for almost every indoor sport in the book. Adverse weather rules out baseball, golf, and track, but a man can get along on basketball—which ranks first in popularity—table tennis, pool, billiards, ping-pong, hand ball, volley ball, boxing, weightlifting, wrestling, and horseshoe pitching. Class instruction in all of these is to be had, and there's never been a time when the waiting lists weren't jammed.

THERE are educational classes conducted in Quanset huts, missionary schoolrooms, and mess halls scattered through the entire Dutch Harbor-Unalaska-Fort Mears region, and called, wherever you find them, the College of the Aleutians.

More than 1,500 students have already been graduated from courses that require from five to seven weeks of study. They are open to men and women in all branches of the service. The teachers are Army and Navy officers who serve without pay, and enlisted specialists who teach for little more than token fees. The maintenance cost is met by a five-dollar-per-course tuition charge, and the men not only hand it over gladly but often plow through miles of heavy snow, sleet, and rain rather than miss a session.

The subjects they go for principally are Japanese, Russian, navigation, algebra, blueprint reading for ship fitters, electricity and sound and light, and the certificates awarded are the most cherished of all pin-up possessions.

A hut that is a schoolroom one hour may be a confessional the next, especially at the newer bases. Even at the larger bases, buildings are not easy to come by. Captain Witherspoon recalls that there was a prefabricated job belonging to the Army which Commander McDowell of the submarine base at Dutch Harbor ached to have as a chapel and movie house for his men.

"Can do," the chaplain told him.

"O. K. with us," the Army agreed, "if you can raise the $1,950 it's on the books for."

KEEP OFF
EAT AT ED'S MAIN ST.
Eric Ericson

"Er . . . would you mind lifting your feet?"

"I'll make you a sporting proposition," smiled Captain Witherspoon. "I'll speak for you all over Unalaska at fifty dollars a date for as many dates as it will take to get the chapel in the clear."

His "opposite" in the Army snapped at the bait. Beginning January 1, he booked him for a war lecture plus a forum wherever men in sufficient numbers were stationed.

By February 1 Captain Witherspoon had chalked up $1,500. He had covered the entire area, but he was still $450 shy. While he was wondering how he could swing the rest, his Army colleagues asked him if he'd mind having a talk with an Army nurse who had come to him for help and whose problem he hadn't been able to solve.

"Gladly," said Captain Witherspoon; "but there will be a small forfeit, say of $250, to be applied against the cost of the chapel. You can charge it off as 'penalty' for having fallen down on the job."

That left $200 to be found, one way or another. Once again his luck held. He was asked to conduct services before a large congregation on Palm Sunday.

"That," Chaplain Witherspoon informed them without a qualm, "is a very special occasion. The fee will be $100." The sermon carried such a sock that the Army asked for a repeat on Easter Sunday. Again Captain Witherspoon raised the fee to $100—and the chapel was his!

On Mother's Day, with Admiral Reeves and General Colladay participating, the Chapel of the Deep was dedicated. Flowers for the occasion were flown all the way from Seattle, but Chaplain Witherspoon was not there to see them. He had another deal on at Adak, where he was starting a recreation building with no one to build it—no one except ten carpenter's mates he had dickered for in return for a speech aboard a ship. That evening he talked a colonel out of a bulldozer, with which to dig the foundation, by agreeing to speak before his entire battalion.

He was now set except for a command car to expedite the job. He had carried his typewriter with him on the chance that it might come in handy. And how handy it was! Major Drew, seeing it one day, remarked wistfully, "What I wouldn't give for that typewriter!"

"Would you give a command car and a private to drive it?" Captain Witherspoon asked.

"You're on!" said Major Drew quickly.

The next morning the car was waiting at the chaplain's door.

IN Sitka, he knew, there was a crack band sitting around doing nothing in particular. He asked Admiral Reeves for permission to move it farther up the line though he was well aware that there would be no place to put the musicians once they got there.

On their arrival, the bandmaster said hopefully to Chaplain Witherspoon, "Sir, you have some new instruments for us?"

"These are your new instruments," the chaplain replied, handing the bandmaster the first of a number of tool kits. "They're to go with you to Adak, where I hope you'll use them as successfully as those you're more accustomed to."

The musicians-turned-carpenters played, not long after, in a building they themselves had put up.

In time the Aleutians will be dotted with recreation halls where men will be able to sit in comfort to watch the shows sent out to them. Meanwhile, anything goes, and no one minds. More than once Captain Witherspoon has set a dance band down on a dock so that its tunes would reach the hundreds of men lining the rails of ships making too brief a stop for shore liberty. Troupes of U. S. O. girls have given shows in warehouses, their grateful audiences perched on packing cases.

There isn't a week that movies, concerts, broadcasts, or bingo games with war stamps as prizes are not planned for the men. There is always at least one local amateur show in the works. At a recent joint Army and Navy jamboree, played to packed houses four nights running, the hit of the evening was a Bluejacket Beef Trust chorus.

For those who prefer their fun in the open, Captain Witherspoon scheduled fresh-water and deep-sea fishing trips, sight-seeing expeditions, and experimental hikes.

Given the slightest encouragement, he has even been known to dig into Alaska and give talks on its yield of arrowheads, stone relics, bone harpoons and awls—and he's learned enough about early Aleut civilization to deliver lectures on the subject.

"And these come close to being the only 'lectures' I give," he grins. "Keep a sailor busy and you keep him happy; keep him happy and you're not apt to find him in any great amount of trouble. But wherever you find him, I hope God—and the Navy—will let you always find me."

THE END

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IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO A DOG

Continued from Page 15

won over his colleagues almost immediately. At first Roddy McDowall, the young English lad who plays his master, was shy of him. Wilcox sent Lassie home with Roddy for a week, and Roddy soon realized that when Lassie pulled his covers off in the morning he wasn't trying to consume him.

Cagily, however, Wilcox—whose first picture this was—didn't encourage friendship between Lassie and Pat O'Malley, who plays the heavy in the picture. "Turn your back on Lassie whenever you see him and talk harshly to him," Wilcox warned. "I don't want him to wag his tail when he sees you."

Every morning when Lassie drove up in his station wagon, jumped out, and methodically shook hands with the entire cast and stagehands, O'Malley faithfully did as directed. It broke both their hearts. Only when the picture was over did O'Malley step out of character. "Just in time, too!" he confessed. "In another week both that dog and I would have had nervous breakdowns. I'm still worrying, too. I'm scared some one's going to pop up somewhere some day and tear my hair out for the way I treated Lassie in the picture!"

NOT that Lassie tore through his part like a hungry ham with his first job in years. There were scenes that needed as many as thirty takes—for example, the one in which Edmund Gwenn, who plays a traveling peddler in the picture, meets Lassie for the first time. Gwenn sees Lassie at a distance, calls for him to come. Lassie retreats when Gwenn advances, is partially won by the offer of food, but always keeps his distance.

It took all the talents of Rudd Weatherwax and his brothers, Judd and Budd, to get the split timing necessary. Concealed in the surrounding scenery, the Weatherwaxes and Gwenn pulled Lassie now this way, now that, till the poor dog got pretty confused, but in time he did it right. There were no whips, no tricks, and after the cutting room snipped the Weatherwax voices from the sound track it became one of Lassie's most human scenes.

As the picture-making progressed, the affair between Wilcox and Lassie increased in romantic candlepower. Wilcox began to worry about Lassie in the danger spots. Deliberately he held back Lassie's toughest scene to the end—the scene in which Lassie leaps an eight-foot wire fence. "I was afraid he'd catch his paw in the wire and break a leg," says Wilcox. "I almost died when he missed his first two tries. But he did it the third time—and it came out swell!"

How was this scene done? Wilcox sent a motorcyclist by the kennel a few times and told Lassie to jump, and Lassie's ancient weakness did the rest.

WHEN Lassie began carrying his weekly salary home in a big bundle in his teeth, Weatherwax moved him from the kennel to a mat in the Weatherwax living room and increased his daily allotment of dog candy. It must also be recorded, with a blush, that Lassie was given a brand-new Squeaky Mouse with which to amuse himself between scenes. You see, Lassie's first Squeaky Mouse was in bad shape. But, to his credit, he refused the new mouse and wasn't happy till they restored the old one.

As Lassie grew more accomplished before the camera, traces of ham began to appear. Like all stars, he got himself a stand-in. It was a kennel mate, Boy, who had almost gotten the part himself. Whenever Boy did his stuff, Lassie eyed him coldly and had to be restrained from jumping before the cameras and driving Boy off. "Sheer professional jealousy," insists Wilcox.

While this may seem on the whimsical side, you must remember that Wilcox is slightly off his rocker about Lassie. In fact, when the picture was finished Weatherwax, who owes his first big break to Lassie, gave him to Wilcox, although Weatherwax still gets all of Lassie's earnings.

Today Lassie, dubbed the Cinderella dog of Hollywood by his busy press agents, lives the simple life of the Hollywood star. Wilcox, a bachelor, has turned his home on the expansive Selwyn estate in Beverly Hills into a doghouse presided over by Lassie. The tired four-footed Thespian can take a cooling dip in the near-by Selwyn swimming pool after a hard day at the studio, or, if feeling frisky, can romp over lush lawns and even race along the walls after motorcycles passing on the other side.

"What else," I asked Wilcox, "does a dog star do with his time?"

"Well," answered Wilcox, the light o' love in his eyes, "he does everything any normal dog does. For instance, just as you've settled on the couch—and when he isn't begging to go out just so he can get outside and beg in—his main occupation is drawing attention to himself. If you're reading or talking, he'll come up and put a paw in your lap till you pat him."

The perfect companion, Lassie doesn't talk back or quarrel. He sleeps in the middle of the living-room floor, although he'd prefer to sleep on Wilcox' feet. When Wilcox orders him to lie down and go to sleep, Lassie stays in exactly one spot as long as Wilcox sleeps—and not an instant longer. When the alarm sounds, he bounds up, runs into the bedroom, and yanks the covers off his master. He does not, however, lick him. "He's got lots of dignity," says Wilcox proudly. "I hate dogs who try to lather you."

Besides quarts of milk and his dog candy, Lassie gets one meal of two pounds of meat a day—largely horse. If there were steaks around Hollywood, Wilcox would gladly share his brown points. He once made the mistake of feeding Lassie by hand. Now the dog won't eat unless Wilcox doles it out bit by bit.

Every two weeks Lassie gets a bath—and hates it. He knows exactly when the bath is coming and has to be routed out from under a bed.

Although he may fight villains in pictures, Lassie has very little watchdog value around the Wilcox ménage. "I think he'd open the door and show a thief where the silver is kept," says Wilcox.

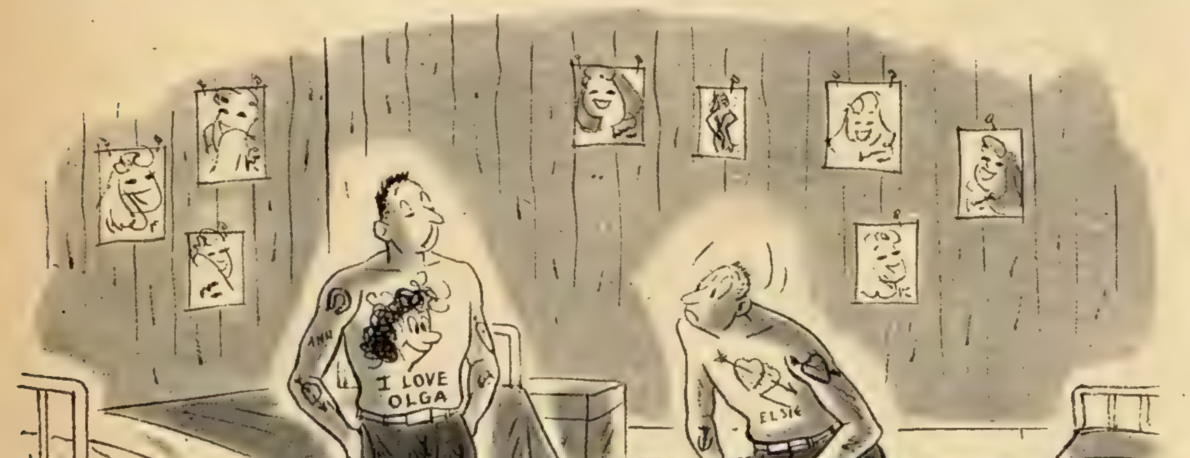
Lassie may be just another star to blasé Beverly Hills, but he gets letters now by the dozen asking for anything from autographs (he does it with his paw, no kidding) to money and romantic offers. And this will come as the final blow to America's male collies who are still hoping Lassie really isn't a male: he is about to conclude nuptials with the aforementioned Miss Gorgeous, owned by Marx. Miss G. is six, while Lassie is only three, but she has an abiding interest in his career. It'll be a democratic match—Miss Gorgeous, the blue-ribboned aristocrat; and Lassie, the self-made dog and possible millionaire.

AT this moment Lassie has put his paw to a five-year contract and is booked next to star in Laddie, Son of Lassie. Presumably he will play a member of his own litter, thus further complicating his psychosis. Wilcox isn't crazy about Lassie's going on in pictures. He's afraid they will "cute up" the dog—have him do unnatural things, such as winking at the camera, bursting into tears, or eating with knife and fork. More important, Wilcox is so nuts about the dog he wants him around all the time.

"Hollywood has wrecked a lot of marriages because the wife never gets to see the husband," he said to me mock-seriously. "I don't want it to wreck this friendship."

As Wilcox told me about the life and times of this extraordinary dog, he was eating lamb chops. When he finished the chops, he took a handkerchief from his pocket and carefully put the bones in it. I fully understood.

THE END



She had money.

TIME BOMB IN THE REICH

Continued from Page 9

to the extent of wearing a Hitler mustache, has amassed a considerable fortune, and is president of the party-owned Gustloff Combine, a powerful industrial organization extending its tentacles into France, Belgium, Holland, and other occupied countries. He is also chairman of the Nazi League for Prolific Families and has set a personal example by having ten legitimate children in addition to an uncounted number of illegitimate offspring.

Sauckel's recruiting system is as simple as it is ruthless. He orders a complete census of the occupied country about to be stripped of its able-bodied manpower. The data compiled include information on political reliability. Those who have joined the folds of the various Quislings are left alone; all others fall under the labor draft.

It was Hermann Göring who proclaimed that the German people would be the last to starve in Europe. Saukel has gone his pot-bellied party comrade one better. His rule reads:

"The German people and those who work for them wholeheartedly shall not starve; all others may perish, for all we care."

The first step in the scheme of mass deportation is a refusal of raw materials to the factories whose workers are to be sent to the Reich. The plants are forced to close down. The workers are then summoned to the local prefecture, where one of Saukel's recruiting officers offers them one-year contracts for work in Germany at higher wages and better food rations than can be had at home. As a rule, the offer is rejected by the majority.

SAUCKEL'S procedure is geared to this refusal. The next step is what the Nazis call the *Nahrungskrieg* (food war). The recalcitrant workers and their families have their ration cards taken from them. The Nazis simply say, "Whoever does not work does not eat." They see to it that food stocks in the occupied countries are held to a minimum. Loss of the ration card means certain starvation; so the law of self-preservation dictates acceptance of the Nazi labor contract.

But there are still some who prefer to remain. Usually they have no family ties to worry them. They go into hiding and live on what food they can beg or steal. They are the ones of whom revolutions are made. The Nazis know it, and they stage regular man hunts. Those caught in the dragnet are sent to concentration camps in the Reich —the cooling-off method, the Nazis call it. The only way to get out is to sign a labor contract.

Saukel's devilish system stresses deportation of the younger aliens. Statistics of the Reich Alien Labor Service Bureau reveal that 25 per cent of all alien workers are under twenty-one years of age, 60 per cent are between twenty-one and thirty, and only 15 per cent are above thirty.

The younger people are the best workers physically, and the most prolific generators. Their removal keeps the birth rate in the occupied countries at a minimum—which is just what the Nazis want.

Once in the Reich, the labor recruits are sifted according to skill and experience. Those with the least training are employed in agricultural and construction work. Some 19 per cent of the alien labor in the Reich is employed in agriculture. Recruited labor is assigned almost exclusively to peasant farmers and village communities, whereas the large Junker estates and the state-owned farms depend principally on prisoners of war for their labor supply.

* * *

A touring Western go-getter spied an Indian chief lolling indolently at the door of his tepee somewhere in the West.

"Chief," remonstrated the go-getter, "why don't you get yourself a job in a factory?"

"Why?" grunted the chief.

"Oh, you can earn a lot of money. Maybe thirty or forty dollars a week."

"Why?" insisted the chief.

"Well, if you work hard and save your money, you'd soon have a bank account. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Why?" again asked the chief.

"For gosh sakes!" shouted the exasperated go-getter. "With a big bank account you could retire, and then you wouldn't have to work any more."

"Not working now," pointed out the chief.

* * *

The alien agricultural worker in Germany fares relatively well. As a rule he comes from Russia, Poland, or the Balkan countries, and his wants are modest in comparison with those of the workers from western Europe. He is placed in the custody of his employer and customarily lives with the employer's household. He eats the same food as his employer and is paid the same wages as German agricultural labor of the same category. He works from seventy-five to eighty hours a week, but since his employer does the same, he cannot complain on that score. Wherever practicable he may send for his wife or sweetheart (provided she agrees to do a full day's work) because it is felt that children born of such marriages will be educated in the Nazi way and will in time become apostles of the Nazi ideology in their homelands.

Approximately 12 per cent of the alien labor in Germany is employed in construction work. Virtually without exception, these men are assigned to the Organization Todt, a semimilitary organization named after its founder, the late Major General Fritz Todt, builder of the Autobahnen and the West Wall. It is engaged largely in the construction of permanent fortifications and the clearing of debris in bombed cities.

THE lot of the alien construction worker in Germany is relatively the hardest. He has to put in from seventy to eighty-four hours a week. His work takes him to the zones most exposed to Allied bombings. During the first nine months of 1943 there were 420,000 alien construction workers on the official casualty list. Since he lives in barracks and is given army rations, his cash pay is comparatively small, even though he receives the same over-all rate as German workers of the same classification. After the various deductions and remittances to his family at home there is very little left. About all he can say is that he eats as well as the German soldiers.

The Reich's war industries employ the bulk of alien labor, approximately 66 per cent.

The alien finds that German industry is almost as strictly regimented as the Reich's armed forces. At the head of the plant is the *Betriebsführer*, usually a former storm trooper leader or invalided army officer. His main task is to see that his workers produce, that they stay at their jobs, and that they keep healthy. He is given a polyglot crew—Poles, Slovaks, Croats, Italians, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Belgians, Bul-

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"Then you roll one hip to the side like this—see?"

gars, to mention just a few—and must see to it that never more than 50 per cent of the plant's labor comes from non-Axis countries. The key positions are at all times occupied by Germans, who are the officers of this industrial army.

The work week ranges from fifty-six hours in plants operating with three shifts to seventy hours in plants having two shifts. Men and women work the same number of hours and receive the same basic wage for the same class of labor. The wage, as a rule, is the same as that paid to German workers, but there is a double joker connected with it. The first is that the Germans occupy the higher wage classes, since they do the work that pays more. The second concerns taxes. All workers, Nazi and alien alike, must pay various direct taxes amounting to a 22-per-cent deduction from their pay. Another 10 per cent is taken out for the purchase of Reich war bonds. But there the equal treatment stops. The alien is saddled with another assessment for "food, housing, and health service," and while it is true that he is kept in excellent physical condition, he could live more cheaply if left to himself. He must also pay dues to the government labor union, but, unlike the German worker, he derives no direct benefits from it.

WHEN all these deductions have been made, the alien worker has 22 per cent of his wages left. Theoretically he can spend it as he wishes, but the hitch is that there is nothing to spend it for. The only clothes he can buy are his working clothes, and those he gets from the factory stores. The pleasures of the average German are forbidden him.

At work the various nationalities are treated alike. The difference appears in their off hours. Workers from Axis countries may dress as they please, but those recruited in conquered lands must wear arm bands as "social" identifications. The Poles, for example, wear a yellow band with a black P, the Russians a red band with a black R. Workers without arm bands may seek lodgings for themselves; all others must live in factory dormitories.

Men and women of the "arm-band" classes, even married couples, must live apart, the women submitting to a monthly physical examination to guard against pregnancy. Children are allowed only to nationalities in the Axis camp, or by special dispensation in cases where the political reliability of both husband and wife has been definitely established.

The worker from Axis countries can go to whatever movie he chooses and otherwise move around freely in the town nearest the factory site. The arm-band worker, on the other hand, is restricted to the vicinity of the factory grounds. He is fed a stern amusement diet of newsreels and German military films.

In some factories he has access to bowling alleys and may witness an occasional soccer game or other athletic event. He gets no alcoholic beverages of any sort.

Once or twice a month he may attend a religious service held in his barracks, but the divine office is performed by German priests. For the rest, he must stay put.

The alien worker's labor contract runs for one year. However, if he expects repatriation at the end of his year of servitude he is sadly disappointed. There is no repatriation except for reasons of established disease, invalidity, or manifest unfitness. The worker is simply told that changed conditions have made it necessary to retain him and he must sign up for another year. For all practical purposes, once he is in the Reich he will stay there, at least until the war is over.

The Gestapo soon discovered that it was not sufficiently equipped to police this ever-growing and potentially hostile labor force, so Himmler hit upon the idea of creating the Landwacht, a sort of home militia. Rifle clubs formed the core of the Landwacht, and around them was built an auxiliary police organization supervised by provincial party bosses.

Landwacht members, now about three million in number, one third of them women, assemble for training once a week. Each is equipped with an old-style rifle. Alien workers are warned that they may be shot on sight if caught infringing residential rules.

The stepped-up tempo of the Allied bombing of German industrial objectives has visited another acute headache on the Nazis in connection with alien labor in the Reich. Loss of life among the workers, housed in barracks close to the factories, has been particularly heavy. After the mass bombing of Bochum last summer, for example, 16,000 alien workers temporarily camped in the open refused to return to work unless given assurance that they would be housed in relatively safe zones. Similar disturbances have occurred elsewhere in bombed areas, and the housing of the alien worker has become one of the Nazis' most persistent problems.

Then again, the alien is becoming increasingly worried about his savings —German bonds and such of his wages as are left after deductions. Now that the war is going against the Germans, he envisions himself coming off with nothing more than a bundle of worthless paper, and is demanding the right to convert his savings into property of some sort. The demand is consistently ignored.

THE Nazis are particularly on guard against any organizational movement among alien workers. Labor unions are banned in the Reich, to German workers as well as to aliens. The official organization is the Reich Labor Front, and all alien workers must belong to it, largely with a view to placing Labor Front spies among them. Severe punishment is the fate of originators of independent organizations.

As the recruiting of alien labor assumed mass proportions, many members of the active underground in conquered countries were caught up with the rest, and availed themselves of the opportunity to launch a secret cell movement among the workers. Some of these cells were uncovered and liquidated by the Nazis, but others continue their shadow existence.

The leaders of this underground movement are not aiming so much at an armed rising against the German home front, because they realize that this would lead to a senseless massacre of their followers. Rather, they are preparing for the future. They are looking to the time when alien contract labor will outnumber the able-bodied Germans left at home. They expect temporary chaos in the Reich when the German government finally asks for an armistice. Then they plan to pounce, to make a stab for local power, and to take possession of all the property the Nazis have seized from conquered lands and amassed at home. Then they will pay the Germans back with interest.

Obergruppenführer Fritz Sauckel is the epitome of efficient, energetic Nazism. But all his efficiency and energy, aside from a temporary relief to German economy, has actually resulted in the planting of a time bomb in the very core of Hitlerland. In due course this bomb will explode with a blast that will echo the world around. When that happens, the German people will deeply regret that they ever produced a Fritz Saeckel.

THE END

HOW TO WRITE TO A SERVICEMAN

Continued from Page 11

letter? Don't! Here's what slips through your serviceman's mind when he receives a post card like this: "Darling: Am spending the holiday in the city at a girl friend's house." (While I sit here in a *foxhole!*) "Having wonderful time with her cousin, who's taking me to a night club tonight." *(With a gleam in his eye, the 4-F wolf!)*

Do you send your letters via air mail? Do! Spend the extra three cents to speed your letter on its way. It is well worth it to your serviceman. For instance, ordinary mail takes approximately two to three weeks to reach addresses in the Aleutians, while air mail takes only two to three days—at most, a week. Incidentally, be sure to *print* your man's full name and rank plainly on the envelope. Use waterproof ink, if possible.

Do you write on both sides of the paper? Don't! It is far better to write on one side of single sheets of air-mail stationery than it is to use a heavier folded four-page sheet written on all four sides, with disconcerting skips and jumps from here to there and back again. Anyway, if you write on both sides and the censor has to cut words out of one side, he automatically cuts words out of the other side, too.

Do you ever send a recorded message to him? Do! If you don't own a recording machine, your local radio and phonograph shop will have one you can use for a small charge. You can purchase blank recording disks at the shop and make your recorded "letter" right there in one of the soundproof audition rooms. Write down what you want to say before you go to the store. Then talk to your man just as though you were talking to him on the telephone. Forget you're talking into a mike. Relax and leave out the dramatics. Tell your man you love him, you miss him, you're thinking of him every moment, praying for him every night.

And don't worry about whether he'll be able to find a phonograph to hear your recording. He'll find one, all right. Matter of fact, he may even be able to answer your recording with one of his own.

Do you expect as many letters from him as you send him? Don't! Writing materials are hard to get overseas. So is time for writing. If your man can write once a week, he'll be doing average; twice a week, above average. Besides, censorship is so rigid there isn't any new "news" he can tell you. If you miss him terribly, save his letters. Pretend they have just arrived. Ration them out to yourself. Read one or two of his old letters each day until his latest letter arrives. You'll be surprised how much this helps bridge the gaps between his letters. (Or so my own wife tells me.)

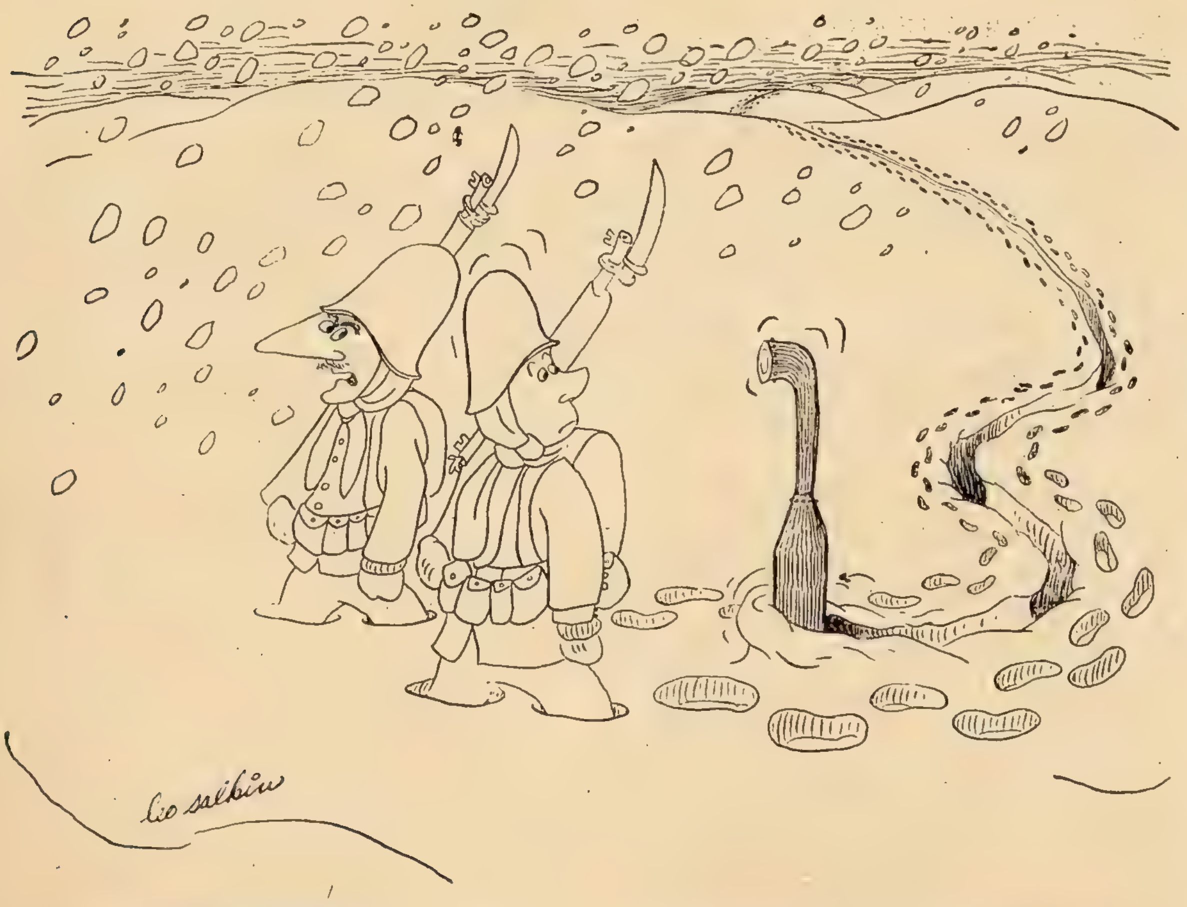
DO you write him at the same time every day? Do! Set aside a certain time of the day or night—preferably the latter—to write him your daily letter. Make this a *habit.* For example, a certain serviceman is on duty in the North Pacific. When it is 7 P. M. where he is, it is 10 P. M. where his wife is. If possible, the two take time out at that hour, on the hour, and imagine they are having a "date" with each other. She usually writes his daily letter at that time. He can picture her sitting at her writing table, and that way feel closer to her in spirit, though separated by two thousand miles of ocean.

Did you ever try "mental telepathy"? Do! Once you have set your nightly "date" time, both of you can try thinking of a certain night or occurrence that looms in your memory as unforgettable.

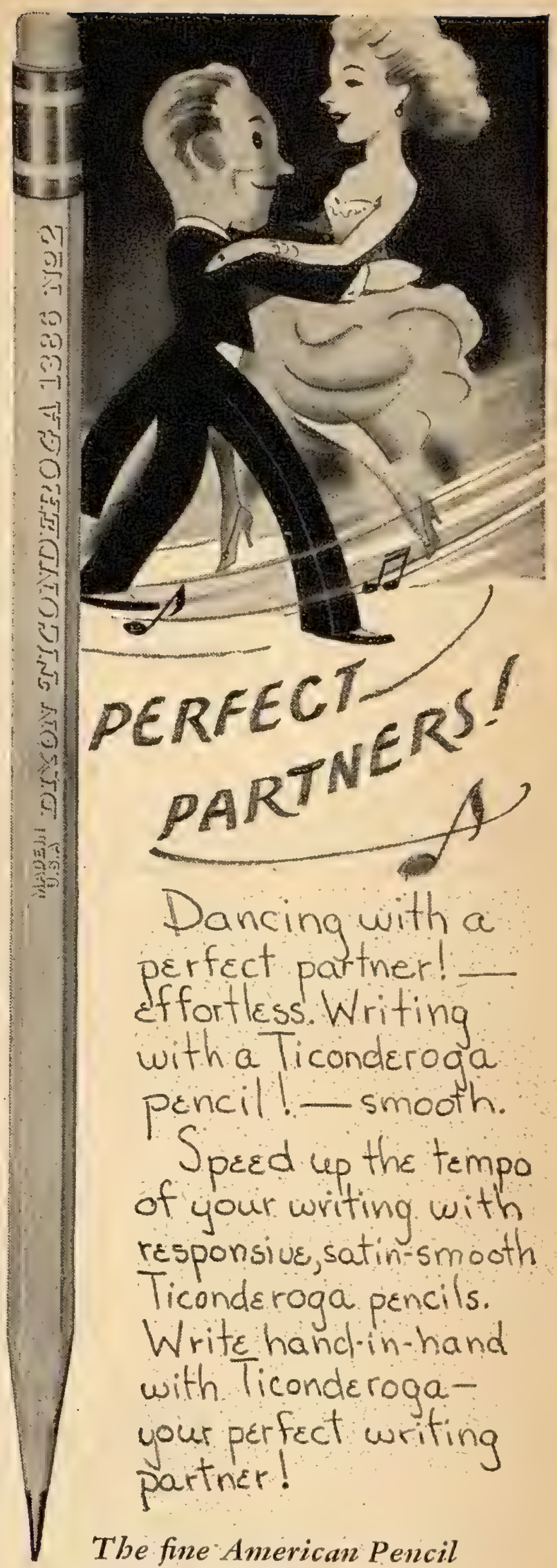
Perhaps you will think of the night your husband proposed, the last date you had with him, something rich in hidden meaning known only to yourselves. Then put in your letters what each of you was thinking—and you may be amazed at the mental unity between two persons united in love even though physically separated.

But, above all, remember: As mail goes, so goes morale.

THE END



"What makes you so sure we're not still on the mainland?"



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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

PFC. PAUL HOWARTH, a marine, and three of his buddies and four Navy men have sent me a joint V-mail letter from the Southwest Pacific and dared me to print it. Well, here goes, and watch that sarcasm drip:

"The boys here in the Southwest Pacific have a new worry, Sarge. The Japs have bothered us some, but we have even deeper anxiety over that terrible 'service ribbon' situation back in the States.

"We have grown to feel sorry for the sidewalk veterans who are fighting the Battle of Main Street, and we have decided to do our darnedest to scrape up a few ribbons for the boys in those corner-drugstore foxholes.

Plenty pretty!

"There aren't many ribbons out here, but we don't need them anyway, since we don't get many week-ends. We'll scrape together as many as we can, because we realize how self-conscious one must feel when one steps into the canteen or goes Sunday-strolling with his girl friend—and no ribbons."

Two weeks ago I printed a question and answer about canteen commandos who buy foreign-service ribbons to impress the ladies, and I promised to say more on the subject. The eight fighting men from the Pacific have said a mouthful, but there are a couple of points I'd like to add.

From now on, in accordance with a War Department order effective January 1, Army insignia—including service ribbons—will be sold only at authorized stores of the Army Exchange Service. Fine! That's a step in the right direction. Formerly a chiseler could drop into any store on the avenue and make himself a veteran of Guadalcanal.

But in this man's opinion there's still room for improvement. A chiseler can still walk into a PX and buy ribbons without showing any authorization for wearing them. The only true authorization is a man's service record, and that's not the sort of thing a guy can carry around in his hip pocket.

Why not clean up the situation by eliminating this buying of service ribbons altogether? According to AR 600-900, enlisted men are supposed to get their ribbons free of charge, anyway. I know that, because of clerical work, it's often a long wait before the gratuitous issue comes through, and a good many G. I.s take a short cut by buying them. But I'd say the wait is worthwhile if it eliminates chiseling. Ribbons are the counterparts of medals, and as such should be presented to their recipients as honors, not bought over the counter the way you might buy a pack of cigarettes.

By limiting them to official issue they'd get into the hands only of those who deserve them—and I guess that's what Uncle Sam wants.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Two questions, Sarge. I put in fifteen months overseas with the marines, and after I got back I was recently given a convalescent furlough. Does that count against my regular furlough time? Secondly, when a man gets a seventy-two-hour pass, does that count against regular furlough time?

Cpl. J. C. K., Crane, Ind.

Convalescent furloughs do not count against regular furlough time unless you claim furlough rations. As for passes, up to seventy-two hours these do not go on the furlough record. Above seventy-two hours they do count against regular furlough time.

* * *

I have just returned from overseas duty with a medium bomber group. While in Australia I fell in love with a girl (yeah, she's plenty pretty, Sarge) and I would like to know if there's any chance of getting her to the States so we can get married.

A/S W. O.,
Texas Technological College,
Lubbock, Texas.

I hate to be a sourpuss, but I'm afraid you're out of luck. Under a War Department ruling, even girls who've already married American soldiers in Australia will not be allowed to come to this country until after the war. This makes it just about impossible for an Australian girl to get here if she's only engaged.

As you probably know, WD is pretty strict on soldiers' marriages in foreign theaters. Under Circular 305, dated September 8, 1942, enlisted men are forbidden to marry in any foreign country, including the Panama Canal Zone, without permission of their commanding officer.

* * *

I understand it is possible for an enlisted man with the proper qualifications to apply for training as a Radar technician. How could I go about it?

Cpl. G. E. M., Fort Lewis, Wash.

Submit your qualifications to your commanding officer, together with a request for transfer to the Signal Corps for Radar training. If your C. O. can spare you from your present outfit and the transfer seems advantageous to the Army, he will direct the request through channels.

* * *

The movies are a fake, Sarge. I've seen dozens of girls in sarongs, but none of 'em look like Dorothy Lamour.

Pvt. C. F. L., A South Pacific Island.

Not so fast—maybe the girls are disappointed because you don't look like Gary Cooper!

* * *

Do women in the WACs, Waves, etc., get the same rights as men in the service, as regards debts and obligations which they owe in civilian life?

M. B., Hartford, Conn.

Yes. The Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act applies to women in the services as well as to men. If your ability to meet debts and obligations of civilian life is impaired because of your military service, the courts are empowered to grant stays so that you can put these obligations on ice until after the war.

* * *

I certainly agree with P. E., Y 3/C, of the Waves. Something should be done about their hats. Of all the different styles to choose from, why choose a hat like that? It's true the Waves aren't in the service just to wear a uniform, but as long as they've got to wear one, why not give them a hat that looks like a hat instead of something that looks like a tin pan turned upside down?

A. I., Ketchikan, Alaska.

I'm not taking sides in this squabble. Britannia may *rule* the waves, but I don't want to *rile* them.

* * *

As I understand it, Sarge, the American Defense Service Ribbon is for service prior to Pearl Harbor. I saw a soldier with a bronze star on this ribbon, indicating an engagement with the enemy. How is that possible?

S/Sgt. P. McJ.,
Camp Edwards, Mass.

Disappointed

If you think back, you'll remember that some of the lads in our Navy had a taste of the enemy before we entered the war. Remember the destroyers Kearny and Reuben Jones? Under AR 600-40, Change 25, a bronze star may be worn on the American Defense Service Ribbon of those men in our armed forces who had encounters with the enemy before Pearl Harbor. The same men will be entitled to a clasp on the A. D. S. Medal after the war.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

YOUR MARCH 15 NIGHTMARE

Continued from Page 19

"If contributions are paid by an employer to or under a stock bonus, pension, profit-sharing or annuity plan, or if compensation is paid or accrued on account of any employee under a plan deferring the receipt of such compensation, such contributions or compensation shall not be deductible under subsection *(a)* but shall be deductible, if deductible under subsection *(a)* without regard to this subsection, under this subsection but only to the following extent . . ."

When you've read it through a half dozen times, give up. All it means is that an employer may deduct from his income tax reasonable payments made under a pension plan.

At the bottom of a page-long paragraph is the vital information that any allowance you're getting from a soldier is not taxable. Only, the Bureau words it this way:

"The amounts contributed by the Government to the servicemen's 'monthly family allowance' are in the nature of gifts and need not be included in income."

A "head of a family," as you and I always have figured it, is a person supporting a wife or a child or dependent relative. The law says head of a family is "a single person or married person not living with wife or husband, who exercises family control and supports closely connected dependent relatives in one household." Even the Treasury says "there is a fundamental confusion here."

If you're married and make more than $1,200 a year, you must file a return. You'll not be surprised by now to learn that in the law this reads: "If each has income and their combined gross income is $1,200 or over, or equal to, or in excess of, their total personal exemption (not including credit as head of a family or for dependents) they must each make a return or file a joint return."

I'VE been checking with Treasury men and congressmen, with tax lawyers making fortunes on advising personal clients and with other lawyers making fortunes by writing books on taxes, to discover what authorities think should and can be done. I found first that all agreed on the need for immediate action. I found also that most experts agree on the major changes to be made.

The prime point is that all the various taxes we're now paying should be merged into just one income tax that would go up as our earnings went up or down as our earnings fell.

To reach that tax Utopia, Congress would have to consolidate the normal income tax and the surtax, which is so sensible a move that the only surprising thing is that it still hasn't been done. Then Congress would have to eliminate the earned income credit, which always has been complicated and silly because it really is a 10-per-cent credit on a 6-per-cent tax, which leaves 5.4 per cent, so why didn't Congress make the rate 5.4 per cent to start with? And, finally, it would have to integrate the Victory and the income tax, which is so obvious a need that the chances are 100 to 1 that at least this step will be in the new revenue act.

Once these four taxes were consolidated into a single levy, the Revenue Bureau could work out a tax table that would apply to all except a wealthy few.

In itself, that change would bring revolutionary simplicity into our tax lives.

There's a second improvement upon which all agree. That is, exiling from Washington forever the writers of the incredible thing called income-tax prose and making it mandatory for the new authors of tax instruction sheets to use (1) short words; (2) short sentences; (3) no commas, no semicolons, and no colons; and (4) no parentheses.

Then there is the suggestion that the Treasury—or, if it doesn't get around to it, the Army and the Navy—should supply separate tax forms to servicemen. And there should be separate forms for wives and mothers of servicemen as well, so they can solve their intricate tax problems without going neurotic in the process.

A handy good-looking booklet listing the deductions permitted and not permitted to each type of taxpayer would help a lot. The blanks supplied to us should have more room for writing down deductions, contributions made, etc. As it is, the Treasury is defying the taxpayer to put anything down.

* * *

Preachers *can* swear without using profanity. The following letter, written by the pastor of a Tennessee church to a severe critic, proves the point. The letter ran:

"Since my secretary is a lady, she cannot type what I think of you. Since I am a gentleman, I am not permitted to dictate it. Since paper is not made of asbestos, the message cannot be written. However—you, being none of these, will understand perfectly what I am thinking!"

* * *

Another idea is that withholding should be placed on a straight gross-income basis, so that all of us would know instantly just what percentage of our salaries is being withheld by our employers. And there are dozens of experts who are urging Congress to exempt from filing returns at all the 30,000,000 people whose tax debt is covered by withholding.

The time has come for us to arise in great wrath and force our legislators to give us a tax form we can complete without being an unpleasant combination of accountant, lawyer, tax expert, and bookkeeper—in addition to earning a living in the first place.

Americans always have demonstrated an enormous capacity to pay taxes, but since the Revolution they also have demonstrated an equal willingness to stand up and battle against taxes believed to be cruel. It's up to us to make sure this taxpaying scandal is never repeated in any form. It's up to us to let our congressmen and the administration know we want the tax laws and tax blanks simplified throughout.

When we get done with this Ides of March, Congress may well realize what the general counsel of the Treasury meant when he said:

"Our tax system might safely, though not wisely, irritate 4,000,000 of our citizens, but it's running serious risks when it irritates thirteen times that number."

THE END

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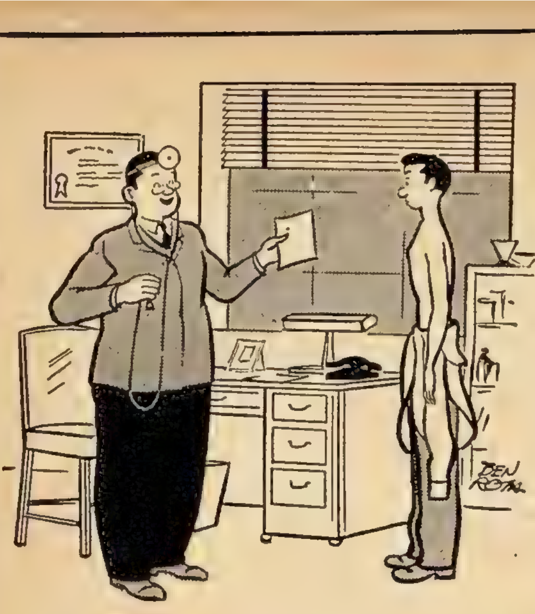

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Liberty NEXT WEEK

✓ WAR CLOUDS GATHER OVER TURKEY

By Juliet Bridgman and Allen Roberts

The Turks want to go to war so they can sit at the peace table afterward, but it's a matter of delicate timing. Meet the astute Ismet Inonu—the man in Turkey who holds the watch.

✓ A BUSINESS MAN GUESSES THE FUTURE

By B. B. Geyer

Nobody can really foretell the future, but some people make some pretty good guesses. Here's a shrewd appraisal of impending events.

✓ RELIEF FOR THE WORLD'S DESTITUTE

By George H. Copeland

Feeding and clothing and otherwise putting Hitler's millions of victims back on their feet is one of the most staggering jobs in history. You'll want to read this article on how the United Nations plan to do it.

✓ HOW FAR HAVE WE GONE TOWARD SOCIALIZED MEDICINE?

By Morris Markey

Medical care for all is humanity's goal. Here's a report on how far we've come toward that goal—up-to-the-minute news of some spectacular wartime developments.

✓ FITCH'S ANGELS OVERHEAD

By Joseph Driscoll

Every day brings news of our flyers' exploits against the Japs. This is a sparkling close-up of the man who runs the show in the South Pacific air.

✓ WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT 1943?

By Ted Shane

1943 was really not so long ago, but how much do you remember about what happened in that year?

✓ YANKS ABROAD: NORTH AFRICA

By Lt. (j. g.) Stanley H. Koch, U. S. N. R.

What do the boys think of these strange lands where they're stationed? First of a series of articles that will give you all the answers—or all the censors will pass anyway.

✓ TOMORROW WE FLY

By William Stout and Franklin M. Reck

Liberty's Book Condensation

Tomorrow America will be on wings. Planes will take us to Europe and the Orient for our vacations; helicopters will take us shopping and to the movies. This book tells just what it will be like—the kind of planes we'll have, how much they'll cost, how they'll change our way of life.

NO LITTLE ENEMY

Continued from Page 25

blue-white gleam of spotlights heralded the most daring feat of all. A man was starting across the wire, balancing in his upraised hands a long horizontal pole. On the pole stood two men, holding aloft still a third. As the bottom man inched slowly along, Helen's stomach seemed to shrivel with anxiety, and she looked away.

Stock's fingers gripped her arm and he shook her. "Watch him! Watch him!" he insisted. "You mustn't miss this!" His upturned eyes were shining.

"It frightens me!" gasped Helen. "Why does he do it? No matter what he gets paid, it can't be enough for doing that! I don't see why—" She stared hypnotically at the tiny shoe soles and the foreshortened figure of the man on the wire. He was almost a quarter of the way across by now.

"It's not the money," whispered Stock. "It's the power. Don't you understand? Don't you see? The other three count for nothing in his hands. At every performance it is he who makes the decision, Shall they live or shall they die?"

The man with his precious burden was halfway across the wire by now. The drums beat on in a rising crescendo.

"I know that power. I've had it. When those sailors were dying there in the water and the flames, I made the decision to bring them out." The voice hissed in Helen's ear. "I chose the ones I wanted to live and the ones I wanted to die. Did you know that?"

Helen thought her ears would burst from the pounding of the drums as the man above them stretched out one foot and touched the opposite platform. The three who formed the pyramid leaped down beside him and they took their bows together.

Helen wrenched herself out of her seat and stood up. The activity in the sawdust rings below swam before her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I don't feel well. I'll have to leave."

Stock was all solicitude as he helped her outdoors. She refused his offer to see her home.

"Can I drop you at the hotel?" she asked.

"No, thanks." His light eyes glinted with some inner stimulation. "I think I'll walk."

WITH a sigh, Tom stood up from his drawing board and answered the light rapping on his door. When he saw it was Helen, he opened it wider and looked at his watch.

"Short circus," he said.

She walked in and tossed the blue cushion on his dresser.

"What's that?"

"A souvenir for you. Mr. Stock won it."

Tom picked up the lump of satin. He read the verse out loud.

"By Hiram Haversham, 1887. Old-fashioned fellow, wasn't he?"

"Don't make fun of that thing," warned Helen. "Mr. Stock had to throw three dollars' worth of rubber balls at Tojo and Hitler to win it."

"Well, I'm glad to hear his instincts are all right. I was beginning to doubt it."

"Were you? Since when?" Helen's voice was heavy with sarcasm. She noticed the papers strewn on the floor

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

REPRESEDATIVE: A congressman who makes you go to sleep.

CROCKTAILS: Too many Martinis.

REVOLOCEAN: Mutiny on the high seas.

TEMPERARY: Mad for only a moment.

PREPAIR: To get ready for twins.

PREFEW: Not very many customers at the movie première.

LUNSHUN: Giving up the noon meal.

COUNTERFIT: A fake convulsion at a bargain sale.

HELLTHY: The devil's condition.

STEWDENT: Pupil in a cooking school.

and the board set up near the window.

"If you're busy, I'll go home."

"No; I've done enough." He tapped a thick envelope already stamped and addressed. "Besides, I want to talk to you. How did you enjoy your afternoon with our hero?"

"Oh, fine. Fine! He saw to it that I didn't miss a thing. Peanuts and pink lemonade and good center seats and—" Her eyes pricked suddenly with the rush of memory. "I was so scared."

Tom pushed her down into a chair. He went to the bureau and fixed her a drink out of the bottles and bucket of ice standing on it. Then he sat down on the bed and faced her.

"Start at the beginning."

When she'd told him about the afternoon she said, "Now don't try to convince me that it's my imagination this time."

"No." Tom stared into his glass. "No, I won't. I shouldn't have said that the other night, either. You were right. There is something peculiar about that gent. Charlie's tale about his trip to the Cape made that clear." He glanced up at her from beneath quizzical brows. "Since your engagement with him this afternoon has turned out to be in the nature of research, perhaps you'd like to hear about mine?"

"Yes. But before you begin you might as well know that my engagement this afternoon was not in the nature of research but of revenge."

"I see." Then she cared enough to have really been hurt about his leaving the train the morning before without speaking to her, he thought. Somewhere in the back of his mind a little diagram for gladness took shape. Later he would bring it out into the light and examine it. He began to tell her about Stock's invasion of his portfolio the first evening of their trip, and about the man Philip Wald in Pittsburgh, and Woodburn the reporter.

When he had finished, he shrugged. "It builds up to a house of cards, that's all. He showed an exaggerated interest in me and my belongings, but that could be due to professional curiosity, as he said when I caught him at it. A minor but fanatic brownshirt greets him, and is snubbed. Does that mean he has given up former Bundist associations, or that he wishes to hide them? He tells you he made the rescues for which I recommended we honor him"— Tom laughed shortly— "not from humane motives but from the desire to play God. Does that make him less a hero?"

Helen said gravely, "I wish I could describe to you how he acted, throwing those balls. He was insane about it! He was so determined—"

"He's a psychopath. He's further from the norm than most of us. But what else? I have a feeling there's something more—some direction to all his deviousness. Maybe the information Woodburn gets from Boston will help. In the meantime I shall remain curious."

She looked at him, her gray eyes troubled. "Are you sure nothing more has happened to prove I was good at playing detective last Sunday?"

"No. Why?"

"You must have been joking with father."

"Did he say anything?"

"Nothing complimentary. He didn't care for the idea of having some one in his house who needed a bodyguard, or for the handiwork you left in the kitchen. I don't believe you gained an admirer."

"He's in good company. I regret it, though, because if I should happen to ask him for his daughter's hand—"

"He'd turn you down flat," she finished for him. She went over to the mirror and fixed her hair and drew new red lips on her mouth.

"I've got to hurry," she said. "We're supposed to be at the university to eat with the cadets at six." She walked to the door. "Nobody consults fathers any more," she said, just before she left. "That stuff went out with Hiram Haversham in 1887."

IT was a quarter to six and Tom was standing before the mirror arranging his tie when Stock walked in. He had knocked and turned the knob simultaneously—a mannerism Tom found extremely annoying. He reminded himself to keep the door chain on after this. Part of his annoyance may have come, too, at the sight of Stock's tall graceful figure in its immaculate white suit, the blue shirt collar pinned so precisely beneath the knot of the darker blue tie. Regardless of the fact that his own suit was newly pressed Tom felt rumpled. He yanked at his tie and left the ends hanging unevenly on purpose—as if to assert indifference to his well groomed visitor.

"Hello. I thought I'd look in to see if you were ready."

The voice was characteristically soft and cheerful, the scent about him characteristically shaving lotion. He pulled out the straight chair beside the desk and swung his leg over it as if it were a hobbyhorse, its back serving as a rest for his arms. Tom found something intolerably intimate in the way he made himself at ease—as if they were two pals in a fraternity house.

The phone rang. "I'll be ready in a minute," Tom said to Stock in as controlled a tone as he could manage. He put the receiver to his ear.

"Mr. Bonbright? Lieutenant Stacy."

"Yes?"

"We've been checking on Tally all day. I have a little information."

"Good."

"According to the report we just received, Tally's been so washed up and discredited with civil litigation, started as a result of your book, that the prosecutors have apparently felt it wasn't worth the effort to prosecute him. From the court records we know he was last in court a few weeks ago, when he was enjoined from any further activities in nonprofit organizations."

Tom laughed. "Nonprofit is in quotes, I judge."

"Definitely. But there's something else. Roger Tally made a Pullman reservation on a train to Washington last Thursday night. You left Washington Friday noon. Seems likely it was Tally you saw on that train and he was following you, doesn't it? The way I figure it, this whole year of lawsuits gave him time and reason to brood on revenge. Then, the first chance he got after the courts were through with him, he lighted out after you."

"It jibes all right, lieutenant." The last word slipped out by accident. Tom glanced at Stock, who was bending over the desk, apparently unheeding.

"Well, that's all. Just wanted to keep you informed. I'll be phoning you again before you leave town."

TOM hung up. When he turned around again, Stock was holding an envelope of drawings in his hands.

"McLeod Features, Inc., Rockefeller Center, New York City," he read aloud. "I see you've had a productive afternoon, Bonbright."

Anger poured hotly over Tom's face. He slammed the closet door. Be careful, he warned himself, or the whole card house will topple. When he answered, his tone was controlled. "I managed to finish up some roughs I had along," he said. "I'm trying to keep as far ahead as possible."

"Looks like you're getting set for a real vacation up at your Mount whatever it is."

Stock spoke with an air of genial envy. "If you finish two weeks of cartoons ahead of time you won't have to lift a pen up there—eh?"

"Not exactly." Tom wondered if the slammed door had been too marked. "I'm going to work up at Sokosu. There's the time element, you know. Two-week-old cartoons don't mean anything." He decided to cover up for the door with a rush of polite small talk. "How was your afternoon? How is the wartime version of the circus?"

"Excellent. All the top performers are still there. I found it very exciting. But I'm afraid the heat and thrills were too much for Miss Hathaway. She felt ill and we left early. She assured me she'd go directly home and lie down."

"Sorry to hear that," murmured Tom. "She probably needed a rest." He was standing at the dresser, picking up cigarettes, keys, papers, and pencil stubs and replacing them in the pockets of his suit. As he reached for the odds and ends of change his hand struck the blue cushion, and the nerve ends of his fingers communicated their message as instantly and painfully as if it had been a hot iron. He raised his head until his eyes were on a level with Stock's in the mirrored reflection. There was no expression in the light blue gaze that met his own, but the long symmetrical lips were stretched in merriment.

THE schedule read: "Thursday noon, McAllister Steel Mill, Detroit."

As they got into the cars that had been sent for them by the McAllister Mill, Nadine looked around quickly and asked, "Where's Mr. Stock?"

"He'll be down in a minute," Charlie told her. "He's waiting for a phone call."

"Oh." In a glance she summed up the occupants of the automobile she was about to enter and stepped back onto the sidewalk. "Maybe Mr. Stock and I had better get into the other car," she said lightly. "Then we'll be evenly divided."

"Sure," agreed Charlie. There was nothing subtle, he thought, about this girl. No cover-up. The heart was on the sleeve, plain as a sergeant's stripes. Himself, he preferred the suspense of a chase—such as Helen might lead a fellow, for example. He looked at her, sitting in the back seat next to Tom. She wore a green linen dress with pearl buttons down the front and pearls in her ears. Cool as a cucumber, he thought unoriginally. In the short time he had been press-agenting her he had found that underneath she could be as crisp and icy as that vegetable, too. Charlie was thankful for that. He didn't want any love affairs messing up his plans for her career.

His eyes shifted to Tom, who had given some cause for worry the first few days—but the thing seemed to have petered out. Right now Tom had almost turned his back on Helen and was reading a letter with Kathleen, who sat on the other side of him. It was a letter from her corporal, and they were laughing over the Australian slang he had put into it.

One of the drivers tapped Charlie's shoulder. "I think we'd better be leaving, Mr. Ross. It's almost an hour's drive to the plant."

Charlie looked at his watch. It was after eleven. He ran up the steps to the lobby and picked up the house phone.

"Ring 912," he told the operator.

The buzz was cut short as Stock, who had evidently been right beside the phone, picked up the receiver.

"Hello," said Charlie. "Has your call come through yet, Mr. Stock? We're waiting."

"No. I thought this was it."

"I'm afraid we can't wait any longer. We're supposed to be at the plant by twelve."

"Perhaps you had better go ahead, then. I'm sure my friend will call any minute, and I can grab a taxi and follow you out."

"Well—O. K. But I don't like to upset the schedule out there. We told them noon and—"

"This call is extremely important to me." The voice was polite but insistent. "I promise you I'll be there by the time you are."

"O. K., then. See you later."

Charlie went out and broke the sad news to Nadine. "Too bad," he announced. "You'll have to ride with me. Mr. Stock's still waiting for his call. He says he'll come out in a cab."

At five minutes to twelve Stock had not yet arrived; but Mr. Seely, the plant manager, assured Charlie that the men who could be released from their work for the rally could go out twenty minutes or a half hour later just as easily.

Tom was standing by the office window looking across the graveled yard. "Just how long is that building over there?" he asked. "The one with the three smokestacks?"

"More than a mile long," answered Mr. Seely triumphantly. "That's the rolling mill. Mighty interesting. I don't know why you shouldn't take a look at it, if you want to." Mr. Seely reached for his cap on the hook behind the desk. "'Tisn't violatin' anything. Once you're past the guard at the gate, you're certified O. K., you know." He chuckled. "Seems funny havin' that tall fence and barbed wire and guards these days. Why, we used to conduct regular sightseeing parties through here. Hardly a week went by without a half dozen classes of school children comin' out to see what-all they'd been studyin' about."

A golfer, looking distraught, asked permission to drive through. "I hope you don't mind," he said. "I'm in rather a hurry. My wife is dangerously ill."

He pointed to the badge on his shirt. "Never thought I'd be havin' to prove who I am to get into this place. I been workin' here goin' onto thirty years. Hitler's sure changed things, hasn't he? Well, come on now."

He led them out of the office building and across the yard.

"Is it hot in there?" asked one of the girls doubtfully.

"Naw. Where it's really hot," declared Mr. Seely with fervor, "is in the open-hearth plant. We're just goin' to look at the mill. It's somethin' to see, I'll tell the world! Cost as much as a battle cruiser," he added proudly.

They entered the building, and for a moment stood still, trying to adjust themselves to the enormity of complicated machinery that stretched out before them. They felt dwarfed and insubstantial as they huddled at one end of the vast structure and stared at the rumbling rollers spanning the long runway. Mr. Seely was satisfied with their reaction. He was past the awed stage himself, but he demanded it as a matter of pride, in others.

He began to spout a few statistics as they walked along beside the mill.

"This machine is as long as five football fields," he told them. "It has thousands of motors and tens of thousands of moving parts."

He saw the girls eying the red block of metal as it was carried along from one set of rollers to another.

"Know how it is when you're down the basement puttin' the family wash through the wringer?" he demanded of Helen.

"Well—" she said uncertainly.

"Same principle. That steel there is as soft as a wet shirt to them heavy rolls. The thinner it gets, the faster it goes through. When we get up to the other end it'll be whistlin' by you twenty-five miles an hour!"

Later Helen remembered that he had quickened his step at this point, as if anxious to keep up with the traveling metal sheet, and that the rest of them had almost trotted to keep up with him.

It was this hurrying that saved them.

When the explosion came from behind them, it was like a volcano erupting, or a dozen block-buster bombs. The first great stunning noise deafened them so that the pieces of machinery spewed into the air seemed to come down as soundlessly as rain into the searing, blinding flames that had burst out from the floor. The foundations of the building shook beneath their feet and the blazing heat from the fire scorched their skin and they must have been screaming as they ran.

MUCH later, when it was all over, Tom's memories of the rest of the day arranged themselves in a nightmarish design. There had been the frightful wreckage, the leaping sheets of flame, and over everything a layer of shattered glass from the skylight. The sounds of disaster roared through the hours: injured men screaming, and the sirens of fire engines. Then the sizzling of cold water on hot metal and the sirens of ambulances. Later the rush of excited voices around him, and always the sirens. Tom remembered carrying men out into the yard, and the way their blood streamed over his hands. He remembered how they had tightened the tourniquets, and how one of the young fellows who had driven them to the plant kept saying, "Are you O. K., dad?" over and over again, and how each time they carried out a victim he would peer frantically at the burned face, or lift the safety goggles, or, if there was no recognizable face left, just look away.

He remembered too the moment he had bumped into a blackened, bedraggled figure helping a bloodstained man to drink some brandy, and the figure had looked up at him and said, "Tom, you've heard about Kathleen?" And he had nodded his head and went on with whatever he was doing, thinking to himself, That was Helen. She's all dirty. She's safe.

After a while he recognized Wells and Stock going past him carrying a stretcher between them, and he thought, So Stock did turn up. He knew there was something else about Stock's turning up he should think about, but his head was splitting and he couldn't think.

Then a long time afterward they were in a room—it must have been Mr. Seely's office again, because his cap was hanging on its hook and they were drinking coffee while a lot of people asked questions. Tom believed he was too numb to be shocked by anything more until he heard the word "sabotage" and there was a bright soundless glitter before his eyes. Then he saw the cameramen with the circular reflectors behind their flash bulbs, and he thought, I didn't hear correctly. The bulbs startled me. But the word kept coming up again and again, and then words like "plot" and "dynamite" were mentioned with it. Finally Tom turned to a man beside him who was writing things down in a notebook.

"What caused the explosion?" he asked. "Have they found out yet?"

THE HOME FRONT

"I really don't miss not having the car, do you?"

He must have spoken louder than he meant to, because a disheveled gray-haired man in the center of the room turned toward him and roared:

"Hell, no! We haven't found out, and we'll never find out. That's the beauty of explosives—never a trace left. But you can take it from me that mill was dynamited as a piece of deliberate dastardly sabotage. This is the greatest home-front crime of the war, I tell you!"

The man beside him whispered, "That's Jordan, president of McAllister Steel."

Some one asked, "Have you any idea who could have been behind such a plot, Mr. Jordan?"

"How do I know?" Jordan's voice was loaded with fury. There were tears of fury in his eyes. "This country is honeycombed with spies and traitors doing their dirty work."

"I understand," interrupted another man, "that hundreds of workers were to be out in the yard at twelve for a bond rally. The explosion occurred at twelve fifteen. Would you say it was timed for the moment when the fewest men would be around to notice anything?"

Before Mr. Jordan could reply a plain-clothes man wearing a police badge asked quietly, "Why wasn't the rally held at the time scheduled?"

"I can tell you why." Stock had his coat off and his shirt was torn and stained. "They were waiting for me. I was delayed at the hotel and took a taxi out here. The driver got confused at the railroad bridge and we were about twenty minutes finding the right entrance." His voice broke. His hand, holding the paper cup of coffee, shook so that the coffee sloshed over to the floor. Some one reached and took it from him and gave him a cigarette.

There was silence for a moment. Then one of the firemen said, "Maybe it would have been worse if the rally was on. If there was a mob of people in the yard, most of them would have been cut bad by the glass that flew out of the roof. Maybe not fatally—but bad. Though, of course, the girl—"

A reporter turned to Charlie. "Have you a photograph of the girl who was killed?" he asked. "What's her name again?"

Charlie answered dully: "Kathleen Kennedy. Yeah, I got a picture back at the hotel." He stared out into the room. "She was one beautiful girl."

Tom remembered Kathleen as he had last seen her, smiling and talking to a couple of men carrying lunch boxes. Then the explosion. He put his face down in his hands. Somewhere deep in his brain a voice was repeating, "The driver got confused at the railroad bridge and we were about twenty minutes finding the right entrance."

THAT evening Tom escaped from the hotel shortly after dark and wandered aimlessly down Washington Boulevard. He wanted to get away from the reporters, the headlines, the phone calls, the nerves, the endless rehashings. As he walked he concentrated on breathing regularly and evenly and on feeling the ground solid beneath his feet. It occurred to him that part of the curious illusion he had of floating through the air might be due to not having eaten since that morning on the train, so he went into a drugstore and ordered a chocolate malted milk. While he was drinking it his eye lighted on the row of telephone booths at the back of the store. He gulped the rest of the drink, and asked for a quarter's worth of nickels.

His first call was to the McAllister Steel Mill. He had some difficulty getting the line, but when he did, a voice at the other end assured that Mr. Seely had gone home. They didn't know his phone number, but his first name was Norbert.

There were several N. Seelys in the telephone book and all of Tom's nickels were gone by the time he located the right one.

Mrs. Seely was determined not to disturb her husband. "After what he's been through, he needs a rest," she declared. "I wake him for no one."

In the cubicle of the telephone booth Tom was soaked with perspiration. He swore furiously and silently at the mouthpiece and tried one more plea.

"This is Tom Bonbright. I'm terribly sorry, but it's important."

"Tom Bonbright? The cartoonist? Oh, that's different. Just you wait."

Tom slumped against the glass door and waited.

When Mr. Seely came on, he apologized again. "I wouldn't have disturbed you for anything else," he said, "but when the guard at the gate was checking our identifications this noon I must have dropped a memorandum I had in my wallet. It is important, and the guard might have picked it up. Could you tell me how to reach him?"

"I can do that, Mr. Bonbright." Mr. Seely's voice was a good deal less cheery than it had been that morning. "His name is Neilson. Wait—I'll give you his number." There was a rattling of book pages. "Cedar 6585."

Tom jotted the number down beneath two hearts and an arrow carved into the wall of the booth. After he said good-by to Mr. Seely he went out to get another five nickels from the cashier, and when he returned his booth was occupied. A girl with tight sausagelike curls all over the back of her head was wedged in for what sounded like a heavy conversation. Tom hung around outside the door for so long that the drug clerk began to notice him.

"The other booths are unoccupied," he pointed out in a tone as cutting as a scalpel.

"I know; but I wrote a number down in that one," Tom confessed miserably.

AT last the girl emerged from the booth, and Tom called Mr. Neilson, who was extremely apologetic for not having seen the lost memorandum.

"Just one other thing," said Tom casually. "Do you remember what time Mr. Stock arrived in his taxi this noon?"

"I don't remember any one in a taxi, sir."

"You know—the gentleman we were waiting for to begin the rally."

"Oh, him, sir. He came up a minute before the explosion. He was in a big black car with another man and a chauffeur. I was just going out to speak to him when we heard that terrific blast, sir."

Tom's hand gripped the receiver. He could hardly wait to say good-by to Mr. Neilson and put his ideas in order.

When he left the drugstore, the chief surgeon and the cashier peered after him. He thought, The explosion has put the whole town on the lookout for suspicious characters. If they find that number in the booth and trace it to one of the McAllister guards, I'll be doing some fancy explaining.

He was amused for a moment with the ramifications of this probability—but only for a moment. He had something much more interesting to think about.

Was Daniel Stock to blame for the tragedy? Next week's installment of the mystery will enlighten the reader and Tom Bonbright.

THE PUZZLE

Continued from Page 13

Papa was so proud now because he had always told people in a loud voice that he didn't like Hitler; Mr. Klammer, who kept on saying, "Hitler is supreme in the world," had to go somewhere and explain that he didn't mean it; and papa had helped clear it all up by saying that Fred Klammer was merely confused and dumb but no fifth columnist. . . . Oh, they were newsy letters—like a visit home.

And then, in one from last summer, an illuminating line seemed to grow large before his eyes:

"If she is going all the time to this San Pequeno, possibly it could be to see John Carter, the one she was sweet on in high school. Mrs. Spottswood heard he moved to California after Ohio, when they left there. You could perhaps find out. Ask her sometime in a casual way. . . ."

FRITZ snapped his fingers. So! He took off his glasses, polished them, and read these lines again, dampening his lips. Had he, on a careless day, skipped through this letter of mama's when hurrying to a rehearsal? For this was a clue, staring him straight in the face.

He dragged deep on his cigarette. What a scandal that must have been, what a lot of commotion! In her short dresses, staying in John Carter's classroom after school, borrowing his books and walking slowly home with him, talking at the gate in full public view. John Carter was then old enough to know better, a college man and schoolteacher, and married, with a child. She hung about their house until a deacon in the church objected and made a pointed reference to it one day in formal meeting. That was the fit finish of Mr. Carter in Halmstad. They told him he had better go find another school. Fritz rebuked himself for his obliviousness. Still, he had not been at home while all this was happening; part of that time he had been away, studying abroad.

He sensed someone watching him through the open dressing-room door. Quickly he turned in his chair.

There, on a packing case in the hallway, sat a boy. He was a brushed, scrubbed boy with silver braces on his teeth. He wore a new long-pants suit and a necktie too big for him and highly polished shoes with thick rubber soles. He had a slight cold and no handkerchief.

Fritz and the boy regarded each other closely for a moment.

"Hello, boy," said Fritz.

"Hi."

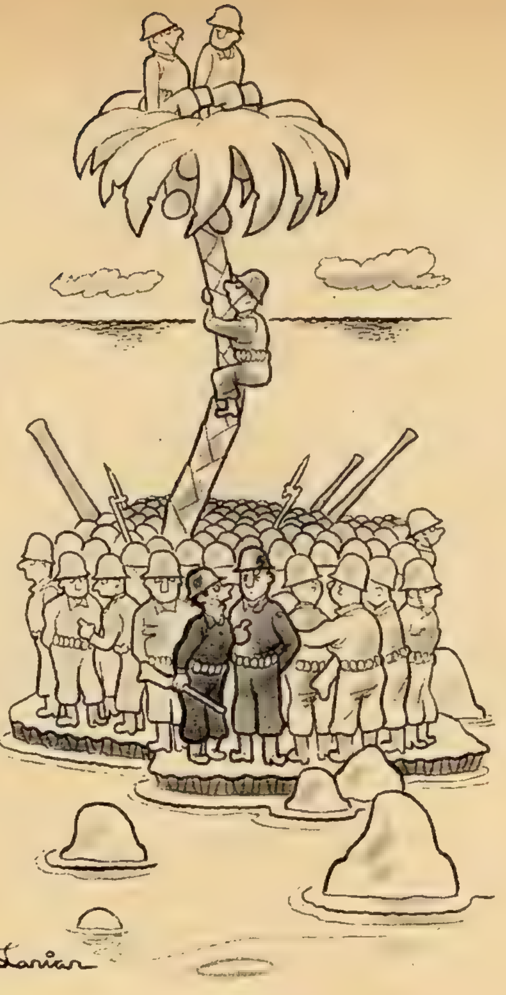
Fritz put his letters away. When he turned around, the boy was still there, sitting with his arms about his knees and his heels on the edge of the packing case.

"I want to tell you a joke," said the boy abruptly. "This door-to-door salesman, see, came to a house and the woman opened the door, but before he could speak she said, 'Don't need none!' And the salesman said, 'How do you know? I might be selling grammars!'"

The boy waited, watching Fritz.

"Well?" said Fritz.

The boy jumped down. To Fritz's astonishment he strode into Christine Held's dressing room without knocking. Inside, he murmured some words which escaped Fritz, and Christine shushed him. "Oh, Marty! You mustn't!" she laughed. . . . There was a curious silence. Then she called, "Oh, Fritz!"



"Are you sure we invaded the right island?"

He found her sitting at the make-up mirror putting on her hat. She didn't turn her head.

"Fritz darling," she said, "have you an extra handkerchief? It's the only thing Marty forgot." The boy grinned sheepishly.

Fritz unfolded a clean white handkerchief with reluctance. Christine tightened the fur about her throat. "Marty, this is Mr. Fritz Bern. He's my accompanist and he comes from the old home town. He's a little peevish tonight, but he's a nice man, really."

Her lips parted, but Fritz didn't encourage her to smile. It was when she completed the introduction that he stiffened in his clothes:

"This is Marty Carter, the son of an old friend of mine. Oh, you'll remember John Carter, Fritz. They lived in Halmstad when Marty was a little boy."

"Pleased to meetcha," Marty said over his shoulder as they departed.

Fritz pushed up his glasses. But this was momentous! It was remarkable how Mama Bern could put two and two together. He would write and tell her so tonight, before he went to bed. "It was what you suspected, mama," he would be able to write her. That would please her very much.

THE wind from the sea was sharp and his hand trunk was heavy. He stumbled through the darkness to a bar he had seen earlier in the day. It was warm there, a nice one, with polished woodwork and gleaming copper, a low oak-beamed room with a bright fireplace and small tables with red-checked gingham cloths.

He hung his hat on one peg, his coat on another, and put his hand trunk exactly under them. He dusted his chair with a napkin, and when the waitress brought his service plate he polished that also, and the knives and forks. He ordered a whisky, a medium-broiled steak, and salad. Then he snapped open his carefully folded newspaper—and found the bartender staring at him.

"Um?" said Fritz.

The man dunked a highball glass in hot water and rubbed the edges with a towel.

"Ain't you the fellow with Miss Christine Held?"

"Well?"

"Boy!" said the bartender.

"What do you mean, 'Boy'?"

"I mean—that must be interesting!"

"I see what you mean," said Fritz coldly.

It was a temptation to pour out on this man an explanation of what it was like, traveling with Miss Held. Being left forlorn in hotel lobbies until you could recite all the magazines on the rack; riding in chair cars because you were no spendthrift, while she rode in compartments and drawing rooms; sly incomprehensible insults and strange unfunny jokes on the more talkative occasions; shrill local committees saying, "You were lovely, too, Mr.—I'm very sorry. What was your name again?"

Watching her bow in the lights while he bent his knees in the shadows; being told no details. JJust an accompanist.

He drew breath; but the man's face was filled with envy. He will see I get good service, Fritz thought. Let it go.

His drink tingled through him and the hearth fire was cozy. He lingered over his meal. When he had smoked to the wet part of his cigarette he opened the hand trunk and took out his leather writing folder, a little extravagance from a Michigan Avenue shop in Chicago.

"YOU don't mind if I write a letter?" he asked. "It is warm here."

The bartender was reading a magazine; he didn't look up. He had lost interest. "Help yourself."

"Dear Mama:" he wrote, in the angular Old World hand which she herself had taught him. "Once last summer you mentioned how Mrs. Spottswood heard of John Carter in California. Well—"

He stopped. He carefully capped his fountain pen; it also was a little extravagance, from a shop on Fifth Avenue in New York. He regarded the bartender patiently until the man looked up. Then Fritz flung an arm over the back of the chair and crossed his legs.

He made a sound in his throat to keep the man's attention. His mother was a great one for drawing information out of people. Fritz was not casual enough, she often said; but he felt that he had done this rather well up to now.

The bartender kept his thumb on his place in the magazine.

"I—ah—" Fritz began casually. "I've heard some conversation about a family here by the name of Carter. John Carter."

The bartender nodded. "I'll bet you have." He leaned an elbow on the bar and located a toothpick in his pocket. "That was sure too bad, what happened."

Fritz blinked. "Um?"

"Being captured in the Philippines."

"Oh." Fritz sat still.

The man worked thoughtfully on his teeth. "When it hits somebody in your home town—that's when you realize what such things mean to a man's family."

Fritz hitched his chair. "Well, well,"

he said. "Just when did this happen?"

"Bataan."

"Oh."

The fire crackled. Fritz gazed into it, mulling this over. He asked, puzzled: "Then he wasn't here last summer—John Carter? Wasn't in town?"

"No. Like I say, he was captured on Bataan. He was over there getting an order for some kind of schoolbooks and had to join up with the Army, sort of unofficial." The man regarded Fritz curiously. "Didn't you know that?"

"Um?"

The door opened and several customers came in. They were beach-patrol civilians, full of loud talk and laughter.

Fritz glanced down at his letter in disappointment. Finally he put the top part of the sheet in the fire, saving the scrap for notepaper. He folded his writing pad and locked it, and put it in his hand trunk and locked that. A little theory he had been toying with had been blown right out the window.

He paid his bill.

"Good night," he said.

But the bartender was busy.

COLD mist was blowing in from the sea now; it moved in wraithlike forms along the darkened street. He stood irresolutely on the sidewalk, the only figure abroad in the town. Then, feeling vaguely unsatisfied, he walked home to the hotel. He said: "Good evening" to the young clerk, who didn't hear him, and carried his hand trunk upstairs himself.

His room was cheerless. There was no point spending money foolishly on hotels and his rooms were always cheerless.

He was grimly laying out his pajamas when it dawned on him that he had been too hasty. He could have found out much more from the bartender if he had played his cards right. He could have bought a brandy and made it last, waiting to ask more questions.

He put on his hat and coat and went back downstairs.

The clerk had turned out the lobby lights and the place was almost as dim as the streets. Fritz had reached the door when he heard the phone ring.

"Yes, Miss Held," the young man said. "Surely, at once, Miss Held." He hung up the receiver and dialed. "Mission Inn. Send the taxi right away."

Fritz promptly removed his hat and coat and slipped into a dark corner. He folded the coat carefully on one chair and sat down in another. He wasted his cigarette, so it wouldn't glow in the dark. He felt pleasantly excited.

First he made out three pairs of feet coming down the gloomy stairway. A boy's feet, a woman's feet, and Christine's feet. Then the Carter boy and a plump little woman and Christine, in her expensive coat, walked by. They were chatting gaily as they passed, without seeing him. As the door whirled he heard Christine say, "Nonsense. I'll see you home. I want a breath of air."

Fritz moved to the window. He stood close to the glass until the cab drew away. Bitterly he thought of the bartender who had envied him. People should know what it was like, being her accompanist, never knowing what she was up to.

"Oh, good evening!" said the clerk's voice beside him. "I didn't recognize you. Do you want some light?"

He sounded friendly. He was about seventeen years old. Fritz picked up the hat and coat and walked back with him to the desk. He bought a package of gum, digging the exact change, in pennies, out of an old-fashioned purse.

"Too bad about John Carter," Fritz said, adjusting his glasses. He looked hopefully at the young man.

The clerk was willing to talk. This was heartening; gum was a nickel and brandy would be, anyway, thirty-five cents. Fritz laid his coat on the counter and smiled genially at the boy, who was saying: "I figured out she was up to something when she came here so often last summer."

"Who?" asked Fritz.

"Miss Held."

"Oh."

"Not that anybody else knows," the boy said hastily, "but I like to figure things out. A hotel man gets to know human nature. It's a good place to study human nature."

"Sure," said Fritz. "You can put two and two together."

"Sure. When I noticed the braces on young Marty's teeth, and the new clothes and stuff, and when they moved to a decent house—I knew who was back of it."

"What's this?" said Fritz.

"Oh," the boy said quickly, "I wouldn't talk about it to anybody else. She doesn't want it generally known, you can see that. But it was mighty nice, just the same." He put both elbows on the counter and his eyes were dreaming. "It must be swell to work with her. She's so easy to talk to and so gay and all. I've had dandy conversations with her. We're pretty good friends now, I'm proud to say."

"Oh?"

"Sure. My dad owns this hotel, but I want to be a writer eventually. She told me how Mr. Carter encouraged her when she was about my age—sort of made her see how it's possible to have a career, no matter where you live. That's what she told me."

"Oh, said Fritz. "That's what she told you, was it?"

"Oh, sure. And while working in a hotel you can study human nature and—"

"Wait a minute," snapped Fritz.

"Sir?"

"Did she happen to mention why she postponed Salt Lake City and played here all of a sudden?"

"Well, naturally not," the boy said. "I wouldn't mention it to anybody but you, but I could guess."

"You guess, then," said Fritz.

"It was a benefit, wasn't it?"

Fritz blinked as the boy went on: "I heard there was twenty-seven hundred dollars in the house. That's going to be a big help to Mrs. Carter."

"Good night," said Fritz abruptly.

He picked up his coat and hat. He marched upstairs to his room.

HE unlocked his hand trunk and took out his leather writing pad and unlocked that and began:

"Dear Mama: You wanted some information and I have got it for you. She has been in touch with John Carter all these years as you suspected—"

He was startled out of his absorption by a quick light knock on the door.

It was Christine Held.

"What do you want?" he asked.

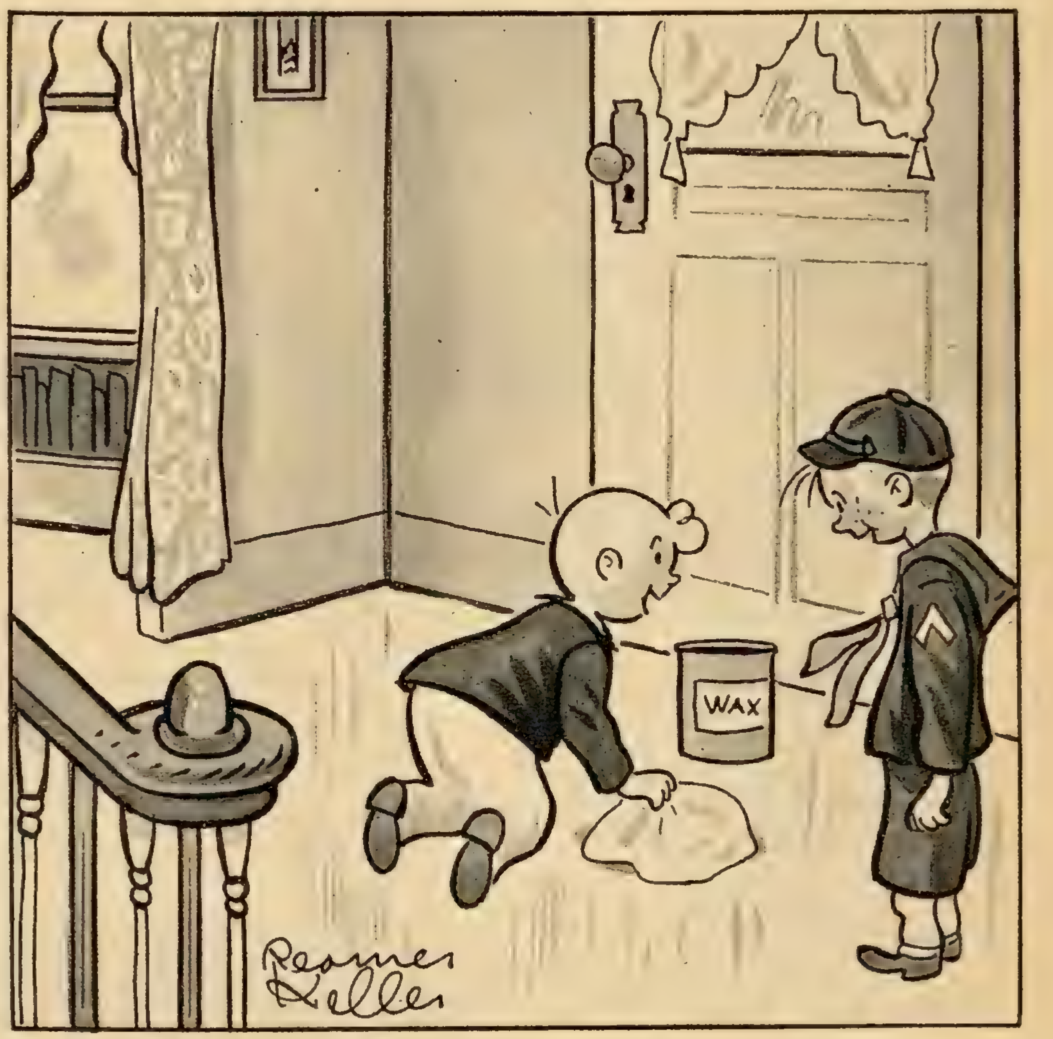
She put her fingertips against his chest and pushed him gently back into the room. She was in one of the playful moods which he couldn't abide. "Fritz, whatever is wrong this time, darling? What have you been so peeved about these last few days?"

He went over to the writing desk and closed his pad.

"Come on, now," she said lightly. "Out with it. There's something."

When he turned around she was sitting on the arm of the chair, her coat

HARDTACK



"The last time my dad slipped fifty cents fell out of his pocket!"

open, swinging one leg, regarding him in the amused way that always disturbed him. He worked the muscles in his cheek and didn't speak.

"Come on, Fritzi!" she said beguilingly.

"It's a lot of things," he burst out at last.

"But what?"

He couldn't think how to say it. A hundred grievances crowded in his mind.

"Oh, Fritz!" She pressed her lips and rose. "Oh, I'm sorry for what I did tonight—when I sang the lullaby." Her face was solemn but her eyes were twinkling. "I—I couldn't help it. Is that what's bothering you, my petsy?" Her fingers were on his sleeve.

"It's everything!" he burst out. "It's coming here when I don't know why—and being in the dark about everything—and all these jokes of yours—"

TO his fury she put both hands up to his face and pulled his head down to her lips. She kissed him lightly on the bald spot.

"You poor darling," she said. "You'll never know how many times I've wished you had a sense of humor." He stalked away from her and turned his back. The silence was long. She spoke, finally, from the doorway. "Ah . . . Fritz."

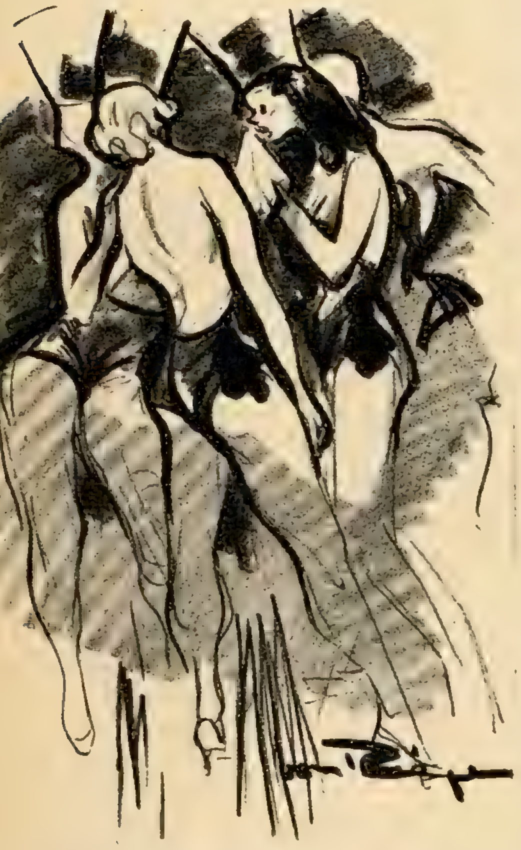
He didn't answer. He didn't lift his eyes.

"Fritz," she said gently, "there'll be something extra in your pay envelope this week. I think you're the very best accompanist in the world—you know that, don't you?"

She waited. He didn't speak. The door closed.

After a time he sat down and finished his letter to his mother. Among other things he said: "Maybe you can figure out why she comes here and spends money on Mrs. Carter when chances are John will never come back from the Philippines at all. And now she has given me another raise. I cannot believe she does such things without purpose. I will watch closely and some day, perhaps, I will find out what it is."

THE END



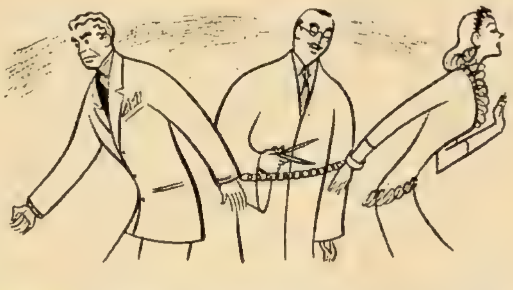
"I wonder just how I managed to catch cold."

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

GREETINGS, PALS!
God grant we'll see the end of war
In nineteen hundred forty-four.

CAPITAL CRACK-UPS: During the past fiscal year there have been 1,900 divorce cases in Washington as compared with 480 in 1939. Between July 1 and November 1, 484 divorce cases were handled, 420 of them uncontested. Justices hearing them believe the reasons for the rising D. C. marital mortality are impulsive wartime marriages, the rapid growth of Washington population, which bespeaks disintegrating homes elsewhere, restrictions on travel to Nevada and other traditional divorce centers, and the fact that wives deserted by husbands years ago have tracked them down through the draft. . . . Aggressively modern etiquetteers have the insolence to call certain novel D. C. customs the Pentagon Emily Post Exchange. They claim it is *comme il faut* to regard extramarital monkey business on the part of a wife acceptable if her soldier spouse is stationed in the U. S., but all playing around is taboo if the husband is in service overseas. We believe Mrs. Post would agree that such a relaxed point of view is *not* the custom of the country, nor of the capital, either.



IT'S A GIFT: Mrs. Benjamin Rogers of Washington had a one-woman show of twenty-five of her oil paintings at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York. She admits her talent floated to the surface quite by accident. A decade or so ago in Paris, at a luncheon given by Lady Mendl, Elsa Maxwell suggested that the guests should try their hands at painting pictures, which she would forthwith exhibit for charity. Mrs. Rogers connected with a brush and produced a still life that set the town agog. Says she, "I took to oils like a duck to water." Her daughter, Mrs. Millicent Huddleston Rogers, is as enthusiastic a Virginia farmer as her ma is a painter, hostess, and volunteer war worker.

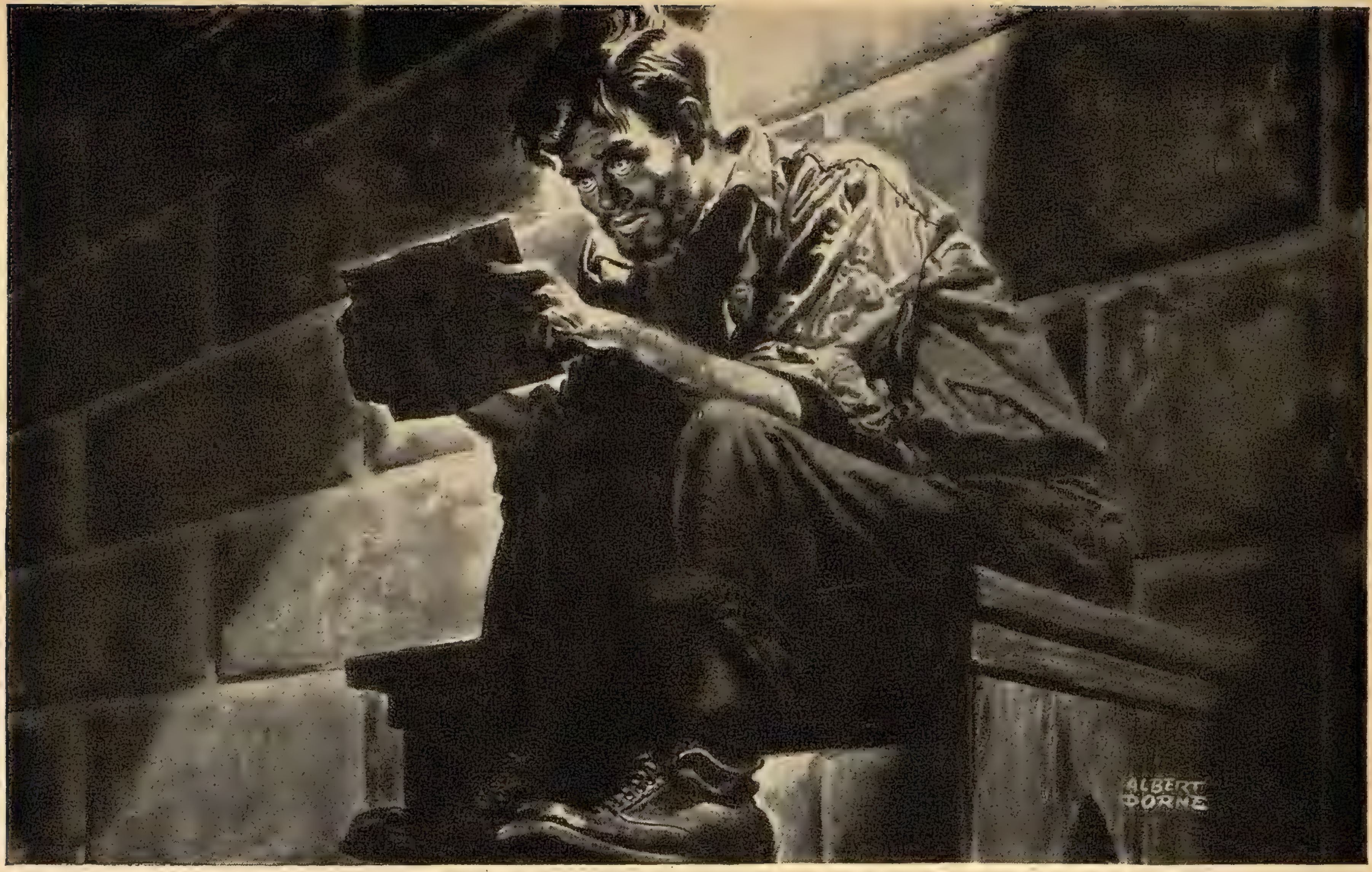
OLD - TIMERS: Eighty - year - old Mrs. Lily B. Whitecotton went to work last year as a clerk in the auditing division of the Navy Department. When she took the Civil Service examination required to qualify her for a post as junior clerk, she said she guessed it was her last chance to qualify as junior anything. Civil Service called her three times to say she had passed both the written and physical exams royally but was beyond the age limit. Later she was told that work in the Navy Department awaited her. Within seven months she won two promotions. She lives at the Colonial Dames Club in Washington, D. C. . . . Mrs. Helen Dortch Longstreet is the widow of Confederate General James Longstreet, who died in 1904. She lives in a trailer camp in Marietta, Georgia, and has been studying to be a riveter. Reluctant to tell her age, she admits she hasn't yet hit the century mark—which is obvious, as she is both vigorous and personable.

DISH OF NOTE: The Joe Savages oblige with a post card from New Orleans supplied by the Restaurant Antoine, which vouches for the fact that either Joe or Janet had order No. 1,128,422 of oysters à la Rockefeller, a dish first concocted on the premises by Jules Alciatore, whose son is now the restaurant proprietor and owner of the oyster recipe which is now modestly described as "a sacred family secret."

GIVING CUSTOMERS THE BIRD: El Borracho is the East Fifty-fifth Street restaurant in New York now packing in customers bent on paying at least $3.50 for dinner, besides plenty for every drink. Presiding over the bar is one Tom, not the Piper's son, but a myna bird from Java, given to hooting, shrieking, whistling, barking, and jeering in assorted languages that galvanize terrified guests into lightning overindulgence to cushion the shock of Tom's fierce falsetto. Adjoining his sanctum is the Kiss Room, where diners study a ceiling adorned with the rouged lip imprints of several hundred addicts whose signatures appear below each imprint. On the tables the management has planted cards bearing the plea: "If you have enjoyed the Dinner, the Service and the Atmosphere of El Borracho, PLEASE DO NOT tell your friends, as our seating capacity is limited."

LADY OF LEISURE: Miss Elsa Stone, fifty-two, of Newton, Massachusetts, teaches high school, works nights as a welder in the Boston Navy Yard, farms on Saturdays, is organist and choirmistress Sundays, but insists she has plenty of spare time to make frequent donations of blood to the Red Cross.

HAIL AND FAREWELL:
Let's hope the coming year will be
A better one than 'forty-three.



Letter to a P.O.W.

WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War . . . tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he's an American, and he hasn't had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell *him* why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay day—if you didn't.

> "Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I . . ."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

> Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so . . ."

Better cross that out, too. They don't ever get vacations where Joe's staying.

> Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

But, if somehow you find you can't finish that letter, will you do this for Joe? Will you up the amount of money you're putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you'll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe's sake—start doing it right away?

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This advertisement prepared under the auspices of the War Advertising Council and the U. S. Treasury Department

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The volunteer nurses line up before their new lieutenant as she tells them what is in store for them.

The first casualty is a young art student who loses her mind after four days in a dugout with six corpses.

This is it. The lines are dead and the shooting has stopped. The girls prepare to surrender to the Japs.

BY HARRIET GOULD

CRY 'HAVOC'

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Margaret Sullavan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothern

RIGHT on the heels of So Proudly We Hail comes Cry 'Havoc,' another story about the bravery of the Army nurses during those first desperate days of the war in the Philippines.

So Proudly We Hail was based on factual information obtained from War Department files and interviews with nurses who had escaped from the trap on Bataan. Many of the scenes, plotted from actual news photographs, had the authenticity of newsreel shots.

Cry 'Havoc,' lacking this documentary background, is simply the story of a bunch of women in a tight spot—a situation that might have occurred on *any* battle front in this man's war. Its dramatic value lies not in its historical significance but in its varied and interesting characterizations.

It's the story of ten gallant women—three Regular Army nurses and seven volunteers—who keep Bataan's last base hospital operating long after the evacuation order. Without sleep or food or sufficient medical supplies, they man their posts until escape is impossible.

They have their squabbles and cat fights over men and food. They have their personal victories (one of the girls shoots down a Jap Zero) and their personal tragedies (another girl loses her mind after being buried in a dugout for four days with six corpses)—always aware that there is no "out" for them. In the end they march from their underground hut to surrender to an advance company of Japs.

But the story is still only a thread that ties together a superb collection of portraits contributed by one of the best all-female casts ever assembled. The gallery includes a plucky lieutenant in the Nurses' Corps (Margaret Sullavan) who refuses to be evacuated although she is dying of malignant malaria; an ex-strip teaser (Joan Blondell) who wishes the bullet wounds in her leg were on her face, where nobody would have noticed them; a waitress from Brooklyn (Ann Sothern) whose acid remarks keep the girls' tempers on edge; an Alabama debutante (Diana Lewis) who came to Bataan to find her Marine fiancé; and some beautifully defined characterizations by Fay Bainter, Marsha Hunt, and Heather Angel.

Cry 'Havoc' will never be remembered as one of the great films of the war. As a war picture, it isn't in the same league with the other films (So Proudly We Hail and Bataan) which have been concerned with this campaign.

Adapted from a moderately unsuccessful stage play, Cry 'Havoc' constantly betrays its theatrical origin. Most of the action takes place in a dugout, so that sometimes things get pretty static, and the girls get pretty talkative, and you begin to think you're seeing The Women all over again—in a new locale.

But the big attraction in Cry 'Havoc' is its knockout cast. And the fact that every one in it is giving a knockout performance makes this a picture you're not going to want to miss.

This Is the Life

A FEW years ago Sinclair Lewis wrote a highly unsuccessful play called Angela Is Twenty-two. Universal changed the title and, with the help of Donald O'Connor, Louise Albritton, and Susanna Foster, has turned it into a pretty good little movie. It's a nice mixture of puppy love, sophisticated romance, Bach, and boogie-woogie. (Universal.)

"JACK LONDON"
Based on "The Book of Jack London" by Charmian London
A United Artists Release

JACK LONDON, one of America's most exciting literary personalities, gets mighty flimsy treatment in his film biography. Whether the major fault lies in the talky disjointed script or in the incompetent performances of the stars (Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward) is hard to say, but Jack London comes far from being an exciting movie. (United Artists.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal). Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
GOVERNMENT GIRL (RKO). Olivia de Havilland, Sonny Tufts. Comedy.
GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Cent.-Fox). William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan. War drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
HIS BUTLER'S SISTER (Universal). Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone. Comedy-musical.
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M). Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

Paramount greets 1944 with a hilarious roar.

• • •

NO TIME FOR LOVE is a delirious demonstration of what happens when an immovable force meets an irresistible body.

• • •

The irresistible body is curvaceous **CLAUDETTE COLBERT** . . . The immovable force is six-foot **FRED MacMURRAY.**

• • •

These two talented stars return to comedy in a picture that combines many of the delightful qualities of *her* "Palm Beach Story" and *his* "Take A Letter, Darling."

• • •

Claudette's a candid camera career girl who is very, very intellectual about love. Her boy friends have all their muscles in their brains . . . Fred makes a career of tunnel-digging, and has muscles where they do the most good.

• • •

What happens when they meet under the bed of the East River is—take it from no less crotchety and cautious a previewer than Motion Picture Daily—"grand, hilarious, top-flight entertainment."

• • •

Claudette's stunning gowns make up for all the gorgeous clothes she *didn't* wear in "So Proudly We Hail." While from the waist up, Fred wears his celebrated grin.

• • •

Their able comedy assistants include the lady of the "imperfect past," Ilka Chase; and Richard Haydn.

• • •

And the production and direction by Mitchell Leisen forecast the matchless quality of his forthcoming "Lady In The Dark," about which you will hear much, much more in coming months, from—

Paramount Pictures

NEW BURMA ROAD

Continued from Page 17

rain. Paper literally melts in this climate.

The chief complaint of the men is that "it's damned near as wet inside our bunks as outside." There's no need for showers; the men merely strip and start soaping themselves. Sometimes the clouds are so heavy and low-lying that a man on one level can see the legs of a workman a few yards above him and nothing else.

It was nearly dark when we reached the jeep and started for home. We passed a semicircular slash in the mountains where engineers had discovered a good gravel deposit. Hard-rock miners from Colorado were inside, working under huge arc lights—a sharp contrast to near-by Indian villages, all of which were blacked out as a precaution against Japanese night raiders.

There was a permanent crusher in this pit, but the engineers also use mobile crushers, moving them to wherever rocks are found. Stream beds are a prolific source, and when they are difficult of access Negro troops form long lines and pass the rocks back from hand to hand. The Chinese watch delightedly as the mechanically minded Americans thus copy their methods.

THE Chinese set the style for this type of labor when they were ordered to bring gravel across a small stream. An American engineer gave them cable enough to support a small bridge. A few days later he returned to discover the Chinese had built a bamboo raft and were using the cable as a guide wire to ferry rock across the river faster than it could have been moved on a bridge.

Rock is the backbone of this road, which requires a particularly hard surface. The old Burma highway was closed at least three months a year because of rain damage to the roadbed, but the new road is being built to stand up under the pounding of twenty-five-ton vehicles the year round, even at the height of the monsoon season.

Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell, commander of American forces in China, Burma, and India, conceived the idea of a new highway to China last year while he was walking out of Burma following the collapse of the Allied resistance. At New Delhi he conferred with government of India officials about the project. They contended it couldn't be done. But Stilwell fought stubbornly for his idea, and in mid-December of 1942 American engineers started moving equipment up the Assam Railway—equipment for which they had scoured India for months.

The first job was to establish malarial control, and soon 1,500 natives were digging drainage ditches and building bamboo shelters. There were only a few American and British officers on the job, and they supervised laborers hired in many sections of India in order not to disrupt the tea-plantation labor pool. The Americans had language difficulties at first, but British officers co-operated wholeheartedly and within a few weeks the Americans were talking about their "road," not their "plans."

Units from Negro aviation engineer regiments were rushed to Assam. Officers, many of whom had worked on Canadian projects and later in Persia, flew to India and took over control of the work. The men worked with their weapons right at hand, while crews manned antiaircraft batteries constantly, watching for Japs. As work progressed toward the Burma border, Chinese troops were brought up from General Stilwell's training camp in India and given the job of beating back Japanese patrols while the Americans concentrated on building the highway.

Now that job gets more difficult with each newly built mile. Work has been carried on twenty-four hours a day, in three shifts, seven days a week. There has been only one over-all holiday. That was Easter Sunday. The Americans boast a record of two miles of highway built in one day, but often they have averaged only 200 yards of new construction.

Far out in front of the actual construction work, American engineers guided by natives survey the territory through which the road will run. These parties, together with outpost units defending the area, are supplied by air. Young American pilots swoop down as low as fifty feet to dump or parachute their cargoes.

Only one plane has been lost so far, and its crew numbered more than the Americans and Chinese lost in actual defense of the entire area, so successful have General Stilwell's tactics proved. Not a single combat man has been killed on the highway through engineering accidents. True, many man-hours have been lost because of sickness, but extraordinarily good hospitalization facilities have been provided.

"You call this a plot?" laughed a Hollywood producer scornfully as he read aloud the brief synopsis which had just been submitted:

"'A rich and powerful man falls in love with his brother's wife, murders his brother and marries her. The son of the murdered man broods and goes nutty. He falls in love with a girl who gets so worried about everything that she goes crazy.'

"Whew!" scoffed the reader, and continued: "'The girl's brother and her lover stab each other to death; the mother takes poison. And her son, just before he dies, stabs and kills his stepfather.'

"Bunk! Bunk! All bunk!" the motion-picture genius roared, slapping the script on his desk. "That's no story. *Nobody* could make a show out of that."

"But it made quite a lot of money on the stage," mildly insisted the author of the synopsis, "under the name of Hamlet."

—*Louis Rich.*

Japs are not the only menace these men face, either. Deadly snakes are an ever-present danger, although the men ignore them unless the reptiles invade their bunkhouses. Once a herd of wild elephants charged a group of workers, and the men killed three. There was an amusing sequel several months later when the U. S. Army received a bill for 180 rupees. The natives claimed that the elephants had been tame ones and had belonged to them. Several tigers have also been killed near the camps by the men.

The Tokyo Road is truly international. There are Garo porters from southern India, Naga head-hunters, Indian State workers, black and white Americans, Chinese and Burmese.

Even Sir Archibald Wavell, now viceroy of India, has done a "bit" on the road. Wavell, at that time commander in chief of India, visited the project, accompanied by Major General Wheeler, head of the Army Service Forces in that area. A tree fell across the highway, blocking traffic, and Wavell climbed out of his car to help move it.

"That's the highest-ranking coolie we've ever had working here," General Wheeler remarked, much to the amusement even of General Wavell.

"All nations are represented here," Brigadier General John C. Arrowsmith told me. (Arrowsmith, who has been in charge of the project, is a forty-eight-year-old engineer from Kansas City and an expert on flood control. That may be the reason the big, bluff, blond, hard-bitten general was chosen for the job by Stilwell.)

There is a standing joke that some of the newly arrived Chinese speak with a Negro accent the few words of English they have learned. Most of the Negroes have learned such Chinese phrases as *hao bu hao* and *ting hao*, which, literally translated, mean "good or bad" and "excellent."

Indians were astonished to see a Negro warrant officer eating with white Americans, and one remarked, "That's the best war propaganda in favor of the United Nations that has ever been put out here."

The Americans chafe at the traditional slowness of Indian laborers, but they have partly solved the problem by setting a certain amount of work and paying the Indian a day's wages whether he takes five hours or ten to complete it. The Indian speeds up his work, as a result, in order to finish sooner.

As for the Nagas, their friendship with the Americans dates back to the days of the retreat from Burma. When the Japanese burned certain villages in Burma, the Americans fed and hospitalized the Naga refugees, and since then we have been on good terms with the tribesmen.

Even the Army dental corps has helped win their good will. Several months ago a Naga tribesman working for the Army complained of a toothache. The dentist gave him a shot of cocaine, and the native, thinking his toothache was over, started to walk out. The dentist dragged him back and pulled the tooth. The Naga kept it, and the next day brought in his wife, explaining that she also wanted a tooth for an ornament. Now the Naga Hills Dental Society does a thriving business.

YES, all races meet on the new Burma Road. Even the Japs play a part. The highway is no secret to them. Their reconnaissance planes are constantly taking photographs, and reinforcements are reported moving into Burma to fortify the northern line, which General Stilwell must crack if construction work is to continue.

Early this year a Japanese radiocaster, reporting that the Americans were building a new Burma Road, commented: "When it's finished, we'll use it to invade India."

To this the Americans have a retort. The Japs are building a highway from Myitkyina to Tengchung, just north of the Jap-held section of the Burma highway near the Salween River. Say the Americans: "We may use that road ourselves later on."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	5	6	■	■	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14						15	■	16						
17							■	18				■	19	
20				■	21		22	■	23			24		
25			■	26				27	■	28				■
■	■	■	29			■	30		31	■	32			33
34	35	36			■	37				38	■	39		
40					41		■	42			43			
44			■	45			46		■	47				
48			49	■	50			■	51			■	■	■
■	52			53	■	54		55			■	56	57	58
59					60	■	61			■	62			
63		■	64			65	■	66		67				
68		69					■	70						
71							■	■	72					

HORIZONTAL

1 First believer in victory through hair power
7 Like Japs, they creep up on you, but a good Yank brings 'em down
14 Drips caught in drafts
16 Touch system
17 Make an ell of a change in the house
18 Plot that never thickens
19 Moidered de berled ersters, soilern steak, pataytiz, and dessoit
20 In reverse, how does your tire look?
21 A sock in the puss with a powder puff
23 Upsets (anagram)
25 It invades every home in America, fills it with words and music (abbr.)
26 An exerciser used in chinning from bars
28 A clock-eyed Thomas
29 Jap cemetery, and what Japs do there
30 This makes quite a meal for the kids
32 Since the war there's been a hog shortage here
34 Sheeted Bedouins
37 Top member of the House
39 Plush Neverleak Underwear (abbr.)
40 Mechanized girdles
42 Cause of the downfall of the man with the wooden leg
44 What we like to hear about airplane factories
45 Hiththeth inthtead of thpeaking thenthibly
47 Pile up a lot of $pending rock, feller$!
48 Dweat big I's
50 Via
51 Who's It in the game of FBI what?
52 Wickerwork Waldorfs
54 Big noodles are stuffed with big whats?
56 Gazelle Hamburger Bounces (abbr.)

S	K	I	S	■	A	D	E	■	F	A	L	A
H	I	L	L	■	B	A	G	P	I	P	E	S
E	N	■	A	V	E	N	G	E	R	■	N	H
■	G	A	T	E	■	I	S	E	■	S	T	Y
E	S	S	E	N	C	E	■	L	E	E	■	■
A	R	S	■	I	O	L	A	■	G	A	M	E
T	O	A	S	T	S	■	S	H	O	W	E	R
S	W	U	M	■	T	R	I	O	■	E	R	A
■	■	L	A	P	■	H	A	R	L	E	M	S
O	A	T	■	A	L	I	■	S	O	D	A	■
A	D	■	A	R	U	N	D	E	L	■	I	M
K	A	N	G	A	R	O	O	■	L	I	D	O
S	M	E	E	■	E	S	S	■	S	O	S	O

Last week's answer

59 Smacked in the kisser by a glamour gal
61 The order for 1944
62 This needs a snicker to be a cutup
63 How backward people stammer
64 Good noose forward; all wet backward
66 Mrs. Spaghetti is one
68 Silent loud-speakers
70 Wise guy
71 Her Heart Was Young and Gay in a recent best seller
72 Takes another plunge into the she of matrimony

VERTICAL

1 Grecian glamour gal
2 Sour, as in picklepuss
3 The big ape
4 He's always good in a pinch
5 Young-idea-ed
6 A nice clean sewer
7 Beaver! (abbr.)
8 Garden product
9 Light charges; traveling expenses
10 One who would like to be weighed and found wanting
11 50-50
12 When they get drunk, they see pink Frank Bucks
13 Refreshing things about a woman's head
15 Second-childhood marble
22 This is now on the other foot (coll.)
24 Wallace's Wonderland
26 Lease (anagram)
27 "I know - - - - - what!" cried the electrician
29 The Fat Woman's heart does this when she sees her Boy Friend (abbr.)
31 A blaze under the Xmas tree
33 Often takes a club to club them from club members
34 Belly blad plain
35 This guy shaves this with a piece of broken glass
36 The more beefing he does, the more he makes
37 According to Dumb Dora, this's a little mule
38 Hahlem backgammon
41 Cost of buying your hat back at the nitespot
43 What the old maid said during her first proposal
46 Ship schnozzle
49 The face on Hitler's personal kremlins
51 Wise guy
53 Most romantic piece of silverware
55 Feminine side of the Father of Waters
56 Gremlins say: Be it ever so humble there's no place like it!
57 Biblical bad man
58 Thousands of things
59 Father Time has big ones
60 A musical movie actor
62 Its downfall is imminent in Russia
65 Profits Sour Republicans (Oh yeah!) (abbr.)
67 Goering Lights Electrically (abbr.)
69 Juicy note

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

BETTER PROTECTION with Carhartt

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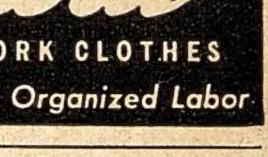
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JAN. 1, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

YEAR OF DECISION

WE stand again at the threshold of a new year--a time for checking up and for looking ahead. The year past was a momentous one for America and for the world. We saw the shadow of possible defeat in this war dissipate as we, with our allies, grasped the initiative on all fronts. We made but a beginning of winning the war, but at least the year's efforts made our losing it a remote contingency.

Now an even more momentous year opens. 1944 will be a year of decision in which many of the foreboding question marks which beset us will be resolved.

There will be decisive military events, important action which will mean life or death to millions of people in war-devastated countries, history-making decisions in statecraft both at home and abroad. On the year's calendar is a vitally important election in which we will choose a leader.

Few of these decisions will come about by themselves. Men will meet, argue, and conclude to do one thing or another or to do nothing at all. It so happens that of all the people in the world, we Americans, as individuals, each bear a share of the responsibility for these decisions. Other countries, excluding possibly those of the British Empire, will make their decisions according to the ideas of an individual or a small group of individuals. But we must do our own thinking. Those we place in authority are responsible to our will and in the last analysis take whatever road American public opinion decides they shall take.

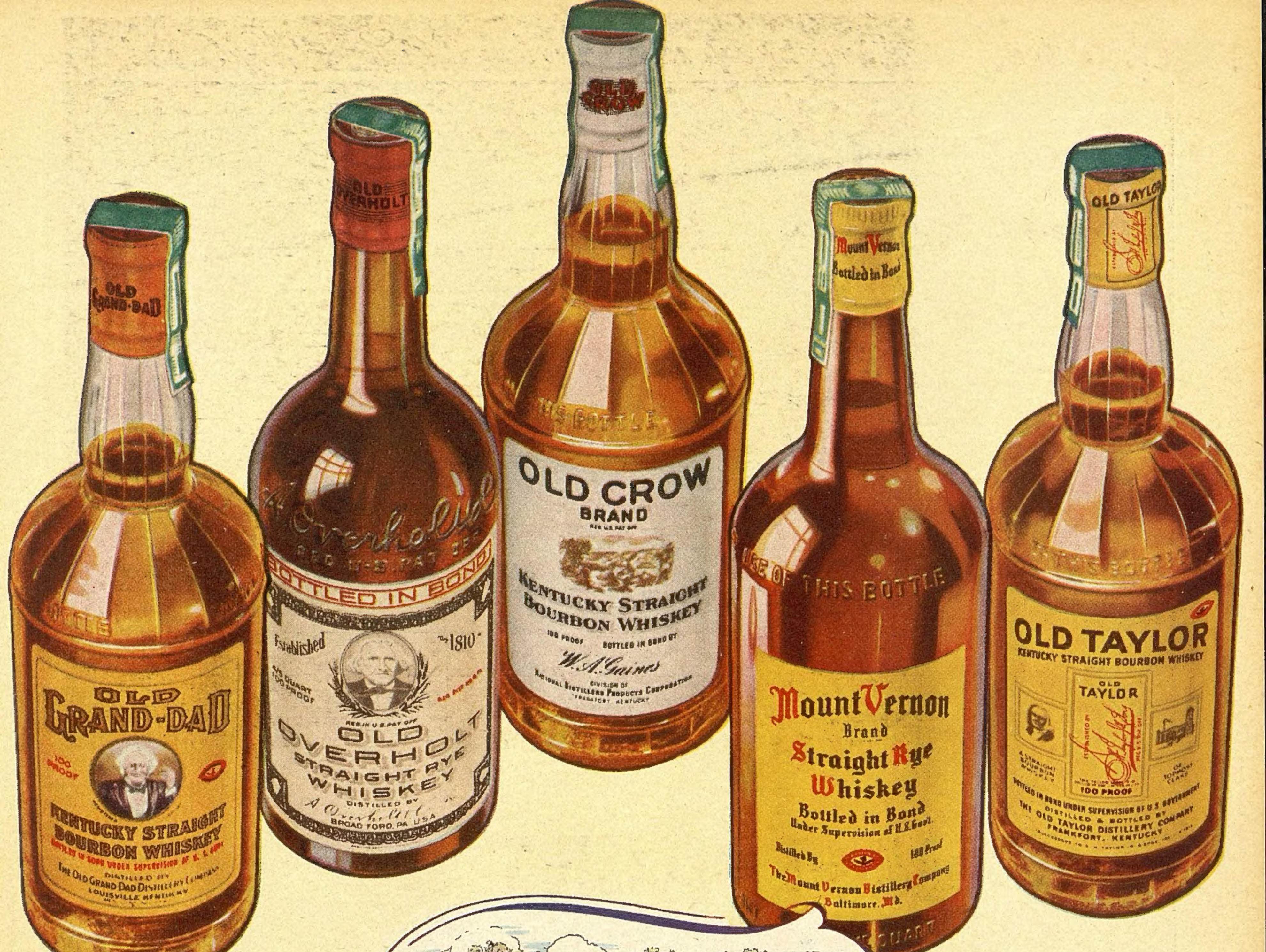
So let us each make at least one New Year's resolution we intend to stay with. Let us resolve to lay aside prejudices and preconceived notions and seek the ultimate truth, no matter what it may be, to arrive at our opinions according to the facts and not in response to prejudice or the specious and false reasoning of some one else.

Let us resolve not to be taken in by misstatement, half-truths, or arguments which obscure instead of clarifying. In our forthcoming Presidential campaign let us turn our back on bombast, rash promises, half-truths, unfounded accusations, and the demagoguery that seeks to confuse us.

Let us seek the golden kernel of truth in the chaff of words. Only the truth can keep us free, and God has given us brains to discern the truth if we will only use them.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL


OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY
OLD OVERHOLT
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
OLD OVERHOLT STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
BROAD FORD, PA USA
OLD CROW BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
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A PLEASURE THAT HAS NEVER CHANGED

At a time when grim necessity has forced so many changes, it's pleasant to know that these five historic whiskies have not been changed.

For generations past they have been America's great whiskies and National Distillers has a very natural pride in protecting their matchless quality.

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